

a girl's diary of her WEEKEND WITH ELVIS!

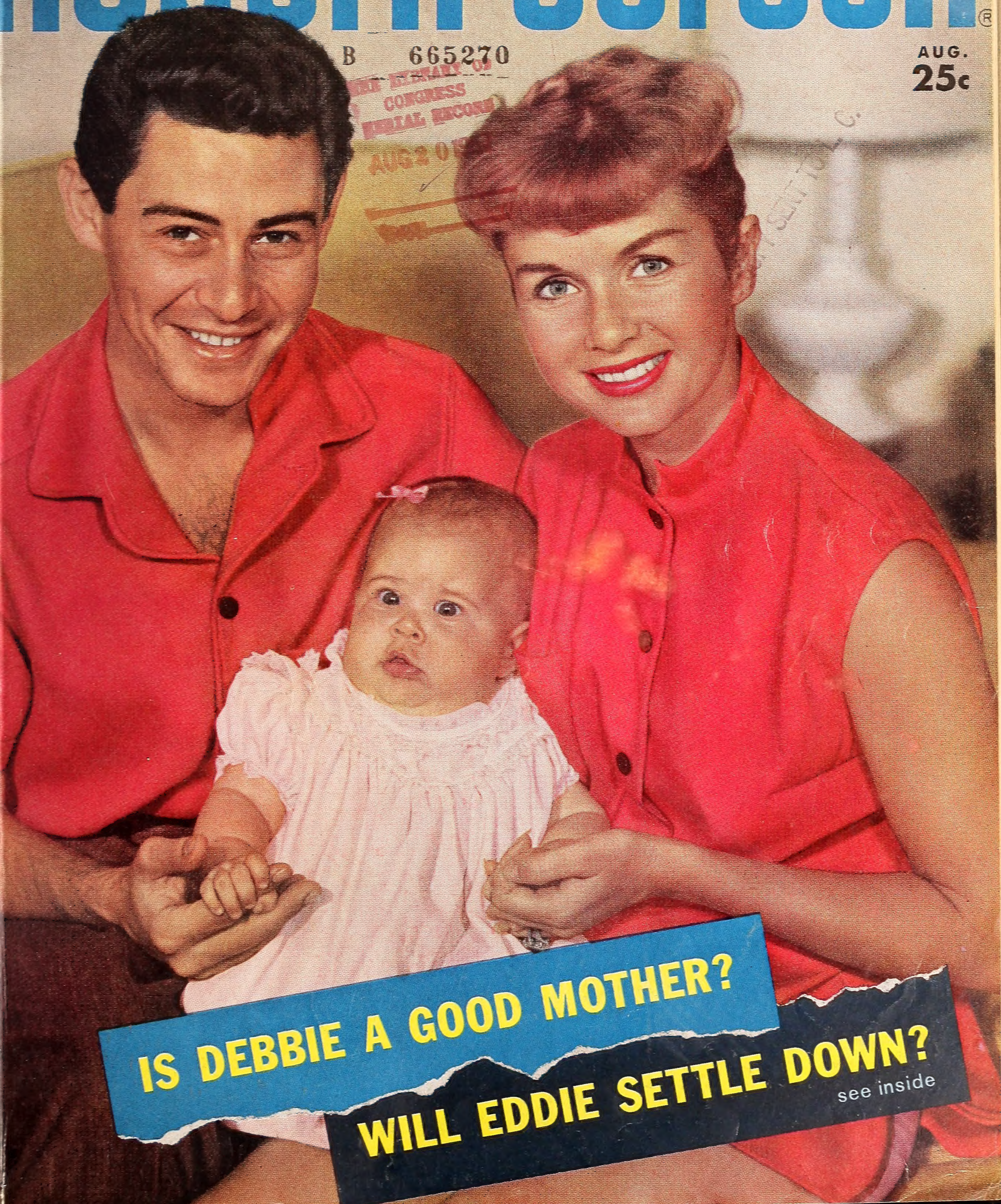
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WILL EDDIE SETTLE DOWN?

see inside



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WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

AUGUST, 1957

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stories

A GUY GETS SO LONELY WITHOUT HIS WIFE! (Rock Hudson).....	23
GRACE AND RAINIER MAKE A HOLY PILGRIMAGE (Grace Kelly).....	24
IS DEBBIE A GOOD MOTHER? WILL EDDIE SETTLE DOWN? (Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher).....	by Helen Gould 26
TOMMY! (Tommy Sands).....	by Lou Larkin 28
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES IN THE WORLD (Sophia Loren).....	30
A STAR IS BORN! (James MacArthur).....	32
KIM AND HER FATHER (Kim Novak).....	by Susan Wender 34
I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH TO MARRY YOU, DARLING (Natalie Wood) by Florence Nilres	36
CALL YOUR FRIEND RORY AT HOLLYWOOD 5-2027 (Rory Calhoun).....	38
THIS IS YOUR BITTERSWEET LIFE, DOROTHY MALONE.....	by Kirtley Baskette 40
"MY WEEKEND WITH ELVIS" (Elvis Presley).....	by Yvonne Lime 42
THEY'RE SCREWBALLS... THEY'RE UNPREDICTABLE... THEY'RE NEWLYWEDS ... THEY'RE MADLY IN LOVE (Shelley Winters-Tony Franciosa).....	44
ROBERTO JILTS INGRID FOR NEW LOVE IN INDIA (Ingrid Bergman).....	46
I WAS A RUN-AWAY TEENAGE BRIDE (Luana Patten).....	by Helen Weller 48
AIN'T WE GOT FUN (Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis).....	by Ed DeBlasio 50
GOOD-BY MY LOVE (Linda Christian).....	by Claire Williams 52
WANTED! PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 804 (Jerry Lewis).....	54

features

HOW CANTINFLAS GOT HIS NAME.....	9
ZSA ZSA AND THE LION (Zsa Zsa Gabor).....	10
"YOU CAN'T WIN," SAYS ERROL FLYNN.....	12
ANNE'S WISHBONE TREE—AND MARLON BRANDO (Anne Francis).....	21
AUGUST BIRTHDAYS.....	76

departments

LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD.....	6
THE INSIDE STORY.....	4
NEW MOVIES.....	by Florence Epstein 18
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS.....	58
MODERN SCREEN BEAUTY.....	61
\$100 FOR YOU.....	62
TV TALK.....	72

Color portrait of Debbie & Eddie on the cover by Gene Lesser of Photo Representatives.

Debbie can currently be seen in U-I's *Tammy and The Bachelor*

and will soon be seen in MGM's *The Reluctant Debutante*.

Other photographers' credits on page 68

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for it! Everything that
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Broadway hit a smash
attraction sparkles
with ten-fold brilliance
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entertainment!

with wonderful
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songs!

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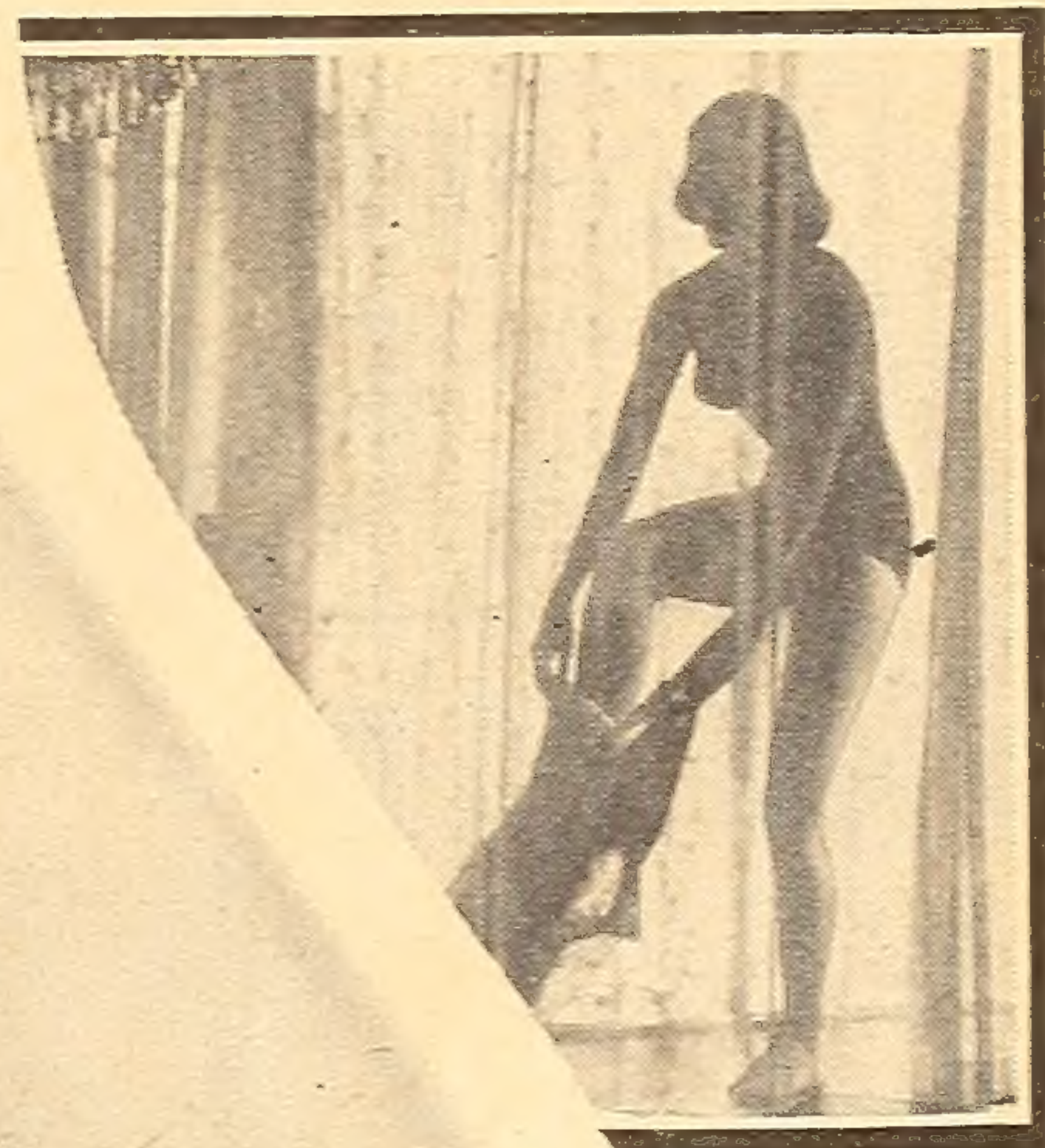
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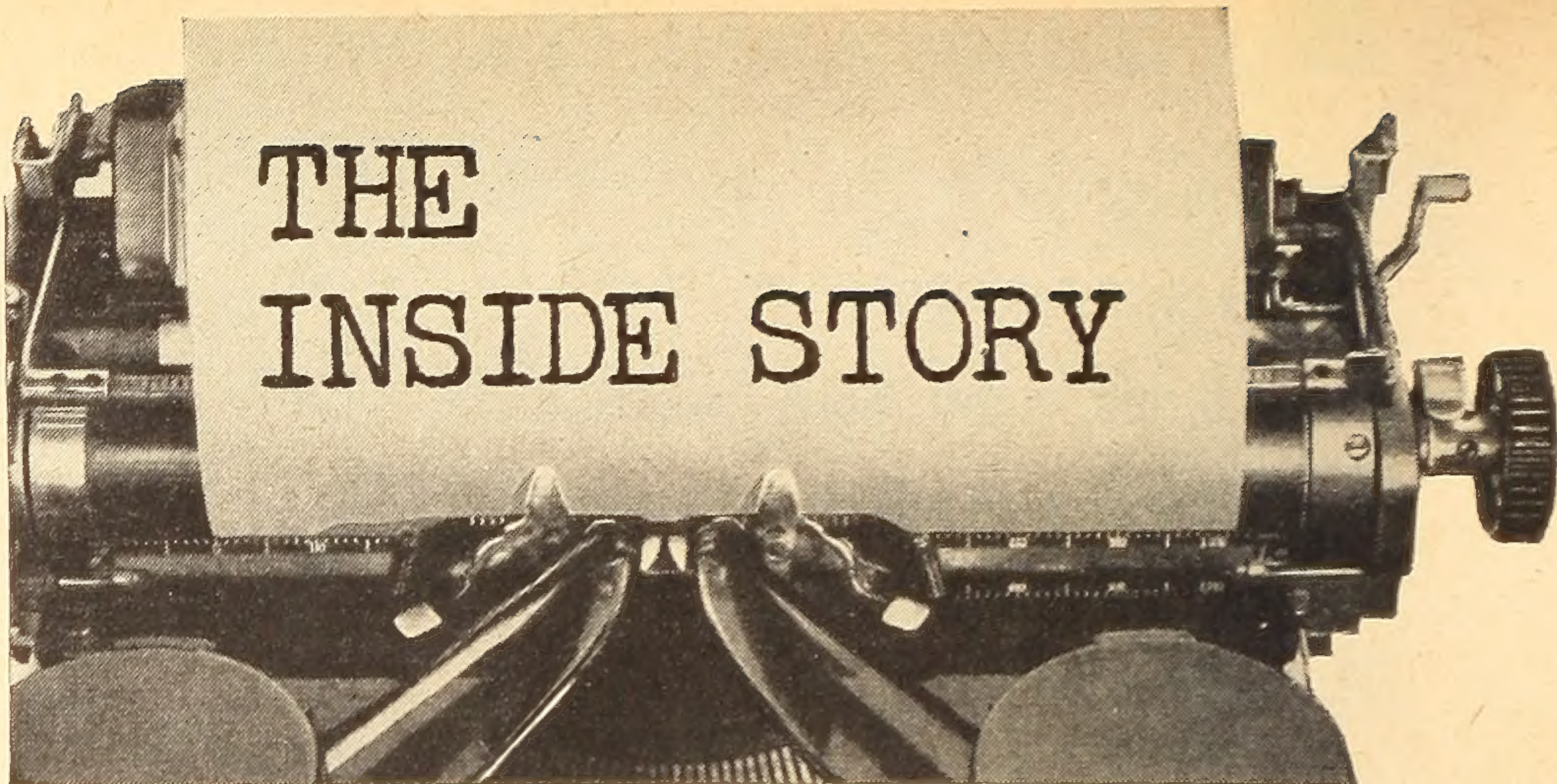
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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1.** The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Does Mike Todd really give Elizabeth Taylor a lavish gift every week?

—G.L., WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Thus far Todd has gifted his wife with a nugget-sized diamond ring, two mink fur coats, a Persian necklace, a diamond tiara, two poodles, and a Rolls Royce.

Q I've heard stories to the effect that Jennifer Jones has a screw loose upstairs. Are these stories true?

—E.P., PRINCETON, N.J.

A No; she just likes to avoid the press.

Q Wasn't wife trouble the true reason for the Martin-Lewis breakup?

—T.P., DETROIT, MICH.

A A leading reason.

Q Is it true that LOOK MAGAZINE offered Frank Sinatra \$40,000 to write his life story for them?

—K.Y., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A Yes.

Q Are Desi and Lucy really going to get \$350,000 for each of their one-hour TV comedy-routine shows this Fall?

—Y.R., NYC.

A Yes.

Q Is it true that Anna Magnani fought with producer Hal Wallis all through their production of *Obsession*?

—E.A., RENO, NEV.

A Their attitude towards each other was not friendly.

Q I've been told that the late Humphrey Bogart would never talk to Hedda Hopper. Is this true? If so, why?

—H.R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A They were not friendly; Bogart felt that a movie columnist should not impinge upon politics.

Q Can you tell me the relationship between Alan Ladd and a woman named Marjorie Jane Farnsworth?

—B.T., BUTTE, MONT.

A She was his first wife, mother of Alan Ladd, Jr. She died May 1, 1957.

Q What is Shelley Winters' real name, and how much older is she than her husband? What is his real name?

—E.R., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A Shirley Schrift is thirty-four; Tony Papaleo is twenty-eight.

Q Isn't the Bob Wagner-Natalie Wood thing just for publicity?

—T.L., GLENDALE, CAL.

A Natalie and Bob are primarily career-minded.

Q Isn't Lauren Bacall going around with Frank Sinatra these days?

—Y.R., MACON, GA.

A Sinatra is an old family friend.

Q Is Bob Mitchum really leaving Hollywood for good?

—C.Y., RALEIGH, N.C.

A He's bought a home in Maryland but is not giving up his Hollywood residence.

Q Is it true that Tyrone Power had Mai Zetterling fly all the way to Mexico so she could be with him?

—S.Y., CUERNAVACA, MEX.

A True.

Q I understand Marlon Brando and director Josh Logan didn't see eye to eye while they were making *Sayonara*. Is this really on the level?

—F.K., NYC.

A Both men are strong-willed.

Q Bob Hope and Dolores Hope, are all their children adopted?

—H.B., SANTA FE, N.M.

A Yes.

Q Isn't there a feud between Alfred Hitchcock and his protegee Vera Miles?

—F.T., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A Disputes, no feud.

Q Is Elvis' popularity declining?

—D.D., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A He's not as popular as he used to be.

Q Can you tell me what part Florence Fenschel plays in Jack Benny's life?

—G.G., CHICAGO, ILL.

A She's his sister.

Q In Hollywood, who is liked more by people who work in the movies—Elvis Presley or Pat Boone?

—S.M., PORTLAND, ORE.

A Boone.

Q Aren't Rita Hayworth and Jim Hill secretly married?

—B.P., SCRANTON, PA.

A Not as of this writing; a future possibility however.

Q Has Bing Crosby's new girlfriend, Inger Stevens, ever been married?

—G.E., SEATTLE, WASH.

A Once.

Q How old is Fred Astaire? Is he really sensitive about his age?

—T.G., MIAMI, FLA.

A Astaire is fifty-eight; is supersensitive about his age.

*Jerry's at his
funniest
ever.....*

*...he's so tough
he scares
no one but
himself!*



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**JERRY
LEWIS**

as...

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DELICATE
DELINQUENT**



co-Starring
DARREN MCGAVIN · MARTHA HYER

featuring **ROBERT IVERS · HORACE McMAHON**
produced by **JERRY LEWIS** written and directed by **DON MCGUIRE**



Janet Leigh comes between that gun-totin' Dean Martin and his missus, Jeanne. The party was one of the gayest—because, I'd say, it was for such a wonderful cause.

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

**This month, a new
career—A new love—
And all the other ups
and downs of just
plain living . . .**



Guy Madison doesn't think it was as funny as his Sheila does. Maybe the joke was on him.

PARTIES IN MY TOWN, JUST LIKE parties in yours, are mostly for the fun of it but I must say that when Hollywood throws one for sweet charity, it's a real doozie. This month's for SHARE, INC. to raise money to support the EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN'S FOUNDATION CHILD GUIDANCE CENTER was the most star-studded of the month.

The members of SHARE are wives of our young stars, directors and business men, and this real Western hoe-down—held at the COCOANUT GROVE, with everybody in costume—raised close to \$50,000 for these unfortunate little children.

Dean Martin was the emcee and his pretty **Jean** was in the chorus line that would have made a Broadway producer's eye bulge out! Her chorus chums, all dressed identically in black corduroy frontier pants and pink silk shirts, were **Janet Leigh**, **Mrs. Gordon MacRae**, **Mrs. Jeff Chandler** and **Mrs. John Lucas**.

They danced and sang in a way that would have done credit to Zeigfeld, but just the same the chorus boys were better even if they weren't as pretty. You see, the boys were no less than **Dean**, **Frank Sinatra**, **Jeff Chandler**, **Bob Mitchum**, **Tony Curtis**, **Howard Keel**, **Jack Lemmon**, **Gordon MacRae**, **Robert Sterling**, **Forrest Tucker**! All on stage at one time, and as funny as could be.

Natalie Wood, in a party with her boss **Jack Warner**, was the cute auctioneer of the evening. Jack put in the first bid for **Frankie** to sing, starting with \$1,500; but **Dina Shore**, collaborating with one of our local business men, **Robert McCullough**, topped him by bidding \$3,000. When Frankie obliged



Ronald Reagan seems to be telling about the one that got away—just! And his ever-lovin' wife Nancy looks like she believes every word.



"Cattle ahoy!" could be what Dinah Shore and handsome husband George Montgomery have spotted. Shucks, no—only some old friends!

Robert Mitchum paid \$1,000 for an encore. The music really went 'round and 'round after that. Dean and **Tony Martin** did a \$1,000 duet, Gordon MacRae sang a \$1,000 solo. But the bid that floored everybody was when **Gene Autry** bid \$1,000 to get up and sing himself.

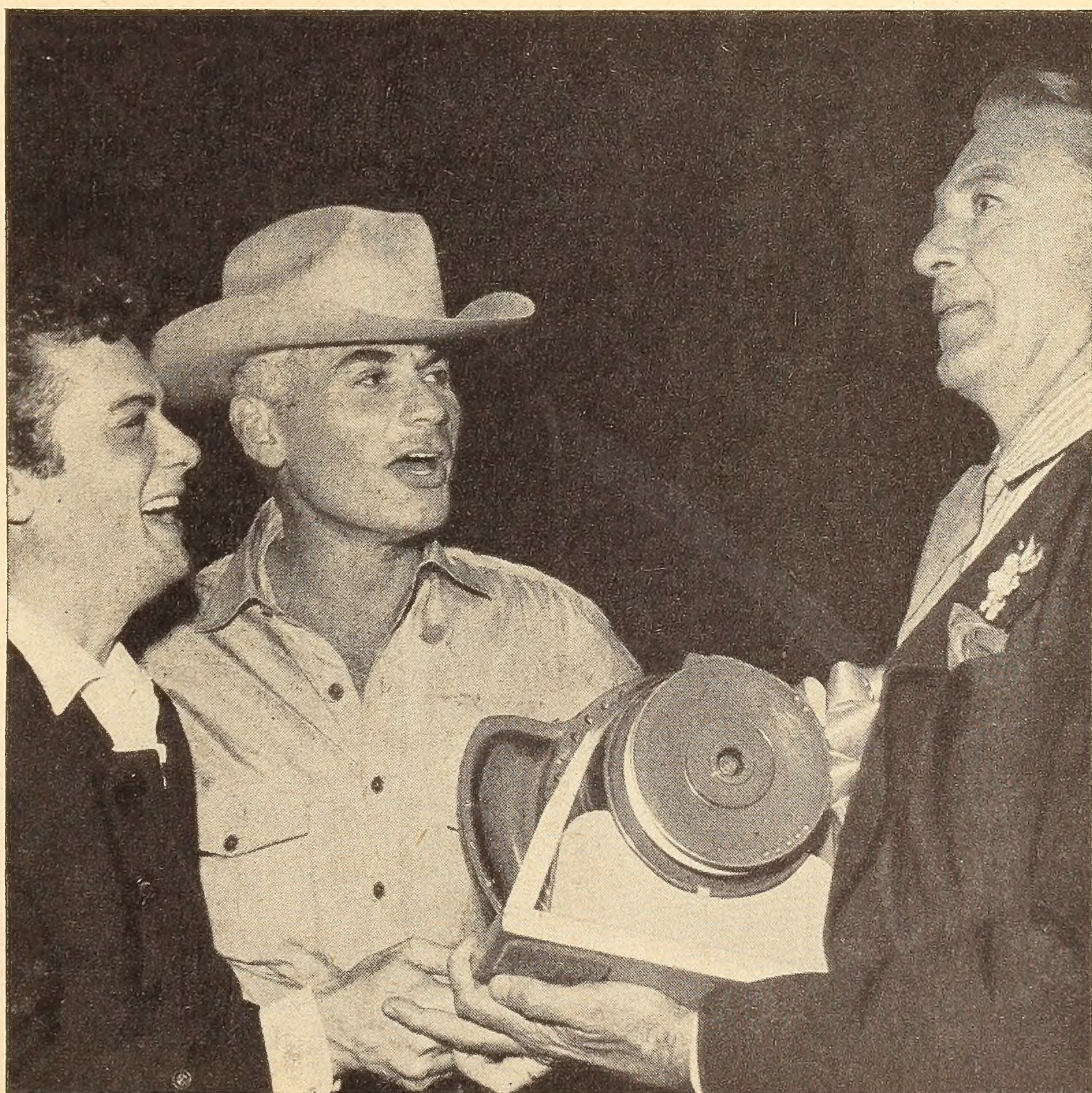
If I told you all the big names present I wouldn't have room for anything else this month. A final touch was when **Gary Cooper** bid \$1,000 for a supercharger for his car. Trust big Coop to get something for his money. In his own quiet way, he always does.

ABOUT THREE SECONDS AFTER she got *Marjorie Morningstar* **Natalie Wood** was on my telephone to thank me for helping her nab this role. I never did feel that any other young actress was right for this part, and I kept saying so.

But I'm here to tell you there will be some changes made in her madcap young life now that she is going to be *Marjorie*. First thing she has to do is put on ten pounds. Then she has to hang up on most of the boys-about-town who are continually calling her for dates. This is the law laid down for Nat by Jack Warner, her boss, and she is the smart one who is all set to obey.

Behind all her frisky romantics, which are mostly due to her still being a teenager, Natalie is very ambitious and serious. Nobody has to tell her that *Marjorie* is her great opportunity and nobody has to tell me that she isn't the least bit serious about any of her dates. They are just so much amusement to her—but her career is Natalie's only real love.

(Continued on page 8)



Talkative Gary Cooper said just one word—"Yup"—and bought himself a supercharger. Tony Curtis and Jeff Chandler were the delivery boys—all for a very worthy cause.



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



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to be sure.**

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LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *Continued*



Ingrid and Roberto in happier days, when Ingrid was still sure of her hard-won, costly love.

I'VE FOUND FROM PAST EXPERIENCES that it's never safe to make a definite statement about marital break-ups in Hollywood, either in denying or affirming them.

So as soon as I heard that there was talk that **Ingrid Bergman**—who gave up her first marriage and her Hollywood career for **Roberto Rossellini**—had separated from him, I immediately telephoned her in Paris.

She laughed and said, "Remember, you asked me that same thing last summer and my answer is still 'No.' I do not expect Roberto to stay locked up when we are separated. He telephones me and I'm sure if he had fallen in love with another woman he would have told me."

A few days after my conversation with Ingrid however, that startling story began to come out about Roberto and Sonali Das Gupta, twenty-seven-year-old wife of Indian film director Hari Das Gupta and the mother of two small children. From Bombay came the full details of how the Indian beauty had moved from her home to a room adjoining Rossellini's at the luxurious TAJ MAHAL HOTEL, and how her husband was keeping a guard over her baby, while she had her small son with her at the hotel.

When Roberto had been asked about Ingrid, he was far from gallant. He said she was a stronger woman than he was a man; that in falling in love with him she had done what she wanted. And that he had not kidnapped her.

Just the same, I doubt very much if Ingrid will let anything happen to her marriage, no matter what the provocation. She went through too much to marry Roberto, no longer a brilliant figure in the Italian film world.

After talking to Ingrid in Europe, I'm convinced that she loves her three children and her career—and her quick defense of Roberto in this immediate situation shows how deeply she still feels about him.

Yet, as I said, you never know what will happen in such situations.

P.S. **Anna Magnani**, here in Hollywood—whom Rossellini dropped for Ingrid—isn't saying one word. *(Continued on page 14)*

HOW CANTINFLAS GOT HIS NAME



■ In the April issue of MODERN SCREEN, our Louella Parsons nominated as Star of the Month the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, who, in Mike Todd's production of *Around The World In 80 Days*, "captured the hearts of the American fans."

Few of these fans know, however, how Mario Moreno—that's Cantinflas' real name—came to be called Cantinflas.

Years ago, Mario was a struggling extra in Mexico City's little back-alley theaters which put on short, improvised skits. Naturally, these shows attracted all kinds of people—from elegantly dressed slummers down to neighborhood bums.

It was then standard procedure for the audience to heckle the actors. If they made a good come-back to somebody's gag, there would be thunderous applause. But if not, rotten eggs and tomatoes would be thrown at him—naturally!

Mario, like all the rest of his co-artists, took part in this by-play. But one evening, the so-called jokes of a "funnyman" in the audience got out of bounds.

For weeks on end, now, Mario had had to defend himself against this real wiseguy—a character who thought it great sport to bait the artists, hurl taunts and insults at them.

Mario tried to take it in his stride. But this time, while Mario was doing one of his now-famous comic routines, the fellow became completely obnoxious. In fact, he was obviously drunk.

Mario, in desperation, shouted "*¡Oye mano, en la cantina inflas!*" which means roughly, "Hey look, you want to booze, go to a saloon!"

His spontaneous outburst did it. The audience roared with laughter and, from then on, everybody referred to the rising young comedian as *Cantinflas*, a contraction of the Spanish slang phrase *cantina inflas*, meaning "go get loaded in a bar."

That was years ago. Now, while critics agree that Mario Moreno is a great star in his own right, he says he'll always be grateful to that drunken heckler who unknowingly gave him his renowned nickname—Cantinflas.

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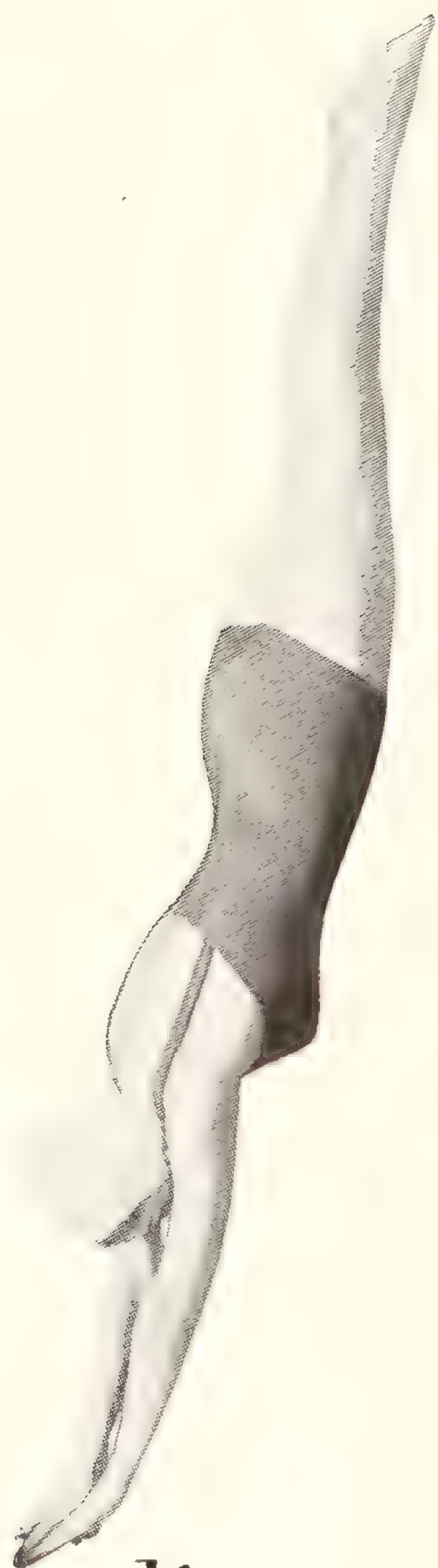
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Do try *Tampax*. Ask for it wherever drug products are sold. Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

ZSA ZSA and THE LION

● For four hours once—and this was *not* for a movie script—Zsa Zsa Gabor was sitting in the middle of half a dozen sort of starving lions. This is how it started.

Picture Zsa Zsa Gabor, and you get a mental image of this beauty in an expensive restaurant, or at some chic party—strictly the cafe society-routine. Which is why it comes a little hard trying to imagine her as a Great White Hunter.

But that's what Zsa Zsa was, briefly, a few months back. She'd gone to South Africa with a troop of Hollywood stars, bound for a series of charity benefits.

After the performances were over, Zsa Zsa and a couple of friends named Bundy and Derek—yes, those were their names—decided on this Big Game Hunt adventure. Only instead of guns they were taking cameras, for their destination was the KRUEGER NATIONAL PARK, where game is stalked with the 16 millimeter lens instead of the 30 caliber rifle.

With typically magnificent irrelevance, Zsa Zsa explains. "It is only about an hour's drive from Johannesburg—three hundred miles, I theenk." Friend Bundy elaborates. "It is three hundred miles, but the trip takes seven or eight hours. Of course it might have seemed but an hour's drive to Zsa Zsa—she was talking the whole distance, and, for her, when she is talking time stands still!"

They must have made a fairly eye-catching party, as they dashed across the South African countryside. They had gone equipped for the rigors of the journey with such essentials as a cooler filled with champagne, and a basket of chicken.

And Zsa Zsa was the very last word in chic, South African style. Pale beige jodhpurs, pale beige silk shirt, tropical straw helmet—and all her diamonds. Diamonds at the ears, around her throat, dripping from her wrists. "This is not so ridiculous as it first sounds," Buddy points out. "She simply wanted to keep her diamonds with her, so she would know where they were. They were much safer, this way, than if she had left them behind in her hotel room!"

Nearing the park, their driver swerved left when he should have swerved right, and their car made a rather decisive con-



Zsa Zsa before and after but certainly not during her tangle with the king of the jungle!

tact with an oncoming truck. "Our group lost only one leg, though," Zsa Zsa shrugs. "Derek was not holding tightly enough to the chicken he was eating—and the drumstick flew out the open car window, poof!"

But everything that happens to a Gabor comes out sounding like it had been planned by a movie script writer. Within minutes, along came some fabulously wealthy Greek merchant, who "of course" recognized Zsa Zsa immediately. And with the gallantry of Greeks since Athens was young, he immediately offered not only his personal car, but also his station wagon. They continued their trip in style.

They reached the Park gates just before sundown, and were quartered in the mud huts erected by the natives specifically for the use of tourists at SKUKUZA CAMP. To say these huts are primitive is a pretty wild understatement. They are tiny, round, have a fireplace in dead center, and the only powder room facilities are a block's hike down the pike—hardly the accommodations Zsa Zsa is used to. "But I rough it like a good scout-boy," she admits.

The next day the trio put enough big game on film to more than fill out a thirty minute short subject. Zsa Zsa pointing at a herd of elephants, Zsa Zsa pretending to be brave as a few lions stroll casually toward her car, Zsa Zsa coyly enticing tall baboons to the car window with bits of banana and cocoanut macaroons.

Then it happened. Suddenly, for four tense hours, they were marooned smack-dab in the middle of a kaffee-klatsch of hungry lionesses who kept hoping the car would disgorge something edible—namely Zsa Zsa. And since park rules frown on running the beasts down, and several of them kept parking right before the front wheels, there the party of brave white hunters sat, until the wind finally changed and the beasts smelled something really juicy a few acres away.

"Now I know how the animals in the zoo must feel," Zsa Zsa sighs. "All that time being stared at so intently. Only the people don't look at the zoo animals so hungrily as those lions looked at us!"

Zsa Zsa Gabor can be seen in U-I's Beast Of The Kremlin.



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21 inspiring Religious Cards



GOLD 'n GLITTER
14 Stunning Cards—Each a "Jewel"



VELVETONE CHRISTMAS ASS'T
New, Exciting! Rich deep-tone Flocking and sparkling Sequins

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Best Wallace Brown Line in 37 years! Free Catalog shows many more fast sellers: Gift Wrappings, Everyday Greeting Cards, Decorated Stationery, Novelty Gifts, Floral Napkins, Children's Books, Etc. All bring you more extra money.

SEND NO MONEY

Paste This Coupon on postcard or mail in envelope

Wallace Brown, Inc., Dept. T-79
11 East 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want to make **MORE** extra money with the Wallace Brown Christmas Line. Please rush 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Assortment on approval—plus **FREE** samples of Personal Christmas Cards, **FREE** Catalog and money-making plans.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

If writing for an organization, give its name _____

If you wash your hair once a week -
or oftener - you need the gentle shampoo...



**"you
can't
win,"
says**

Errol Flynn

"The Printed Word has certainly had a powerful influence in my life. How come? Well, it's this way," Errol Flynn grins. "When I started out in the movies, the studio press agents overworked the play-boy angles about me. For instance, they made quite a to-do about the fact that Fletcher Christian, the *Mutiny On The Bounty* ringleader, was a direct ancestor of mine. Fletcher was quite a gay blade with the island beauties of Tahiti, you know—and I put two years into pearl fishing on Tahiti before it turned out that the movies were my oyster. So that made me a natural for an *adventurer* build-up.

"Another favorite item of the publicity lads was the ambition that had burned within me as I grew up. Unlike most lads, I hadn't wanted to be a policeman, an engineer, or even a Wild West scout. I'd wanted to be a *bartender*! Dangerous, this Flynn.

"Well, reams of releases along this line ultimately convinced the press that I was a combination of Romeo, Casanova, and King Farouk, and that any girl I dated should wear an asbestos petticoat—or better still, a suit of armor with even the eyelids down!

"It was an amusing reputation to keep for a while, but keeping it wasn't worth the constant effort. So I recently decided to show the press that wasn't the real me.

"I'm a steady-going conservative guy is what I decided to show the people. So—

"Publicity releases on the new Errol Flynn emphasized the fact that my father had been a professor of biology at QUEENS UNIVERSITY in Belfast; that my favorite color is black. I patiently read the NEW YORK TIMES *twice* a day; I took care to button up my overcoat even on balmy afternoons; and in crowded restaurants I went to the extreme of ordering yama yogurt, not martinis.

"And where did this get me? Well, it convinced me you can't win. Just today I picked up a fan magazine and right away this caption hit me: *Is Errol Flynn Getting Old?*

"Now, I ask you!"

Errol can currently be seen in U. A.'s The Big Boodle. Watch for him soon in 20th Century-Fox's The Sun Also Rises.

Golden-rich Pamper

... so gentle it cannot dry your hair—
leaves it instantly easy to manage

New, richer Pamper is the really gentle shampoo. So gentle it cannot dry your hair, leaves it instantly easy to manage *right after shampooing*. So rich it leaves your hair soft, shining, in finest condition. So rich and gentle you could use it every day. Get Pamper today.



*Gentle
as a
lamb.*

There's only one Marilyn Monroe but there isn't one
Marilyn Monroe picture that teases and tickles like

Marilyn Monroe starring with
**Laurence
Olivier**

in **The
Prince
and the
Showgirl**



Some
nations
have
a medal
for
Everything.

TECHNICOLOR®

with SYBIL THORNDIKE • Screen Play by TERENCE RATTIGAN • Produced and Directed by LAURENCE OLIVIER • Executive Producer MILTON H. GREENE

A FILM BY MARILYN MONROE PRODUCTIONS, INC. AND L. O. P. LTD.



PRESENTED BY
WARNER BROS.

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *Continued*



The Maharajah of Baroda proved his courage to Ann Miller—and to all the rest of us, too!



Al Zugsmith grins like the party would have been worth it if it cost a million—and who can blame him? He's surrounded by Mansfield, Sterling, Lynn and Lamarr.

I CAN'T THINK OF ANY HOLLYWOOD male with the courage the Maharajah of Baroda showed when he stood in the center of a crowded cocktail party and gave his opinion of the most beautiful women present!

Without batting an eyelash, our bejeweled and famous visitor from the other side of the world looked the group over and told me—by pointing them out—that **Susie Parker, Ann Miller, Jeanne Crain, Mrs. Francis Lederer** and **Esther Williams** were the most beautiful women at the party given in his honor by the Kenneth McEldowneys.

Later, when we took him on to the Albert Zugsmith's party honoring **Hedy Lamarr**, the Maharajah again proved himself a man of lion heart by settling on one woman, **Jan Sterling**, as the most beautiful in the room! I must say Jan did look lovely in a pale blue gown with her blonde hair severely slicked back.

"Miss Lamarr is much handsomer than she photographs," the Maharajah confided to me in an aside. "And there's another pretty girl," he said, indicating pretty **Rosemarie (Mrs. Bob) Stack**.

When he was introduced to **Diana Lynn**, he told her she shouldn't wear that nylon leopard dress she had on: he'd send her the real thing.

But His Nibs saved his *ultra* frankness for **Jayne Mansfield**, who made a big point of archly admiring the jewel-studded buttons on his frock coat by saying, "They'd make beautiful earrings." He got the hint—but didn't take it up.

"I'm very sorry, Madame," he said with formality, "they are my coat of arms."

We really got a kick out of the visit of this Maharajah!

NO NEED FOR HOLLYWOOD'S bachelor girls to get excited about **Ben Gazzara**, who is such a smash in his first picture *The Strange One*, and before that was very sensational in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* on Broadway. He's very much in love with **Elaine Stritch**—even to the point of following her to Rome, where she's making *Farewell To Arms* with **Rock Hudson** and **Jennifer Jones**.

However, there are religious problems that must be ironed out before these two can think of marriage. Ben is getting a divorce, and his marriage would have to be annulled before he could marry Elaine, who is a cousin of Cardinal Stritch of Chicago.



Carroll Baker's road to success is thorny!

WOWIE, IS CARROLL BAKER running in bad luck! Of course to my mind the worst break she had was starting her screen career with *Baby Doll*, one of my most favorite pictures of all time. And I say this

despite the fact that it won Carroll an Academy Award nomination.

But after this, everything has gone wrong for her careerwise. Her home studio, **WARNERS**, wanted her for **Diana Barrymore's** best-selling shocker about her life, *Too Much, Too Soon*. I get two versions about why this fell through.

The first is that Carroll herself turned it down because she thought she'd had enough criticism from certain quarters about that other shocker *Baby Doll* and wanted a recess from stories in bad taste.

The other version is that blonde Carroll looks about as much like brunette Diana Barrymore as she does like **Charles Laughton**, and the producer decided to get another actress. This latter argument doesn't hold much water because **WARNERS** put Miss Baker on suspension for not doing *Too Much, Too Soon*.

Next, she was announced for the role **Marilyn Monroe** has been campaigning for over the years, the femme lead in *The Brothers Karamazov*—a role Carroll was dying to do. But before a camera could turn, **WARNERS** threatened suit against **MGM** for hiring a suspended actress—and Carroll was out of this. By the time you read this, her troubles may be all ironed out.

But as of now, everything is happening *Too Hard, Too Often*—in the career of the Baker girl.

SHELLEY WINTERS IS A HAPPY bride and very frankly says that the six years difference in age between herself and bridegroom **Tony Franciosa**—she's thirty-four and he's twenty-eight—means nothing. "Tony and I have (Continued on page 16)



HAT BY JOHN-FREDERICS

because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Moments like these are rare—and who knows *when* or *where*? When a memory is in the making, don't let *anything* come between you. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next-to...next to *nothing* is impossible!)



VETO is for you
in more ways than one



Cream



Spray



Stick



*Aerosol
Mist*

One touch of VETO
dries away perspiration worries!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *Continued*



Rita, director George Sidney, and Frankie work out the next scene on Pal Joey



Stacy, Julie London and Lisa. The tykes are so proud of Mommy's success! "Cry Me A River" is still a top money-maker, and Julie can really act, too!

too many important things in common—our work, our love of a home, my little girl's devotion to him and his to her, and our love—for the matter of a few years to mean anything."

She says he's the most thoughtful and considerate person she has ever met. "Tony designed my wedding ring, made in the form of a wishbone—good luck symbol, you know—and he was as interested in the color and design of my wedding dress as I." Because his favorite color is blue, Shelley wore a blue and white lace dress with matching hat when they said their "I do's" before a Justice of the Peace in Carson City. Tony was on location there for *Obsession*, the **Anna Magnani** movie.

WHEN I DROPPED IN TO VISIT the *Pal Joey* set at COLUMBIA, I was like the cat who wanted to look at the queen. Only I wanted to look at two queens: **Kim Novak**, who is the new queen of the boxoffice, and my friend of many years **Rita Hayworth**, who has reigned for quite a spell.

The girls were getting along like a pair of gloves, which I'm sure was a big disappointment to the publicity department. Feuds make headlines, but what good is compatibility?

Kim said to me, "If you see me frowning at Rita, that's what the scene calls for. She's supposed to be lording it over **Frankie Sinatra** and me when we entertain at a party at her mansion, and since we know her real background as a strip teaser, we are resenting it."

These girls are totally unlike, except for their sweetness, which both of them possess behind their glamour. Just the same, I doubt that either will be careless when they play a scene together. Kim has lost about ten pounds for this role and looks wonderful, and Rita's figure hasn't been as good in a long time.

Rita seems very happy these days. Her romance with HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER's Jim Hill continues, though she tells me she will go to Europe in July for the summer. Rita loves Europe, and this will give little Princess Yasmin a chance to see Aly Khan and

the ailing Aga. Rita told me there never was a word of truth in those stories that Aly was angry at her for not sending Yasmin over to see the Aga Khan when he was so sick. "Nobody expects a little girl to travel alone," she said.

If I were Mr. Hill and wanted to hold Rita's love, I wouldn't let the glamorous Rita travel alone either. This girl has a mighty susceptible heart.

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM: **Julie London.** She came up so fast that even Hollywood was caught unawares—and by the time the movie producers got around to bidding for her, her salary was six times what it would have been before she became a hit in nightclubs and on records.

For years everyone thought of Julie as the pretty wife of **Jack Webb**, then as his pretty ex-wife, with one of the biggest divorce settlements ever made in our industry; and then as a sort of mixed-up novice trying her wings as a singer at Johnny Walsh's 881 CLUB.

"With all that dough Jack settled on her, Julie must be crazy to start the nightclub and record grind," the wisecrackers commented. No one expected she'd get very far.

Even those who admitted she was better than they thought she'd be—singing her intimate sex-y songs, and looking very beautiful in form-fitting gowns and shoulder-length hair—said, "Her voice is pretty, but small. She won't go too far."

So what happens? Julie's record "Cry Me A River" became the sensation of two seasons ago. She became a smash in every nightclub and TV appearance she made—and the girl was a big success!

"Hmmmmmm," went Hollywood—and then started paying plenty for her services in such movies as *The Great Man* and Robert Taylor's *Three Guns*. Alan Ladd was as mad as a hornet when he lost her for his next picture.

Through it all, Julie has remained her own sweet and unbiting self. She's worked very hard to get where she is—just as hard as if she didn't have 'all that dough.' She says, smiling, "People forget that I was doing very

well as an actress before I married Jack and had two children. Even though Hollywood may be surprised about the boost in my career—my friends aren't. They know I've never forgotten my love of show business."

And vice versa, Julie.

THE LETTER BOX: So startling was MARY LOU GIBBS' letter from Petaluma, California, stating she had seen some nude pictures posed by **Kim Novak** in a national magazine that I called COLUMBIA STUDIOS to get the straight of this matter.

A spokesman told me, "Before she was ever signed by COLUMBIA, a so-called interviewer made some snaps of Kim draped in a stole which showed only her bare shoulders and legs. Similar pictures have been made of many actresses. Miss Novak, believing these draped pictures were being made just for a friend, never realized they would be sold as 'sensational art' after she became well known as an actress."

ELAINE ELLIS certainly set off a hornet's nest when she wrote in the May issue of MODERN SCREEN that **Debbie Reynolds** and **Eddie Fisher** "weren't romantic" as a team in *Bundle Of Joy* and that all she could think of during the picture was "their dashing home to give Carrie Frances her formula." EVELYN ANGLETON, Brazil, Indiana, makes the most biting reply:

"If Elaine's only thought was of Eddie and Debbie rushing home to feed their baby, Carrie Frances wasn't even BORN when the picture was made. Debbie was quite obviously expecting!" So there, Miss Ellis.

"Thank heaven for **Sophia Loren**—the hope of all tall girls," writes MITZI MORRIS, Meriden, Conn. "She's a life saver for us tall girls. I'm five-foot-seven inches, and am being discouraged in my acting ambitions by being told I'm too tall. How tall is Sophia?" She's five-foot-nine inches, Mitzi. Take heart.

Pardon my giggle 'CAROLE,' of Denver: John Wayne would love your glowing praise, but not for his performance in *Friendly Persuasion*. That was **Gary Cooper**!

LIZ LUDINGTON, Philadelphia, writes on the most beautiful stationery in the most beautiful hand: "Thanks for agreeing with me about **Earl Holliman** and for nominating him for stardom after his great work in *The Rainmaker*. I hope Hollywood producers don't let him get lost in the silly rush for big names." Don't worry, Liz—Earl is going strong.

Personal to GUADALUPE MERLO, Pueblo, Mexico: Don't believe a word of that article printed in Spanish which you translated for me that **Elvis Presley** has criticized the women of your country. Take my word for it, Elvis isn't stupid. I feel the writer of that article felt he could get away with such a libelous article because it was printed in a foreign language.

"Don't you like **Jack Palance**—you never mention his name" protests BETTY KIELGAS, Appleton, Wisconsin. I admire Jack very much as an actor—but like **Yul Brynner**, he isn't too keen about publicity about his private life and lives very quietly. Not as good copy as some of the other stars, Betty.

MRS. JOYCE HARMON, Live Oak, California, thinks **Elizabeth Taylor** isn't taking care of her health. "She should not be traveling around as much as she is. As one who had a physical breakdown in 1954, I can tell her that she should stay put for at least a year if she wants to completely regain her health," advises Mrs. H.

That's all for now. See you next month.

*From this day on... you can set
straight hair to stay curly!*

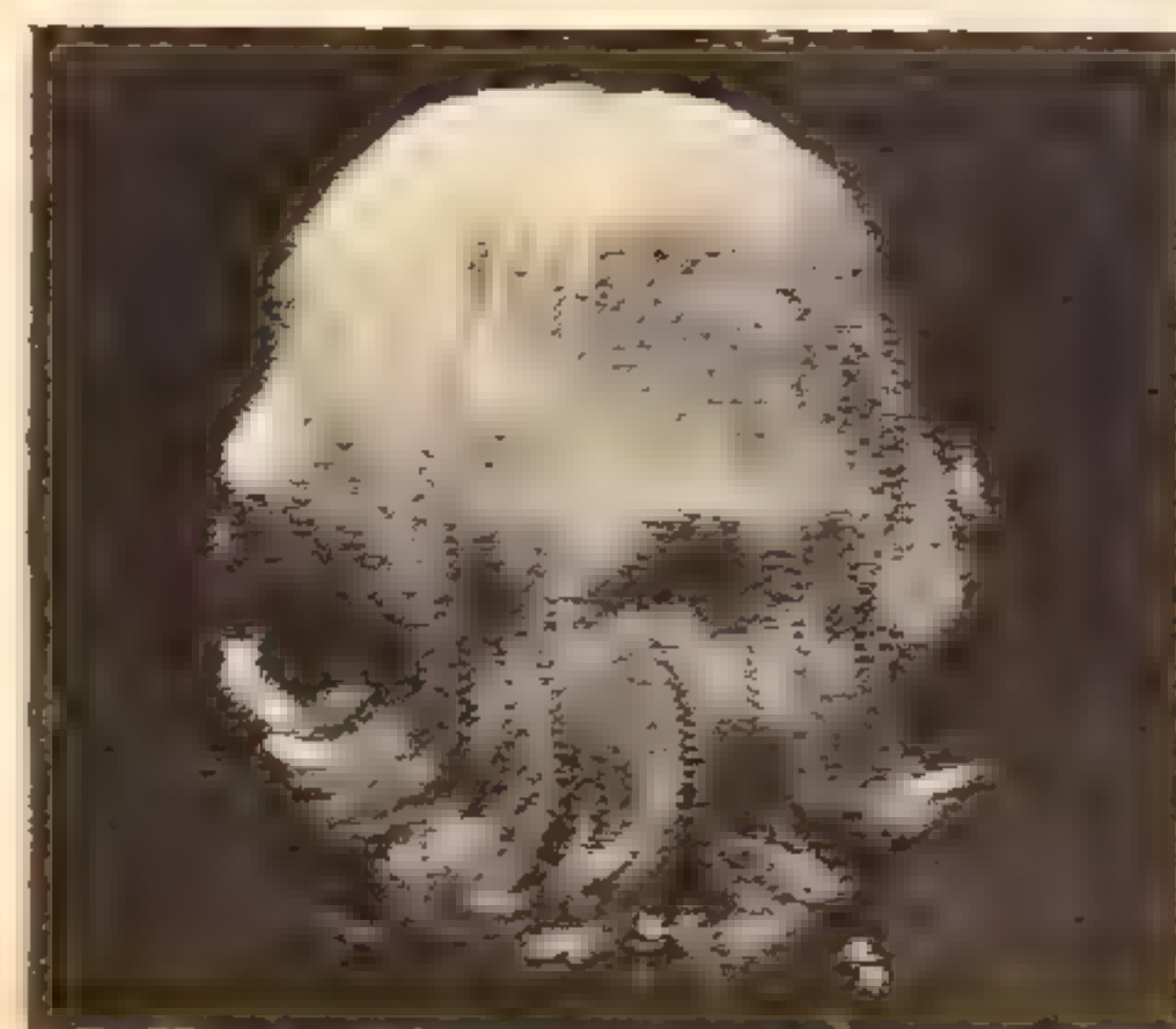


Just a quick *Revlon* 'Satin-Set' spray
sets hair to hold...even on humid days!

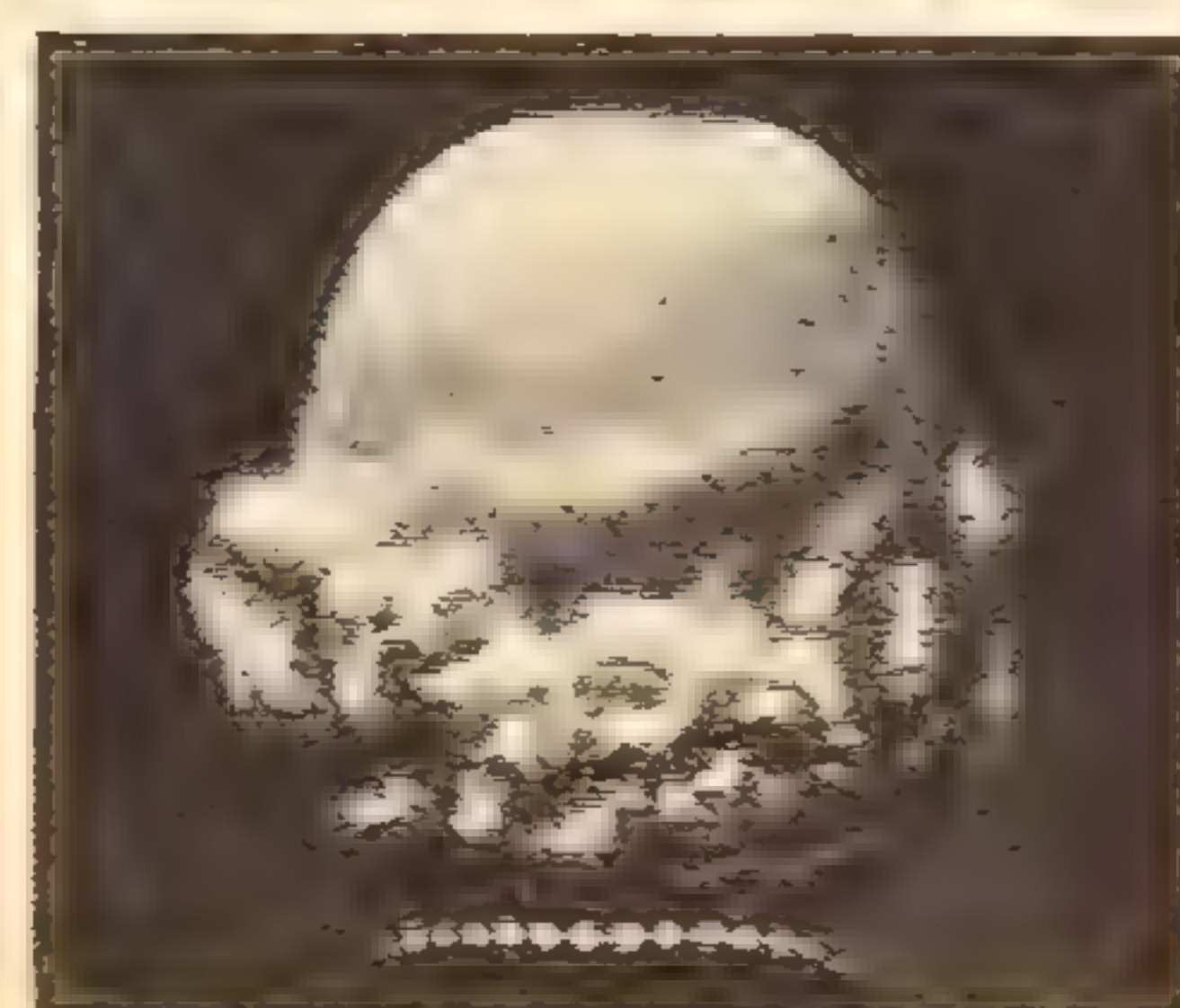
Even straight hair stays curly . . . set with 'Satin-Set'. Humid days won't wilt 'Satin-Set' curls. Now . . . 'Humidex', exclusive Revlon moisture guard, invisibly locks curls to stay.*

Pin curls in! Comb curls in! Put curls in any way your hair pleases! You can set your hair as you always do. Then spray with 'Satin-Set'. Curls hold, even when it's hot and humid!

SEE THE DIFFERENCE ON A HUMID DAY!



Set with 'ordinary' spray, hair loses curl fast, soon gets droopy.



Set with 'Satin-Set', hair keeps curl . . . even when it's humid!

Anne's WRETCHED

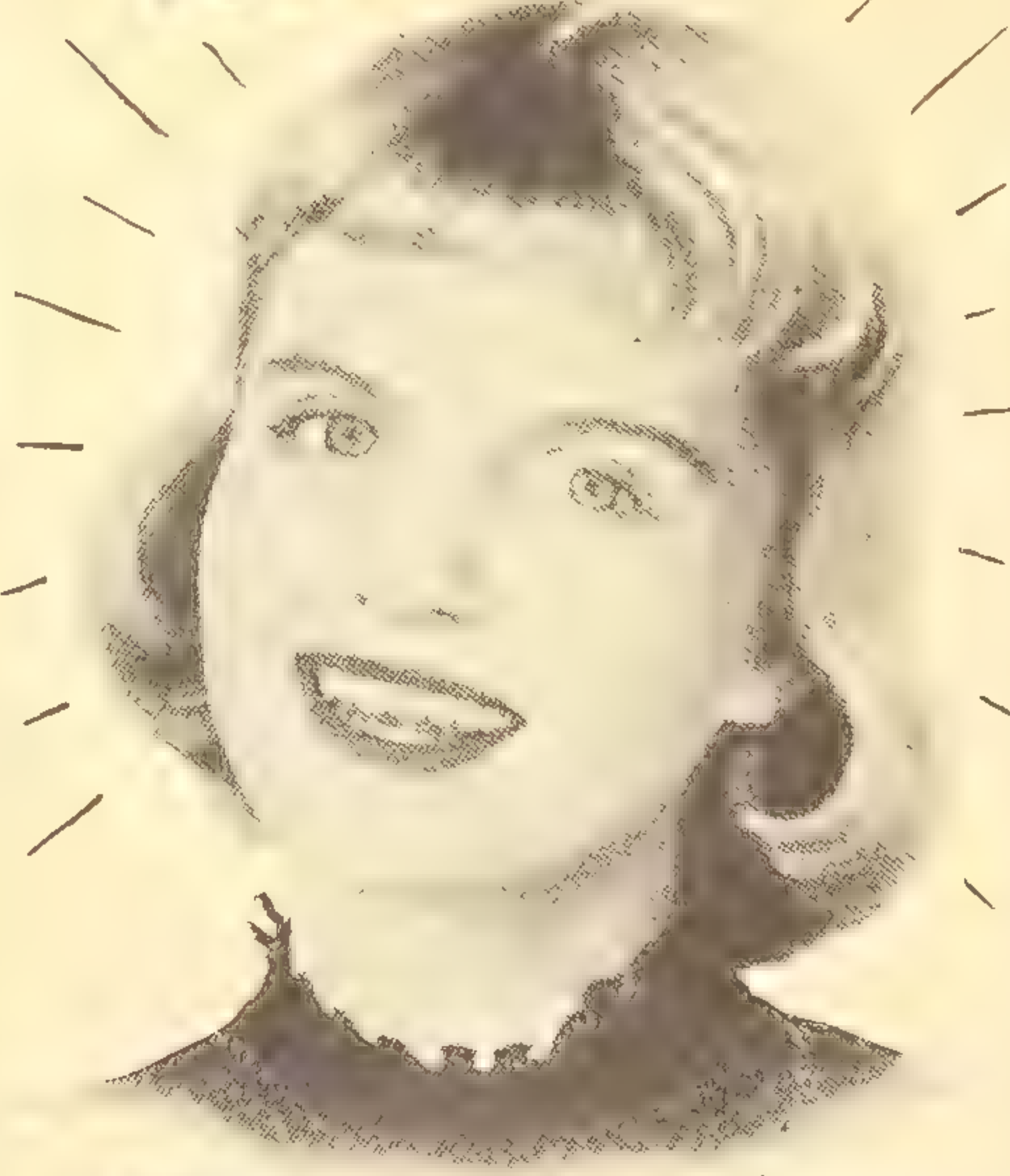


PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-87, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



NEW MOVIES

by *florence epstein*



The Prince and the Showgirl aren't quite seeing eye to eye—but it's only the beginning!

THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL

comedy—romance
Marilyn Monroe
Sir Laurence Olivier
Dame Sybil Thorndike
Richard Wattis

■ Here is Marilyn Monroe with a firm grip on her title, and Laurence Olivier with a tightening grip on her. The scene is London, 1911. King George V is going to be crowned any day and so a lot of royal visitors are in town. Among them is Olivier, a stuffy, Prussian type who happens to be Regent of Carpathia. With him is his son, boy king Jeremy Spenser, who can't wait for the day he'll wrest the power from his pop's hands, and is even now engaged in intrigue against him; and his mother-in-law Dame Sybil Thorndike, an absent-minded aristocrat who rounds out her boring days with childish delight. Olivier rounds out his boring jobs of state with visits to the front and backstage of local music houses where he grants favors to pretty girls. He presumes that his dinner invitation to American chorine Marilyn Monroe will run as smoothly as the rest. Awed, Marilyn slinks over to the embassy in a tight, white dress. She's shocked that the dinner is only for two, and very private. But when Olivier impartially divides his time between her and the phone, encouraging her to eat alone, she recovers her nerve. Vodka and every American girl's desire to be wooed with finesse does the rest. Olivier is upset and angry when she laughs at his clumsy advances. Soft lights, music, perfume—that's what she expected of a prince, she tells him, and prepares to leave. While she's preparing he's wildly spraying the room, dousing the lights and calling for a violinist. No go. Marilyn passes out. From that point on, Marilyn, always on the verge of going home, is continually delayed by one or another member of the family. By this time she's in love with the uncomfortable Olivier and doesn't mind hanging around—or even serving as Dame Thorndike's lady-in-waiting at the Coronation. It's enchanting!—Technicolor, WARNERS.

MAN ON FIRE

a divorced father

Bing Crosby
Inger Stevens
Mary Fickett
E. G. Marshall
Malcolm Brodrick

■ If you have Bing Crosby for a father, you don't need a mother. That's Crosby's philosophy, soundly seconded by his young son. Crosby is rich and lonely. His wife, Mary Fickett, left him two years before to marry a distinguished lawyer. Once she loved Crosby, but she insists—Crosby never loved her. Now she's decided she wants full custody of her son, whom Crosby rarely lets her see. With all the rage of a wounded bull, Crosby fights to keep him. His lawyer (E. G. Marshall) and Marshall's assistant, law school graduate Inger Stevens, try to do what they can, but the judge awards full custody to Mary. Refusing to accept this, Crosby abuses his visiting privileges by trying to take the boy to Europe. About

WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR DRAMA

The Wayward Bus
Man On Fire
Monkey On My Back

FOR LOVE AND LAUGHS

The Prince And The Showgirl
Love In The Afternoon

FOR SUSPENSE

Fire Down Below
The Midnight Story

now, you see what Crosby's like. He's charming and sensitive, but he's also selfish and infantile. Inger Stevens loves him, but in his complete self-absorption Crosby doesn't notice. He even sneers that girls like her are a dime a dozen. She hands him a dime and wishes him luck. His lawyer decides that Crosby is a very unreasonable man and doesn't deserve the son he's lost. But Mary Fickett acts lovingly to her child and sets the stage for reform.—MGM.

THE WAYWARD BUS

Jayne Mansfield
Joan Collins
Dan Dailey
Rick Jason
Betty Lou Keim

drama on wheels

■ Adapted from the novel by John Steinbeck, *The Wayward Bus* is an absorbing account of a group of people who are thrown together without choice. Rick Jason is the bus driver, in love with his wife (Joan Collins), who runs a sandwich shop where the bus begins. Joan is afraid of losing her youth; she drinks too much and is fast becoming a shrew. Among the passengers dropping in for refueling before they begin what is to be a hazardous drive through the mountains of lower California are wisecracking salesman Dan Dailey, B-girl Jayne Mansfield, a rich and miserable couple and their man-crazy daughter (Betty Lou Keim). When they leave, Rick has had what may be his last argument as a married man. Before the trip is over (1) Dan Dailey falls in love with Jayne, only to be disillusioned by her past; (2) the daughter throws herself at Rick, who accepts the pass only to feel guilty; (3) and Joan Collins takes a good look at herself in the mirror. But when the trip is really over they've all grown up, accepted themselves and each other, as it were, and look to the future with some hope of happiness. The story is well-told. The side effects are unusual—the use of helicopters, for instance, and the suspenseful handling by Jason of a rickety bus on a wild ride in the storm.—20TH-FOX.

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

Audrey Hepburn
Gary Cooper
Maurice Chevalier
Van Doude
John McGiver

the lady's fatal charm

■ Maurice Chevalier is a private detective whose office files are full of the kind of information on which CONFIDENTIAL magazine thrives. He has a young daughter, Audrey Hepburn, who is always snooping into those files when she ought to be practicing on the cello. Gary Cooper is a wealthy playboy who, at the moment, is involved with the wife of John McGiver. Chevalier has the pictures to prove it—and McGiver has the gun to end it. Audrey rushes over to Gary's hotel to warn him and stays to entice him. He is bewildered by her total recall of his past, and intrigued by her airy suggestions that her romantic history would put his to shame. So it goes—whenever Cooper's in Paris, Audrey trots over, leaves her cello in the corridor and enters his suite at the Ritz for an afternoon of caviar, champagne and Olga Valery and his gypsy violinists. Where will this romance between an old rake and a young innocent girl lead? Papa Chevalier closes in for a French finish.—ALLIED ARTISTS.

MONKEY ON MY BACK

Cameron Mitchell
Dianne Foster
Richard Benedict
Kathy Garber
Jack Albertson

barney ross vs. morphine

■ This is the story of Barney Ross, former welter-weight champion of the world, and his fight against drug addiction. Barney was always a big winner, a big better, a big spender and a big boy who needed applause. Kathy Garber doesn't want to marry him since she's the security-loving kind. She decides she's through after Barney (Continued on page 20)



COSTUME BY SYLVAN FISH

I dreamed I had Tea for Two

in my maidenform bra*

Maidenform is just my cup of tea . . . such a marvelous pick-me-up! Chansonette's unique spoke-stitched cups give me the lift of a lifetime. And Chansonette* Tri-Line* adds *three-point miracle straps* for extra comfort, extra accent, extra cling! Treat yourself today to one of these *beautiful* bras! A, B, and C cups. Chansonette—from 2.00. Chansonette Tri-Line—2.50.

THEIR FIRST KISS...

set off the strangest manhunt in the history of crime!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Presents

The MIDNIGHT STORY



CINEMASCOPE

STARRING

TONY CURTIS • MARISA PAVAN • GILBERT ROLAND

with JAY C. FLIPPEN • TED de CORSIA • ARGENTINA BRUNETTI

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by JOHN ROBINSON and EDWIN BLUM • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

new movies

(Continued from page 18)

has lost his title in a bloody prize fight, lost his money in bad bets and lost the free-loading saloon he partly owned. But when he joins the Marines, Kathy's convinced he's changed and she does marry him. Barney becomes a hero on Guadalcanal, killing twenty-two Japs and winning the Silver Star. He also catches a malignant case of malaria that can only be relieved by morphine. At home, things look good. He has a nice apartment; he gets a public relations job through the father of a buddy he saved; he feels like a father to Kathy's little girl. But he's hooked. He can't live without drugs. They destroy his marriage and are about to destroy him when the winner instinct flickers back to life. Barney voluntarily commits himself to the U. S. Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, for the toughest fight of his career.—UNITED ARTISTS.

FIRE DOWN BELOW

Rita Hayworth
Robert Mitchum
Jack Lemmon
Herbert Lom
Bonar Colleano

love in the tropics

■ "I'm a woman out of nowhere going nowhere," is Rita Hayworth's more or less accurate description of herself. She's a wanderer without passport and with a shady background. Robert Mitchum and Jack Lemmon, who own a dirty little boat, agree to transport her from one tropical island to another, neither one of them paradise. Mitchum's rather beat-up himself, having been wronged by a wife just like Rita. Ever since, he's been dabbling in small time smuggling. Lemmon is a boy from Indiana who thinks he'll find himself by bumming around. He falls in love with Rita, promises to marry and save her. Mitchum's disgusted with his buddy—so disgusted that when Lemmon takes out the boat on a smuggling trip for dowry money, Mitchum reports him to the Coast Guard. Swearing vengeance, Lemmon gets a job on a Greek freighter in an attempt to work his way back to the island and kill Mitchum. Unfortunately, the freighter collides with another ship and Lemmon is trapped in the wreckage—and eighty tons of nitrate in the hold will explode any minute. Then the fast action begins.—CinemaScope, COLUMBIA.

BERNARDINE

Pat Boone
Terry Moore
Janet Gaynor
Dean Jagger
Richard Sargent

a slick one for teenagers

■ Not all teenagers are juvenile delinquents. Some of them dream—even though they scorn higher learning, dress rather casually, bunk in rooms cluttered with junk and have a loyalty to their friends which paralyzes outsiders. Like Pat Boone and his pals dream of Bernardine, a romantic image of womanhood. Imagine their delight when she comes to town in the form of telephone operator Terry Moore. Richard Sargent, lanky son of Janet Gaynor, and lowest man on the prospective list of high school graduates, falls for her like sixteen tons. The boys rally around to aid him in his pursuit, but Sargent must leave the field to study for end-term exams. Pat Boone rushes his older brother (Air Force Lieutenant James Drury) into the breach to pinch-hit for Sargent. The worst happens. Drury and Moore get engaged. Sargent joins the army to recover from this great betrayal. Before friendship is restored on all fronts, mothers of teenage boys everywhere grow up a little. Pat Boone's as easy as Crosby and mellow to the ear.—CinemaScope, 20th-Fox.

THE MIDNIGHT STORY

Tony Curtis
Marisa Pavan
Gilbert Roland
Richard Monda
Argentina Brunetti

a new kind of story

■ Some murders are understandable, but anyone who would kill a kind and loving priest is certainly beyond redemption. Tony Curtis was an orphan brought up by Father Tomasino. Now he's a police officer. When Father Tomasino is killed, Tony wants to be put on the case. But it's out of his department. So he leaves the force to follow a hunch that Gilbert Roland is the murderer. Gilbert Roland certainly doesn't look or act like a murderer. He's a big-hearted, generous fellow whom everyone knows and likes on the wharves of San Francisco. He befriends Curtis, invites him to share his comfortable home where live Mama (Argentina Brunetti), teenager Richard Monda and Marisa Pavan, a cousin from Italy. For the first time in his life Curtis discovers the warmth of family circles. He comes to regard Gilbert as a brother, and falls in love with Marisa. Now, instead of hoping to prove Gilbert's guilt, he eagerly looks for and finds signs of innocence. But then, who did kill Father Tomasino? It's an unusual and interesting movie.—UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.



ANNE'S WISHBONE TREE—AND MARLON BRANDO

■ In Hollywood where oranges, apricots, peaches, bananas, and even avocados will grow in anyone's back yard, Anne Francis is the owner of a most unusual tree.

"It's a wishbone tree," says Anne.

"A year and a half ago," she explains, "when I was being tested for the lead in *Blackboard Jungle*, somebody gave me a wishbone for good luck. I got the part, and I've been collecting wishbones for luck ever since!" That's where Marlon Brando comes in . . .

The wishbone tree is in an alcove in Anne's living room. It is made from an enormous piece of gnarled driftwood that Anne found at the beach. Painted gold and nailed to the wall by Anne, it juts four feet into the room. On its branches hang fifty scrubbed and gilded wishbones.

"Most of them are chicken and turkey wishbones," admits Anne. "but I do have one quail, one partridge, one guinea hen, and several squab among them." She grins. "Now I'm out for bigger game. One of my friends is on location for a picture in Africa, and he's promised me the wishbone from an *ostrich*."

Anne has acquired her fifty wishbones in varied ways. The quail was sent by the same friend—he was on location for a western movie and bagged it himself. The partridge was from a fan.

On the top branch of Anne's wishbone tree there is an empty space just large enough for the wishbone from a Christmas turkey.

"I'm saving that space for Marlon Brando," Anne says. "I was supposed to go to Marlon's house for Christmas dinner. At the last minute something happened, and I couldn't make it. Marlon solemnly promised to save the wishbone for me. Since Marlon never breaks a promise, someday I'm going to collect!"

And she's also going to collect first prize as owner of Hollywood's most unusual tree—but absolutely!

Watch for Anne in MGM's *Don't Go Near The Water*.



Hair with the
fresh young **HALO** look
is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in hardest water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean*.





Now! Wash away "new perm" frizz and odor!



NEW!
Quick! The prettiest wave in the world
 leaves your hair instantly shampoo-fresh!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work!

New! The only wave you dare wash at once!

Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

So quick! Wave and wash with ½ the work!

Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!



2 new-style waves for the price of 1
 Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped. Use ½—Save ½.
\$2.00 plus tax. 1 wave size, \$1.25 plus tax.



A GUY GETS SO

Rock had to be in Rome...

LONELY WITHOUT

Phyllis had to stay in Hollywood

HIS WIFE!



"Yes," Rock Hudson smiled at the vegetable vendor, "The Signora would know if these are not the finest peppers in all of Italy." The Signora . . . his wife Phyllis . . . Phyllis would know. But Phyllis was in Hollywood, still so pale and ill from that liver attack. And he was in Rome, alone . . . It wasn't much fun having an afternoon off, alone .



He'd walked maybe a mile along the Appia Antica road when he saw the two little girls. The ledge was a natural bench for resting and he sat down, thinking that here—or there!—a Roman charioteer might have stopped to rest, 2,000 years ago . . . thinking some day it would be his and Phyllis' little girls gathering wildflowers. Yes, he had much to thank God for . . .



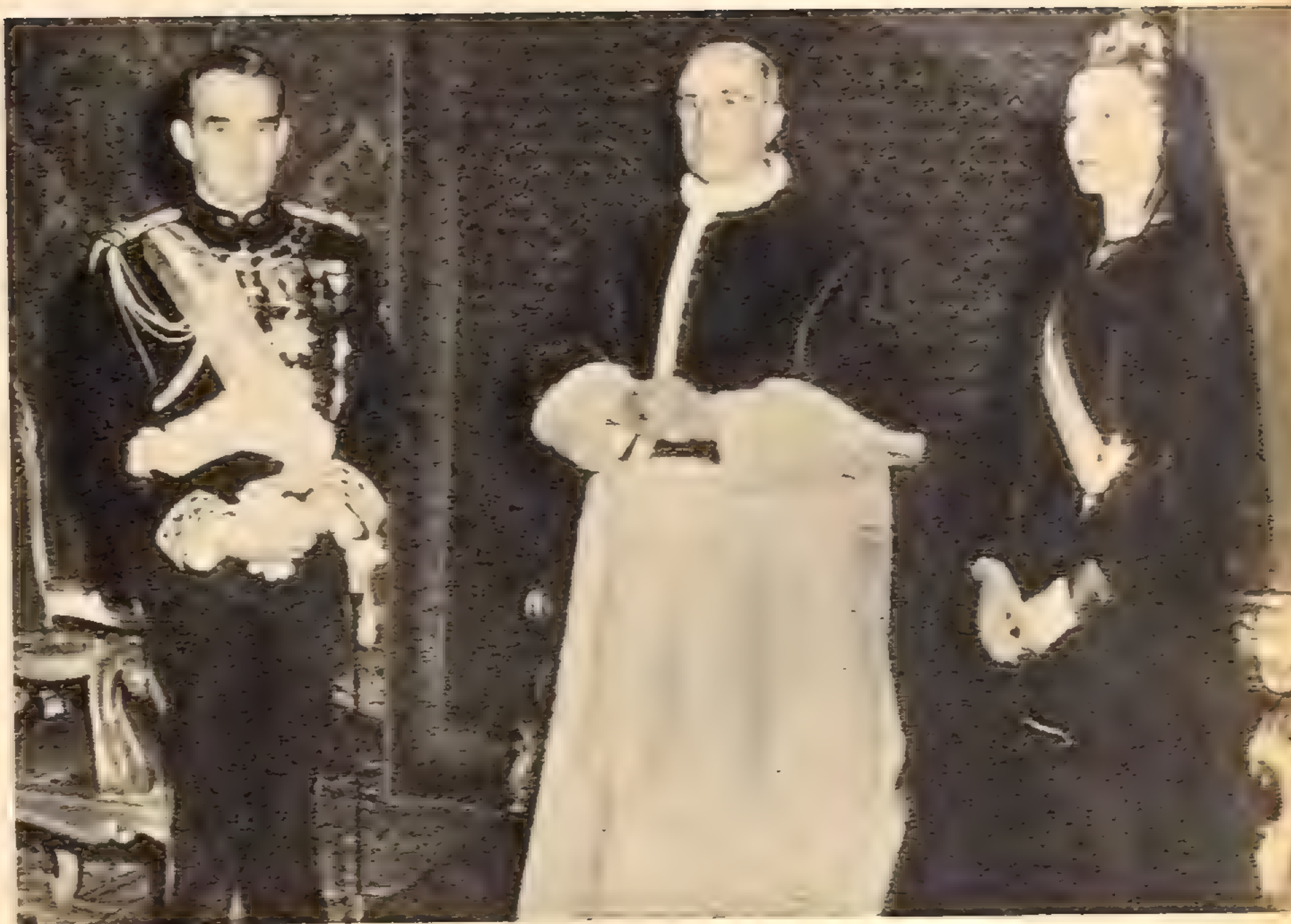
They had talked about it together, how they'd sandwich in their sight-seeing between his takes on A Farewell To Arms. Maybe that's what was making the ache for her so bad . . . seeing it alone. "Honey," he'd tell her—soon—"next time we'll see it together." But this was now, and now he was alone . . .



GRACE
and
RAINIER
make a
HOLY PILGRIMAGE
to the POPE
and receive
HIS blessing on their
UNBORN CHILD



After a long day of driving from Monaco to Italy, interrupted by a huge rainstorm, Grace and Rainier arrive at their hotel in Montecatini . . . Next morning, they breakfast quietly in the hotel's garden, then attend a special mass in the Church of the Franciscan Friars . . . Another day on the road brings them to Rome and to a small hotel . . . Finally their great morning arrives—an audience with Pope Pius XII and a papal blessing for a future Prince or Princess.



■ It had been a long drive from Monaco to Rome. But Grace and Rainier couldn't wait for morning to come, for their audience with the Pope. They decided to retire immediately after a light dinner. Rainier had driven all the way and he fell asleep in minutes. Grace put through a call to Monaco and to her baby's nurse there. "Princess Caroline is fast asleep and well," said the nurse. Grace smiled and went to bed, too. When she and Rainier awoke the next morning they both got dressed immediately—Rainier in his best uniform, Grace in a long black gown—had breakfast and then, holding hands all the way, drove to the Vatican. They had to wait a few minutes for the Pope to appear. Grace was nervous; the Prince tense. And then Pius XII entered the room—and somehow the nervousness in both of them disappeared. Rainier bowed and Grace bent to her knees. "Your Holiness," they said. "My children," said the Pope, smiling his gentle smile at the handsome couple. They talked for a while—the Prince of Monaco and his wife and the Prince of the Church—and then Grace begged the Pope's forgiveness but asked if she might ask a favor of him. The Pope nodded. "Your Holiness," said Grace, "we are expecting another child and I would be grateful if you would bless the child for me." Again the Pope nodded and then the three closed their eyes while Pius intoned a prayer for the unborn baby. When he was finished, they all crossed themselves and Grace leaned forward to kiss his hand. Then, before they left, Rainier reached for a beautiful box of gold he had brought from Monaco. He handed it to Pius who admired it. But it was when His Holiness opened the box that his ancient eyes twinkled. "Ah—*dolci*—candies." Grace and Rainier's eyes smiled back. They had heard that His Holiness had a sweet tooth and they couldn't think of any nicer gift for him. "Grazie," said the Pope as he left the room, "thank you." Grace and Rainier's hearts were too full. They couldn't answer. They simply stood and watched the great man as he walked away and silently they thanked *him* for his blessing.

*Is Debbie
a good
Mother?*



by HELEN GOULD

■ Debbie Reynolds once told me, and not so very long ago at that, "I'm so busy, if I got married now I'd have to give my husband a picture of myself, so he'd know what I look like!"

My, *how* that attitude has changed! Debbie's still busy—even busier, she thinks, than when she thought making pictures didn't leave much room in her life for a husband. But what a different kind of busyness—ever since she became Mrs. Eddie Fisher!

Take their life in Las Vegas, right now at this writing, where they're calling the TROPICANA their home for five weeks. Eddie opened the elegantly beautiful hotel, Las Vegas' newest, as the headliner.

Outside is the plush sophistication of a luxurious resort hotel. In the background is that feverish Las Vegas music—the whirr and clack of the gambling casino. In the TROPICANA, the whirr is a discreet murmur, subdued like footsteps falling into thick carpets.

You can leave that behind you, by entering the Fishers' own haven.

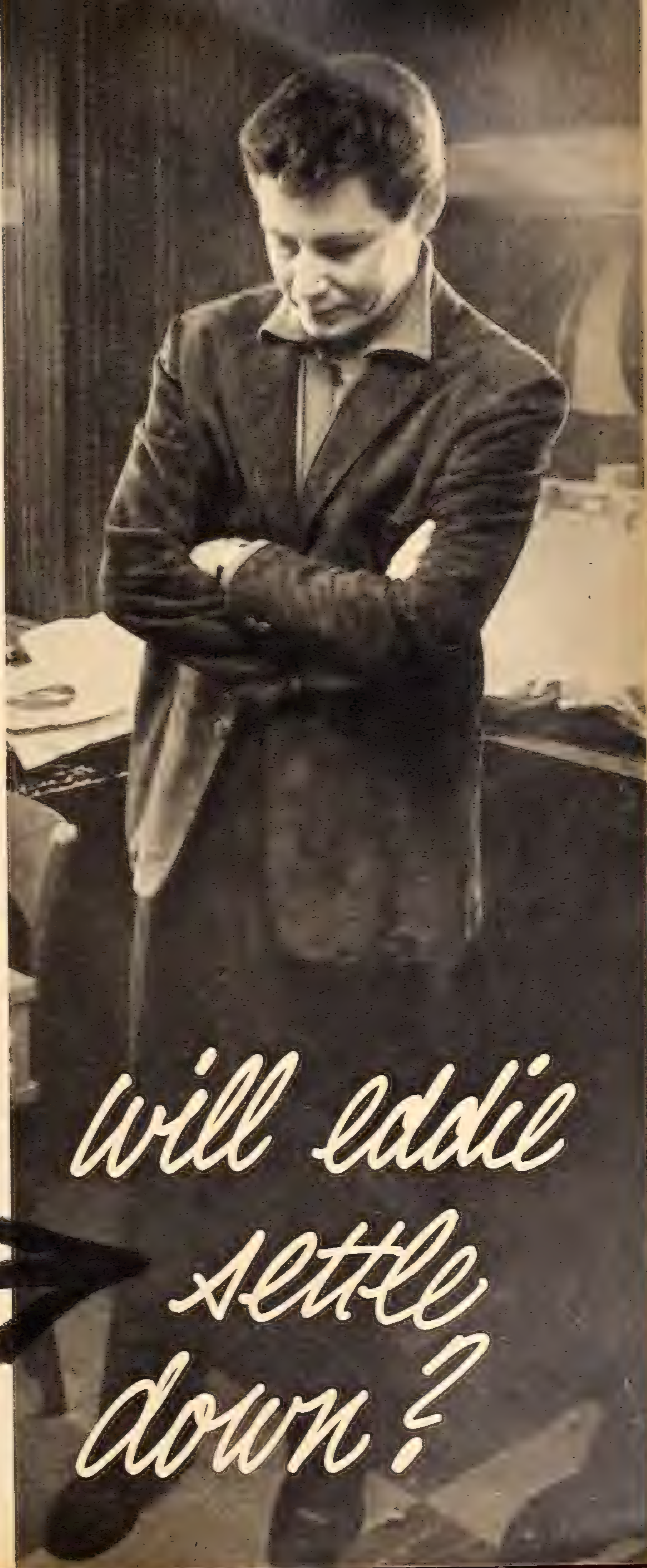
You walk down a blue-carpeted, white-walled hall to rooms 148-49-50.

You open the door to 150, and you're in a nursery. A nursery just like in that nice house on Shady Lane, Anytown. Complete with baby. There's a play pen inhabited by a couple of pink, cuddly lambs. Carrie Frances herself is lying in her bassinette, holding tight to a rattle in her sturdy, sweet fist, regarding it with great interest out of her brown eyes.

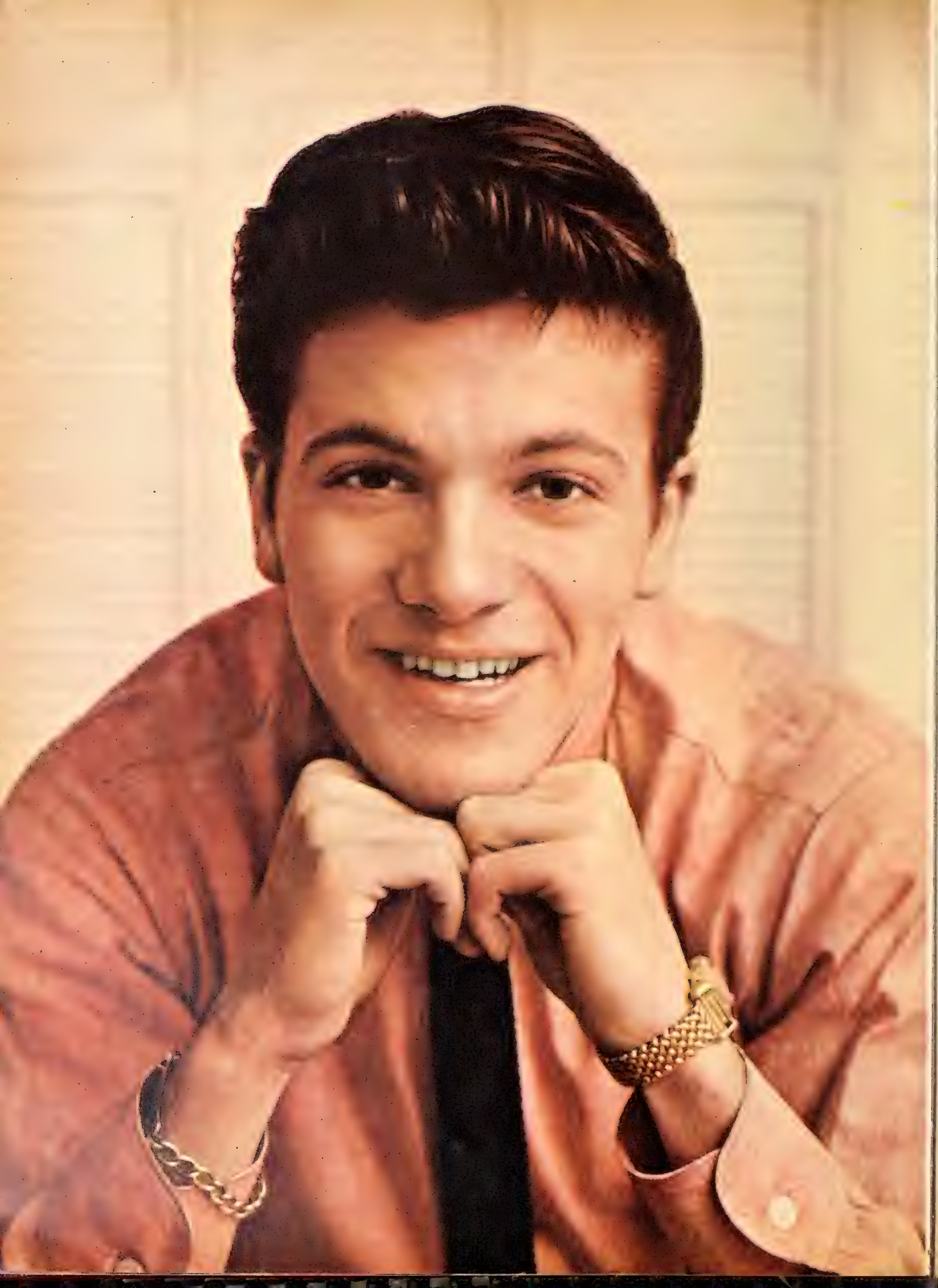
Brown?

Well, that they're the *shape* of Eddie's, there's no denying. But the color is the grey of Debbie's the way they are when the light doesn't change them to blue. But Debbie says *positively*

"Oh, they're going to be brown!" So Carrie Frances, who has her father's eyes, coos and makes happy talk, smiling up from (Continued on page 81)



*Will Eddie
settle
down?*



You've all been
asking for
the personal story of
TOMMY SANDS.
Here it is.
Meet . . .

tommy!

by Lou Larkin

■ "Most people think that I was trying to get on the show," Tommy Sands will tell you, "because I walked in to Radio Station KWKH and said to the receptionist, 'My name is Tommy Sands. I play the guitar and sing.'"

That was the beginning. That's how come Tommy Sands was a professional at eight. But it happened because he had a new guitar . . .

"It began," says his mother, "with Ed's ukulele. Ed is Tommy's older brother—by ten years. Tommy was four when he first began to make music with the uke. He grasped the instrument as if he was desperate to have it make more music than the routine four notes you get by plucking each of the strings. As a matter of fact, he was so eager he broke the strings constantly! After two years of buying new strings for Ed's uke, Tommy started begging for a guitar.

"He played it—well, let's say he picked it, for hours each day. He would turn on the radio and in the fumbling, young, inexperienced way he had, he would attempt to follow the music he heard. His hands were far too small. But strangely enough he didn't break any strings. And one day, after about a year of this, I was listening to him accompany a well-known southern radio singer named Pop Eccles and somehow—without training, without guidance—Tommy had found a way to play. He was strumming along with Pop just as though they were together in the studio. And then I heard Tommy singing softly.

"When Tommy called his dad's attention to the tinny tone of the guitar, we both knew what came next. A better guitar. Well, better guitars were expensive, and frankly I was a little afraid that Tommy's burning desire wouldn't last long.

"So we bought a real good guitar on the installment plan; two dollars a week, with the guitar to come out of the store when the last payment had been made. And that's how he became (*Continued on page 85*)

modern screen
sneak-previews
SOPHIA LOREN'S
fabulous "next-year"
date dresses

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES IN THE WORLD

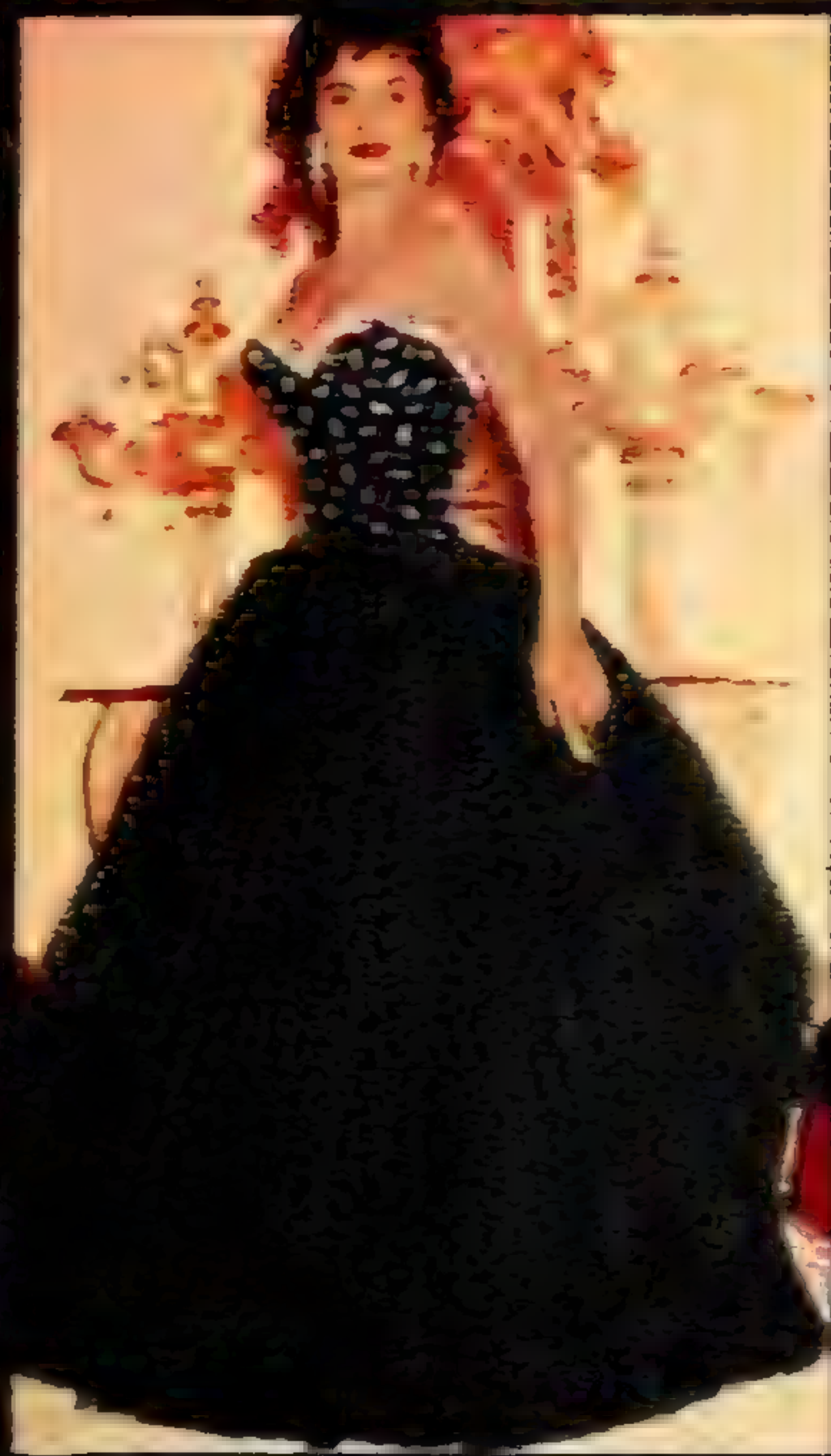


"When I do not be sure just how dressed up to be, these are my favorites," says Sophia—because they're high-style, but simple too. The blue jersey-chiffon has a motif of silver-embroidered leaves; the green chiffon's accent is strictly on line—the intrigue lies in the overskirt's unusual pantaloon hem.





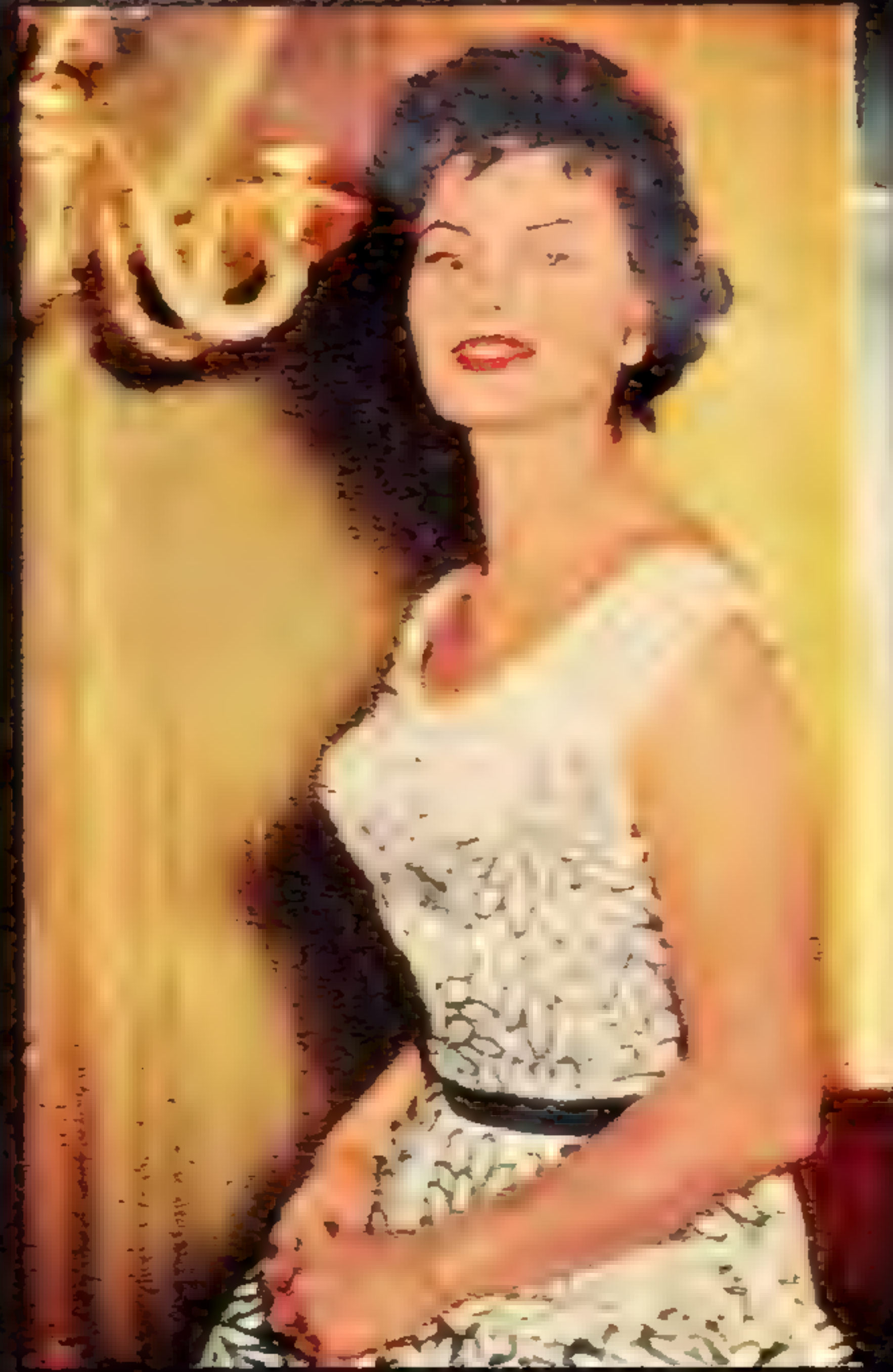
For an afternoon office party, around Christmas time or instance, you might like something on the order of Sophia's royal blue, square-necklined shantung-taffeta.



And for New Year's Eve, choose a bouffant black tulle skirt, with velvet and sequins topping it off. The white sequins on black make for a most dramatic turn-about.



One simple touch makes the difference! On this organza, that's as uncluttered as can be, the note of distinction is the rhinestone halter strap. Add it yourself, to any gown!



The fabric's the attention-getter in this white faille with its flowered pattern blending from black to gray. The style has that classic simplicity that's right, whether you choose satins—or cottons!



ABOVE Rose silk organza with a bouffant skirt—that's what Sophia chose for waltzing. But you can do a mean lindy in it, too!

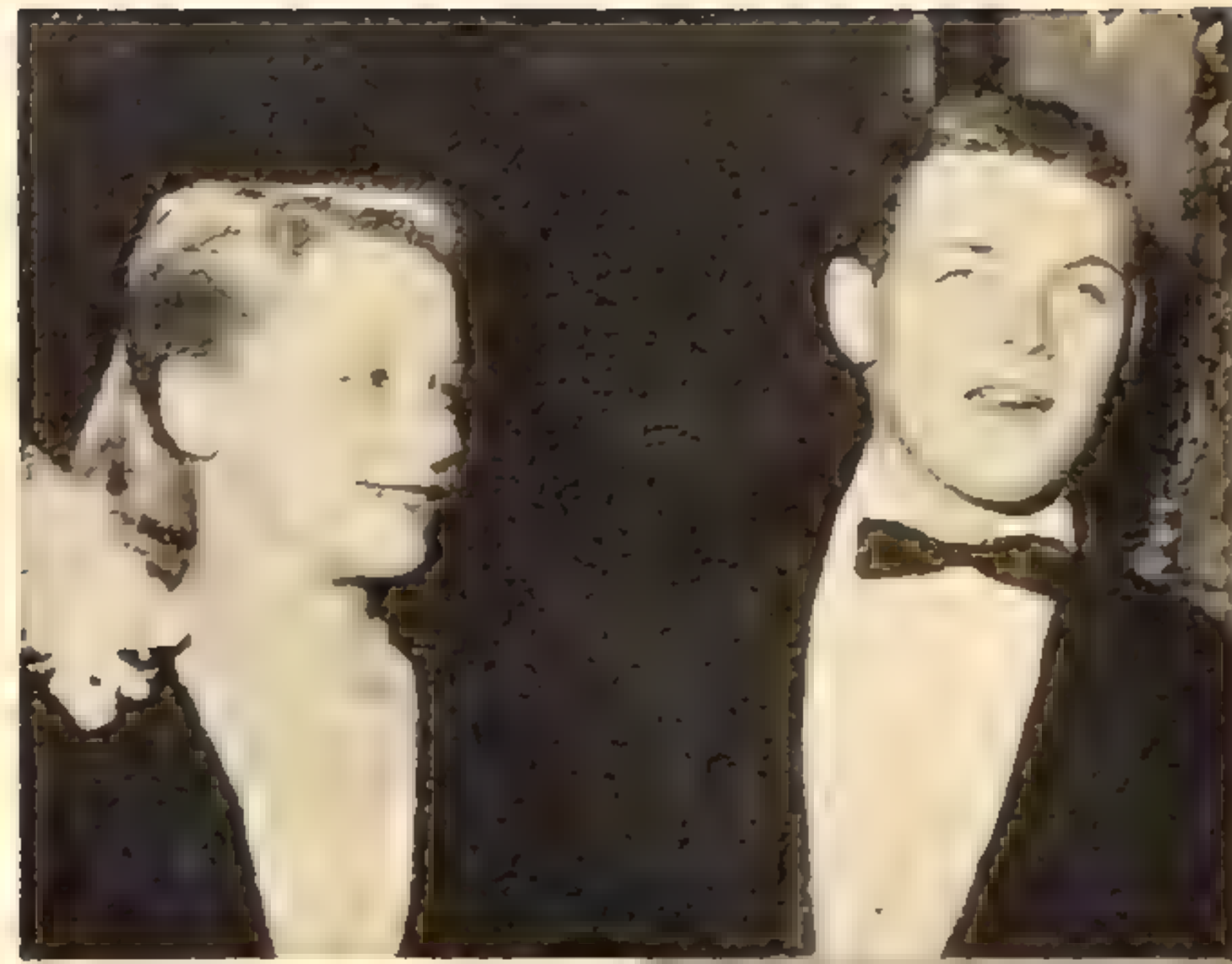
ABOVE RIGHT Blue and rose-coral in this chiffon plissé that's styled for cocktails - and - on - into - dawn. Ideal for packing.

RIGHT Designer E. Schubert admires Sophia in his white chiffon. A matching stole adds a dramatic note to resort—or prom!

FAR RIGHT "I saw thees dress and I theenk—"It'll k-nock 'em dead!" So make yourself a tip-of-the-shoulder red gown.



*an intimate
report on the most
exciting moment in
JAMES MacARTHUR'S
life—a moment
he shared
only with Joyce...*



by Irene St. Regis

■ Jim MacArthur and his girl walked into JIMMY RYAN's, a dixieland hangout on New York's Fifty-second Street, sat at the first empty table they came to and grabbed each other's hand. It was hard to tell who was more nervous—Jim or Joyce. They'd both come from an evening preview of Jim's first movie, *The Young Stranger*. They'd been pretty good about all the excitement at the beginning. Jim had picked Joyce up and they'd had a nice fun dinner at a roast beef sandwich place on Times Square—Jim had downed three thick ones—and then they'd gone to a penny arcade up the street—Joyce had beat Jim at rifle shooting, three games to two—and then they'd walked over to the theater where the movie was to be shown. That's when the trouble started, when Joyce began to tremble. Jim had known her for three years now. They'd met at school—the SOLEBURY SCHOOL in New Hope, Pennsylvania—and Jim had liked her right off. "There was nothing phony or put on about Joyce," Jim has said, "and what I liked was how she had a good sense of humor but didn't try to be funny, like some girls." What he liked most about Joyce, though, was the fact that she was always very calm and self-controlled and mistress of the situation. But earlier that night, as they neared the theater, something had happened to Joyce's calm and she clutched Jim's hand and said: "I'm nervous . . . I can't help it . . . but I'm nervous."

Jim wasn't going to get nervous. No sir! Matter of fact, he'd thought, it was up to him to show Joyce what calmness and pulling yourself together really meant. After all, he was nineteen years old now. And so he'd squeezed her hand tight and said *tsk-tsk* and *now-now* and they'd gone into the theater and to their seats, the brave leading the beautiful.

It had been fine for Jim—right up until the movie started. A few minutes earlier he'd greeted his mother, famous actress Helen Hayes, (Continued on page 56)



*should I
invite him
to visit me
in Hollywood?*

KIM and her father

*will I be
proud of him,
and learn
to love him again?*



*Christmas Day—a life-time ago.
That's what Kim used to
think when she saw this picture,
and remembered that it was
snapped in Chicago the year all
her dreams seemed to be
coming true at last . . . until her
Father said the words that
hurt so. Then she saw him again.
And knew he'd been right.*





by Susan Wender

■ "Kim," said the man across the desk, "just exactly what is your father?"

Kim Novak stared at him. "*What is my father? What do you mean, 'what is my father?' What kind of a question is that?*"

The man sighed. "Well, now, Kim, let's look at it sensibly, from the studio's point of view. Your father is coming to Hollywood next week, isn't he? Going to stay a while, visit, see the town."

"That's right," Kim said coldly. "What about it?"

"Ah," said the man. "That's just the point. That's what we have to find out. Now, your mother's come

to see you any number of times. A lovely lady.. You took her to premières, restaurants, all over the place. Right?"

Still bewildered, Kim nodded slowly.

"And you gave out interviews by the dozen, talking about her. Said she was your inspiration, your guiding light, best mother a girl could have—right?"

"You're darn right that's right," Kim answered. "What about it? It's all true."

"Sure it is, Kim," the man said hastily. "We could see that for ourselves. Sure. But Kim—" he paused impressively. "Kim—when (Continued on page 83)

by FLORENCE NILRES

■ *This is a story which Natalie Wood's close friends know. No two of her friends would tell it exactly the same way—you know how stories get changed around in little ways as they pass from one person to another. However, we feel that what you will read now is a pretty close version of what actually happened.*

Natalie lay in bed, wondering why she didn't feel sleepy. It wasn't even eight o'clock yet, so why this feeling that she must hurry, that there was something she had to do?

Then she remembered. She had met a fellow last night, a swell fellow, and the thing she had to do was figure out how to see him again, soon. Reaching for the phone, she decided *I'll call him.* . .

Then she laughed at herself. It was only eight o'clock; he wouldn't be at his office yet!

She dressed. She had breakfast. She picked up a book. She tried to read, but her mind wandered. She picked up the script of the picture she'd be starting in a couple of weeks, but she was too restless to study it. She waited till 9:30, then she dialed his number.

"Hi," she said, "are you busy tonight?"

"Who is this?" he asked.

"Nat. Nat Wood. You met me last evening. At the party. You brought me a sandwich."

Her pulse was hammering. She didn't know what to say next.

"Yes, I remember," he said. "How are you?" His voice was kind of stiff and puzzled and Nat knew that he hadn't given her another thought.

But there was nothing she could do now except go on with the conversation.

"I was just wondering if you were free tonight," she asked. The words had just sort of tumbled out and now she was embarrassed that she'd asked him. Her embarrassment increased as he explained that he was too tired, and besides he had some work he wanted to finish up.

"Of course," she said, quickly, wanting to let him off the hook, "perhaps some other time."

And as she hung up she thought, *Well Nat, me girl, that's that.*

But a few days later, he called her. And their friendship began.

Many dates later, when they knew each (Continued on page 83)

* I love you
too much
to marry
you, darling...



She tries to look happy

She tries desperately to have fun on dates

But there is such an ache in her heart

Here at last is the true Natalie Wood story





...ATTENTION BUDDY D., SOMEWHERE, U.S.A.

call your
friend RORY
at hollywood
5-2027

■ Dear Buddy,

I never heard of you till yesterday. I don't know where you are or what you do or if you'll ever get to read this. I hope you do read it though, because it's really a message to you from an old pal of yours—Rory Calhoun.

I was having lunch with Rory yesterday, a casual let's-get-together lunch. We talked about lots of things. Rory's a funny guy and we did a lot of laughing.

Then, somehow, we got to the subject of friends. We were still laughing, exchanging stories about goofy experiences we'd both had with friends in our lifetimes, when all of a sudden Rory put down his fork and stopped laughing and clammed up. For

a minute, I thought he was a little sick. For another few minutes, I didn't say a word. Rory was staring over my head now, looking out into the middle of the restaurant. It didn't take me long to realize that Rory was thinking about something, thinking hard about something. I picked up my cup of coffee and took a sip. I was putting the cup down when, very softly, Rory said, "You know, I was just thinking about the *first* friend I ever had." He smiled as he said that, the smile of a guy who was remembering something from long ago that was good and bathed in all the nicest things in life. "His name was Buddy," he said. "Buddy D. . . ."

(Editor's Note: In order to respect Buddy's right to privacy, we've decided not to print his full name.) He may not wish to be bothered by friends calling him up and telling him (Continued on page 63)





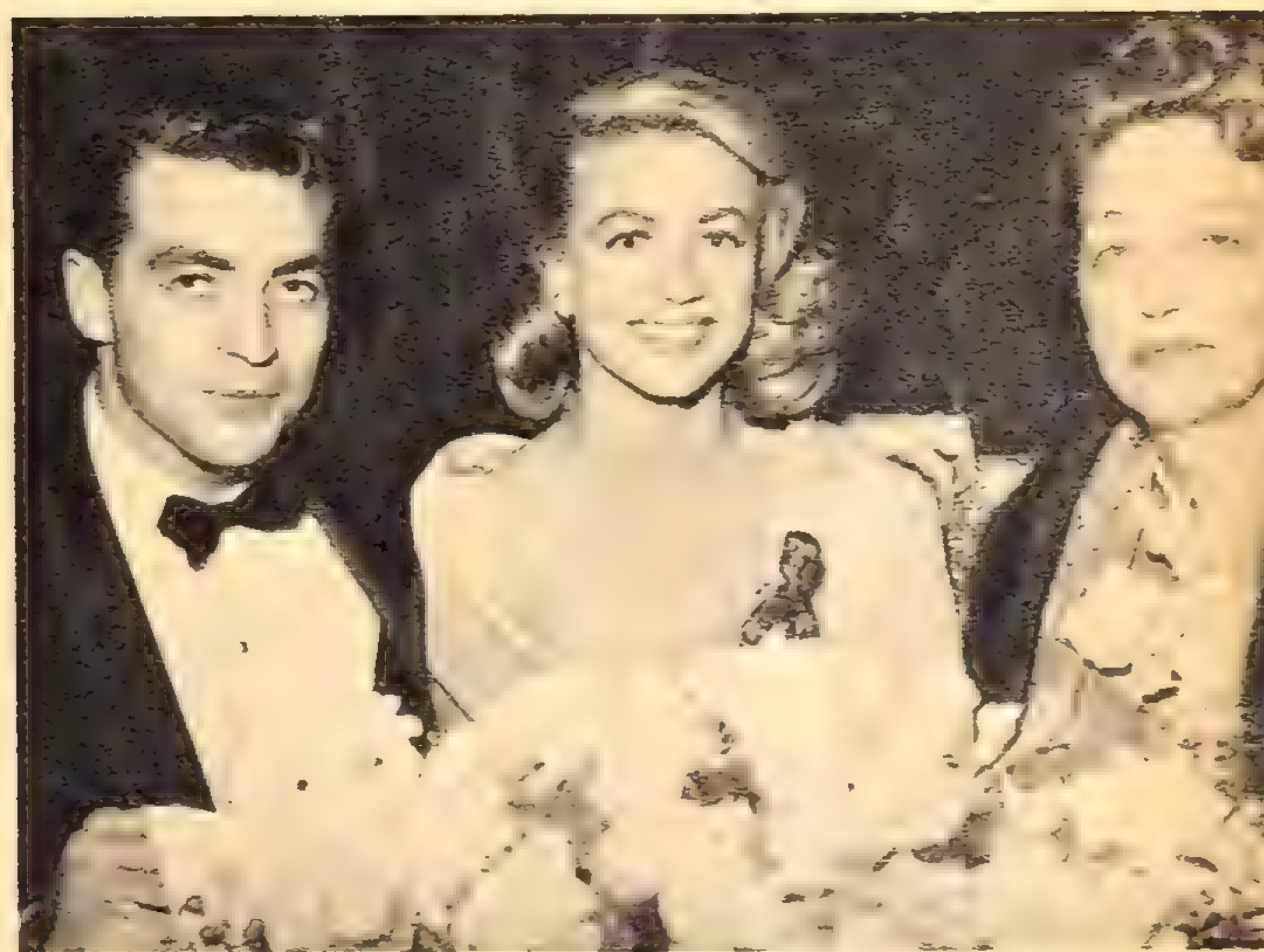
LAW AND ORDER was your first movie, and the rootin' tootin' Western—with Ronald Reagan, Ruth Hampton, and Chubby Johnson—was to start you towards the hard-won Oscar . . .



THIS IS *bittersweet* YOUR LIFE ^ DOROTHY MALONE



You shared the stage with Anthony Quinn, and later you celebrated with your mother and Bob. And you were the only one who knew your heart cried for that other one who should have been there . . .



by Kirtley Baskette

■ To you, Dorothy Malone, it seemed like a mile to the stage of the PANTAGES THEATRE. When Jack Lemmon opened the envelope for *Best Supporting Actress* of 1956 and announced, "The winner—Dorothy Malone!" your legs had suddenly turned to putty. Somehow you made your way down the long aisle as the orchestra struck up "Written On The Wind" and applause thundered. But all you could think of was, "This isn't for me. It's for Billy."

So the first words you blurted into the mike, as the house hushed and the tv cameras moved in, were "I'd like to dedicate this award to my late little brother, Bill."

Not many who heard you that gala Academy Award night in Hollywood last March understood the strange tribute. You went on to thank everyone who'd helped you in the picture so effusively and so long that Emcee Jerry Lewis fingered his wrist watch nervously, as if you'd never stop. But Dorothy, you had really said it all with your first sentence.

Back in your seat, you felt your brother Bob reach over and clasp your hand. Squeezing his gratefully, you creased your dimples in smiles all around and, at the same time, struggled to keep those green eyes of yours from blurring too much.

But your mind's eye searched far away—and back—to a golf fairway, the 17th Hole of the DALLAS COUNTRY CLUB, on the highest hill in the city. And to a golden-haired boy of sixteen, taking his stance for a gambling shot to the green. That was Bill.

(Continued on page 79)

from Yvonne Lime's diary:

"My Weekend with ELVIS"



*Elvis was waiting for
my plane in his shiny
pink Cadillac.*





I climbed on Elvis' motorcycle and held on to him—tight.

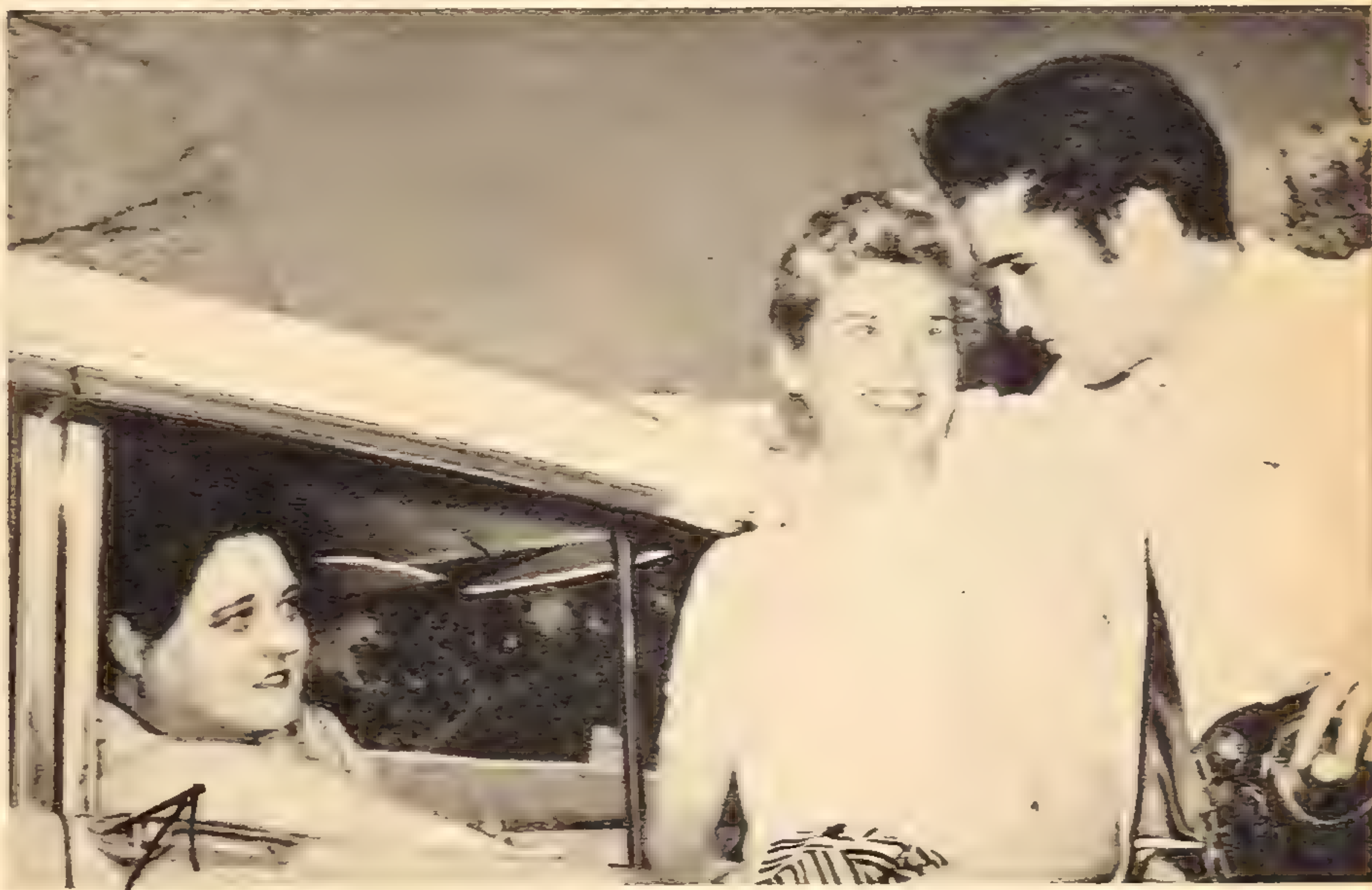
■ Friday, April 19, 3:00 a.m.: Here I am, flying to Memphis to spend a weekend with Elvis at his home. I can hardly believe it! I'm up in the air in more ways than one. What will it be like to spend an entire weekend—every waking moment—with Elvis? And who would have dreamed, that day I met him, this would happen!

I met Elvis on the set of PARAMOUNT'S *Loving You*. I had a small role in it, a scene in which I talk to a group of teenagers in favor of Elvis. In the middle of the scene, Elvis came on the set and watched me. Did *that* make me nervous! Then when I finished, he came over and said, "Hi, I'm Elvis Presley." As if I didn't know. But I tried to act cool about it, because I knew that all the girls were throwing themselves at Elvis. So I just smiled and told him my name. Was I surprised when he said, "I know who you are. I saw you in *The Rainmaker*."

Then he told me a funny thing. He'd tested for the part that Earl Holliman eventually got, but the studio didn't think Elvis was comedian enough for the role.

We talked quite a while then, and when Elvis had to start his next scenes he said, "Be sure you give me your phone number (Continued on page 68)"

"This is my home," he said proudly, "for me and my folks."



Elvis' ma was wonderful, warm and generous.

I gave him a Toy chick wearing a red cap-- like the one I wore in "The Rainmaker"



SHELLEY WINTERS and ANTHONY FRANCIOSA:

they're screwballs...

they're unpredictable...

they're newly-weds...

they're madly in love

by D. E. Laso

■ Here is the story of Shelley and Tony's love . . .

It was the spring of 1955 and Shelley Winters was fed to the teeth with Hollywood. She'd been in pictures for seven years—"I was suspended so many times I only got paid for five years. Big deal!"—and she'd been satisfied with only three of the dozens of roles given her. She decided it was time for a change. "I'm heading East," she told a producer one afternoon over lunch. "Going shopping?" the producer asked. "Yeah," said Shelley, "for a whole new life!"

That's what she got.

By East, Shelley meant Broadway, the stage.

"Get me a play," she told her agent.

The agent got her a nice little play called *Wedding Breakfast*, in a summer stock company. The man Shelley was to love on stage for two and a half hours every evening and twice on Wednesdays and Saturdays was a young actor named Anthony Franciosa. He'd done very little theater work, she was told, but he was tall and good-looking and he had a velvet speaking voice—

"How old is he?" Shelley asked.

"Twenty-six," she was told.

"Mmm," said Shelley, thirty-two at the time, "you don't think that's just a little bit too young?"

"You'll look fine together," she was assured, "just fine."

Shelley couldn't have agreed more the next day (*Continued on page 65*)



NEW YORK
No. 232
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

ROBERTO JILTS INGRID FOR NEW LOVE IN INDIA



*This headline, seen all over the country,
forces us to tell now the story we've
refused to print for several months.*

*We kept this story quiet because
we hoped and prayed that Ingrid
and Roberto would be able to work out
their problems. Now we have no
choice but to tell the truth—hoping
even as you read this that some
miracle will save their marriage.*

David Lange



Ingrid and Isabella



Rossellini



Ingrid



Robertoino

■ We hoped it wasn't true. We'd begun hearing the rumors a little less than a year ago—that Ingrid Bergman was finding it rough going with Roberto Rossellini, that he was on the brink of an affair—he'd had several, we heard, but he was due, priming himself, for something bigger—that Ingrid was on the brink of the second great heartbreak of her life.

No, we'd hoped it wasn't true. We ignored what we heard. And then, the other day, newspaper headlines around the world screamed the news. The word was out. Roberto, the wonder of the movie world, had found a new leading lady. Ingrid, the beautiful Ingrid, the mother of three of his four children, the woman who'd given up her own first child—and husband—eight years ago to follow him and be with him, was being scratched from the script.

The newspaper accounts said little. They were datelined from Paris, where Ingrid is appearing in a stage play. And from Bombay, India, where Rossellini is making a movie. They said (*Continued on page 76*)



I'm Luana Patten
I hope every



teenager w



I WAS A RUN-AWAY TEENAGE BRIDE

■ The air was hot and heavy and the beautiful, red-haired girl could hardly breathe as she sat in the car next to the tousle-haired young man that August afternoon two years ago. She gazed dully at the flat desert flanking the road that led from Yuma, Arizona to Hollywood.

The boy cheerfully began to whistle, "*Here Comes The Bride*," but the girl bit her lips to keep from crying. He took her hand, and holding it to his lips, kissed her finger tips.

"I can hardly believe it—now you're my wife," he said. Her heart began to pound—not with joy, but with panic. She was a bride of only a few hours, yet as she looked at the boy's smiling profile, instead of feeling a surge of love she thought *What am I doing here?*

Shame and fear burned inside of her. How could she face her mother and father when she got home? She'd told them she was spending the weekend at the home of a school friend. But here she was with a thin, gold wedding band on her finger instead. (Continued on page 74)

GOES STEADY" or is planning to
rush into marriage, will read my story.



*tony,
janet and
Kelly:*



ain't we got fun!





by Ed DeBlasio

■ Six forty-five p.m. is an odd hour for an interview. But Tony

Curtis was working days on *The Sweet Smell Of Success* and Janet Leigh was working nights on *Badge Of Evil* and it was the only time we could get together. It just so happened that this was also the only time during the day when Tony and Janet could get together with their daughter Kelly.

And what happened after that went like this:

"Janet, Tony," I asked, "how do the two of you go about having fun? When you're alone, for a start."

Tony, in gray slacks and sweater, sat back to think. Janet, wearing light blue leotards, leaned forward as if to answer. Kelly, wearing a little yellow dress and blue, blue eyes, decided to get into the act too. Kelly can't walk yet. But she sure can get around. For the last few minutes she'd been doing a great job of climbing up and down most of the chairs in the room, the couch, an ottoman near the tv set.

Now she decided she'd like to park herself in a lap—*my* lap. She asked with those eyes of hers if she could. And then, without waiting for an okay, up she came.

"Kelly, Kelly dear," Janet said, "get down off the man's lap!" (Continued on page 72)

THE LINDA CHRISTIAN TRAGEDY:

Goodbye



by CLAIRE WILLIAMS

■ Linda Christian sat in the church of St. Paul's Outside The Gates—just outside Rome—and prayed. She attended Mass every morning and every morning she prayed for peace and for her two children and for Fon, very much for Fon. Fon was the Marquis Alfonso de Portago, the handsome Spanish nobleman she'd met a year earlier and fallen in love with.

"They say he is a playboy, a daredevil, a young man who doesn't like to work," Linda, her eyes closed, whispered to God this particular morning, a Friday, May the tenth, 1957. "But You know, Dear Lord, You know that he is a fine man, a good Christian, a humble person. And I beg You to protect him from harm . . . He drives," she said, "he drives too fast. . . ." And as she said that a shiver crept through her body. She tried to open her eyes, but she couldn't. "No," she whispered as she saw his car in flames, as she saw the blood, "no!" Her eyes opened, and the priest was still reciting the Mass and the other people were still deep in prayer and nothing had happened, nothing bad had happened. She tried to smile, the way you smile after awakening from a nightmare and realize it was only a dream. She tried very hard to smile. But she couldn't.

She was back in Rome, at the hotel, an hour later. She went straight to Fon's apartment. He met her at the door and kissed her. He noticed that her body was trembling. "What is wrong?" he asked.

Linda wanted to say nothing was wrong. Instead she heard herself say: "The *Mille Miglia*, the race on Sunday. It's very dangerous, Fon. Don't drive in it."

"Ah-ha," Fon laughed, his white teeth (Continued on page 78)

my love...

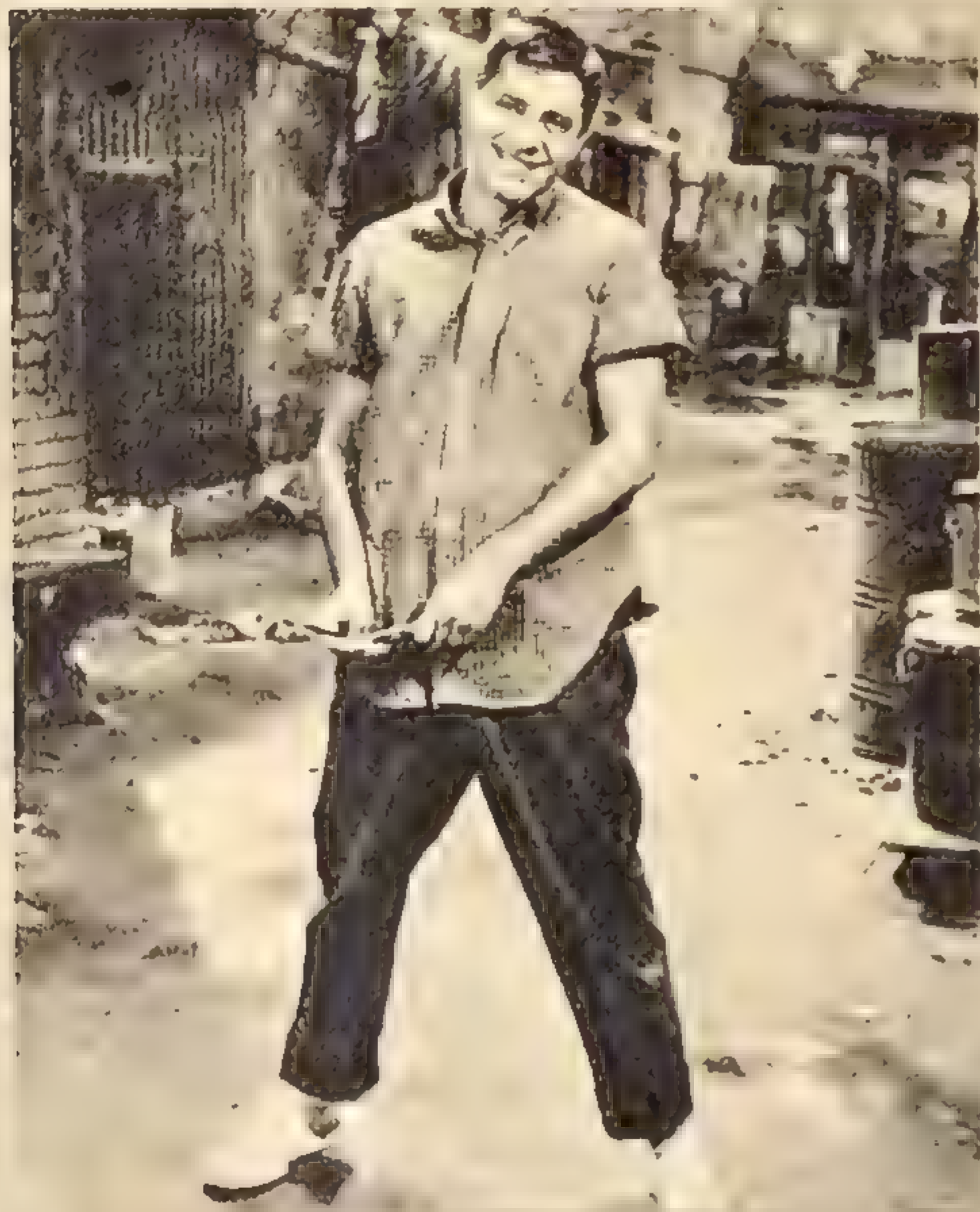


*A kiss for luck . . .
A wave good-by to speed him to the winner's flag . . .
And, hours later, together again.
But not as planned—no, not as they had planned it . . .*

WANTED!

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 804

"He just kind of smiled, Officer, as he pulled out a switch-blade . . ."



"Then his eyes got kind of funny, and I knew he played for keeps . . ."



"There was cold-blooded murder in his eyes as he started towards me . . ."



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

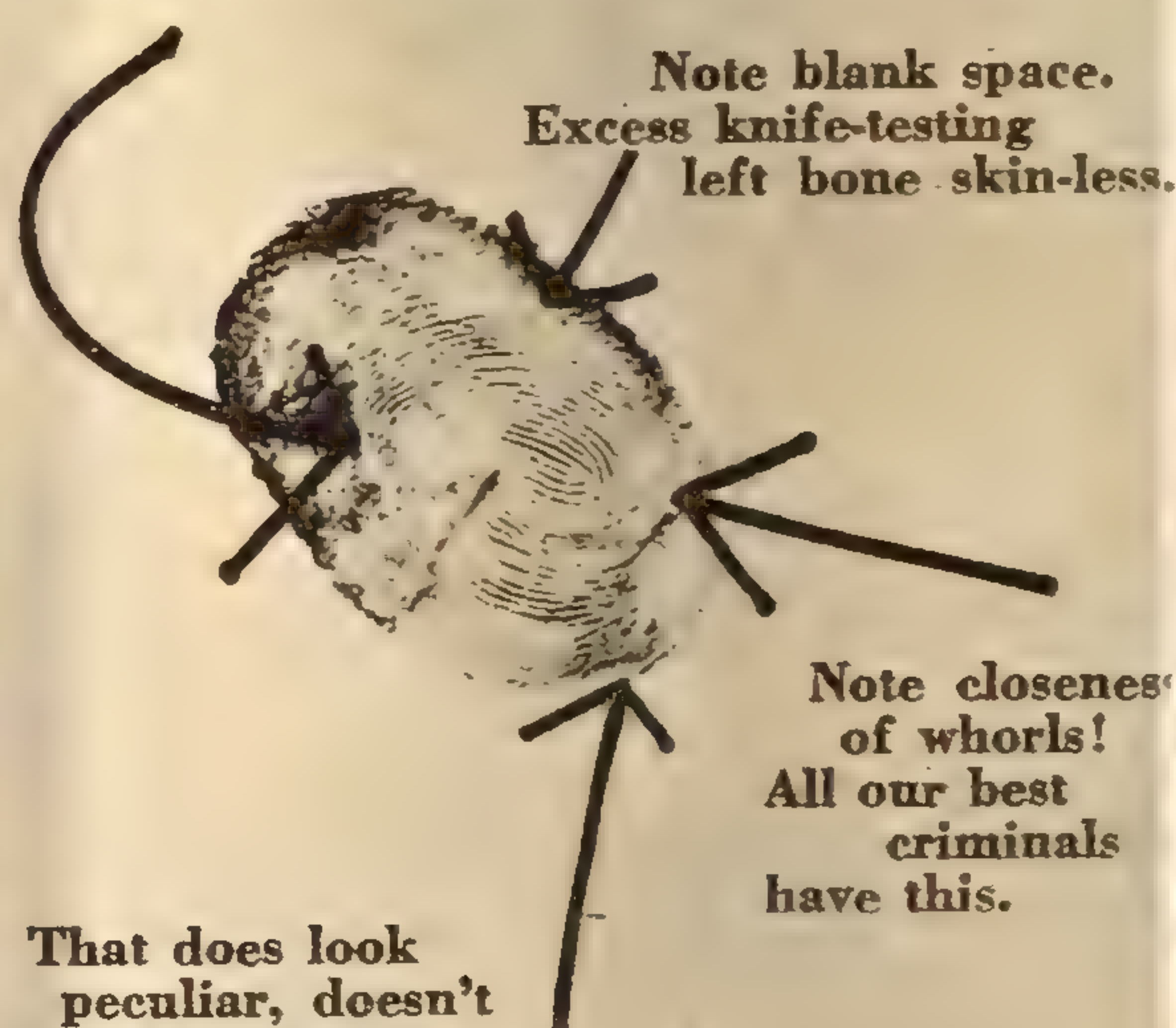


"He looked like he couldn't wait to feel his shiv rip into my guts . . ."



"But when he tested the knife's edge—he cut his pinky and fainted!"

Ignore this smudge.
Criminal's thumb was dirty.



That does look peculiar, doesn't it? Might be big toe, not thumb.

Note blank space.
Excess knife-testing
left bone skin-less.

Note closeness
of whorls!
All our best
criminals
have this.

**Important clue: This dangerous killer was last
seen in The Delicate Delinquent.**

is
it
true

MORE BLONDÉS MARRY MILLIONAIRES?

*You'll find out when you blonde your hair with **Lady Clairol® Whipped Creme** Hair Lightener. Actually *silks* your hair as it *lightens* it...in one fast action! Lady Clairol whips instantly to a soft, rich cream...never runs or drips. Nothing like it for ease or speed...for clear, even tone. Leaves hair easy to manage...never coarse or brassy. For a glamorous change in your looks...your personality...try amazing, new **Lady Clairol**. The Whipped Creme makes the fabulous difference!*



a star is born

(Continued from page 32) with a kiss and shook hands with lots of important people in the theater and movie business who'd come to see the movie and smiled and nodded at people as they walked down the aisle and turned to sneak a peek at the new young actor. But then the lights had gone out and the movie had started and all of a sudden a tremendous close-up of Jim's head appeared on the screen and the boy who'd been so brave up until that point groaned an agonized "Oh!" and—not content to be holding Joyce's hand with his right—he grabbed for his mother's hand with his left and sat for the next hour and a half in perspiring silence.

Now that part was all over. The movie had mercifully ended. The theater was a few blocks away from his life and dark and silent. Jim's Mom was at a special party honoring the movie and her son—a party Jim begged off going to at the last minute—"Please—because I don't feel too well." His Mom, always a victim of opening night stage fright, had understood. Six or seven New York newspaper critics, the toughest in the business, were at their desks at that moment writing of their loves-or-hates about the movie. And Jim and his girl were at JIMMY RYAN'S, looking for all the world as if they'd just come from the saddest funeral anybody had ever had the sorry misfortune to attend.

What will they say?

"Hi Jim . . . Joyce," a waiter said, rushing over suddenly and breaking the silence. The waiter, a big man with one of the jolliest faces around, knew the two kids well. This was one of their favorite spots when Jim—who was attending HARVARD up in Boston now—came down to New York to see Joyce. Jim and Joyce liked RYAN'S for the music and the laughs they always seemed to have there. Except they weren't laughing now, that was for sure. And the waiter was the first one to notice this. "What's the matter?" he asked. "You don't say hello no more?"

"Oh . . . hello," Jim said, snapping out of it a little.

"Hello," said Joyce.

The waiter grinned. "That's better," he said. A few minutes later he was back at the table with two cokes and an extra special lot of ice, Jim MacArthur-style. "Hey," he said to Jim, as he poured Joyce's coke, "I hear this movin' picture you made last summer is opening here sometime this week."

"Tonight," Jim said. "It opened tonight."

"Well, how do you like that?" the waiter said, nodding.

"I don't know," Jim said, very softly. Then he asked the waiter if he'd let him know as soon as the newspaper stand down the street got its first deliveries of the morning editions.

"Yeah, sure," said the waiter, still grinning. "I guess you want to read them reviews and see how great you were."

"I don't think they're going to say I was so great," said Jim.

The redhead meets Jim

Jim stared down at the tablecloth for a little while, then Joyce tapped his arm slightly and said, "Jim, there's somebody over there waving at you."

"What?" Jim asked as he looked up and over at a table about three tables away. A man and woman were sitting over there. Jim recognized him as a man in theater publicity or something whom he'd met once at a crowded, noisy party. He waved back. With that, the publicity man vaulted up from his chair, took his redhead's hand and led her over.

"Sorry I missed the picture tonight, Jim. Had some business to attend to."

"Oh, that's all right," Jim said, shrugging. "You really didn't miss too much anyway."

"Aw," piped up the redhead, "it had to be good. You're Helen Hayes' adopted son, aren't you?"

"That's right," Jim said.

"Well I should think," said the redhead, "without trying to be rude or anything, I mean, that being Helen Hayes' son didn't exactly make it tough for you to get into this picture or anything."

"Tell Helen's son we're sorry"

Jim and Joyce couldn't help looking at one another now and smiling a little bit. They were both thinking about the day, about a year earlier, when Jim tried out for a part in a television play titled *Deal A Blow*. Jim had called Joyce that morning and told her the reading was scheduled for three o'clock that afternoon. *Did he feel confident about getting it*, Joyce wanted to know. *Sure he did*, Jim had told her. He'd read through the script a couple of times and it was a good part—a great part for him—and he didn't see why he wouldn't be good enough to get it. . . . At 4:15 that afternoon he'd phoned Joyce back. *No*, he'd said slowly, sounding real down in the dumps; *no*, he hadn't got the part. *They'd said he was all right, yeah—but not really good enough*. Joyce

On the Sahara desert, between takes in *Legend Of The Lost*, Rossano Brazzi sings constantly—practicing for the Pinza role he'll play in the film version of *South Pacific*. The Sahara is a good place to practice—no neighbors to complain . . . In N. Y. Richard Rodgers invited Brazzi to cocktails. It was a long session and the star kept fidgeting, because he had tickets to *My Fair Lady*. Then Rodgers told him the news—the Pinza role was his. Brazzi therefore became the only man to whom a visit to *My Fair Lady* was an anti-climax.

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

wanted to know if there was still any chance of getting it. Well, Jim told her, *there was one fellow up in the studio who liked him, who told him he thought he had what it takes for the role, who suggested that he take the script back home with him and study it, study it real hard, and leave the rest to him for the time being*. "Are you going to study it?" Joyce had asked. "I don't know," Jim had answered.

Then, a real change in his voice, Jim had said, "I sure as heck am!" Four days later, Jim got a call from the man at the studio. He'd arranged for Jim to have another test, he said. Only catch was that this test would have to be made in Hollywood, where the show was going to be filmed. Could Jim make it out there in a couple of days, the man from the studio asked. Jim, bit hard now by that old bug Challenge, said he could. It was another six days before he could sit down and write to Joyce about that second reading: "I wasn't nervous for that reading in New York, but I could feel my knees shaking a little this morning. The reading was held in a big room with a long table and eight men sitting around this table. They looked very serious and, for a while, I felt as if I were going to give a treasurer's report to all the vice-presidents of GENERAL MOTORS. Anyway, I read a few scenes and then I was asked to leave the room. About fifteen minutes later, someone came out and told me that I had gotten the part. I heard later that one of

the vice-presidents had said: 'Tell all the other boys—and tell that Helen Hayes son—that we're sorry, but we've found our actor!' He didn't know who I was. He just liked me. That makes me feel very good."

There was more to the letter, but that's private.

The beautiful girls in Hollywood

It was from this TV play that the movie was made.

"Gee," the redhead said, "some people get all the breaks. Movie star. Hollywood. . . . How'd you like Hollywood, anyway?"

"I liked it very much," Jim said, politely. "I don't know if I'd like to live there all the time, but the weather's sure nice."

"And all those beautiful girls," the redhead added. "Did you go out with lots of those beautiful girls out there?"

"I worked pretty hard," Jim said, "and didn't have too much time to go out. Sometimes I'd go to bed at nine o'clock."

"Nine o'clock?" the redhead shrieked. "You mean you didn't get to any of the famous night spots or restaurants?"

"I used to eat mostly in luncheonettes and drive-ins," Jim said.

"Why?" asked the redhead. "To get an atmosphere for your part or something?"

"No," said Jim, "they were cheaper."

The redhead laughed heartily at this, as if Jim had just made a real funny. She laughed so hard, in fact, that she nearly fell over the table and the publicity man decided it might be a good idea to take her back to their table.

"Gosh," said Jim, when they were gone. "Gosh," Joyce agreed.

No longer a kid

Their waiter friend returned now with two more cokes, and word that the new papers they were waiting for would probably be delivered to the corner newsstand in about ten minutes.

"You know," Jim said to Joyce after the waiter left, "I almost feel as if I don't want to see those reviews, ever."

"Now, Jim . . ." Joyce said.

"Honest," Jim said. "I feel suddenly like a kid again who'd just as soon never see his report card."

Joyce leaned over and gave him a little kiss on the cheek. "But you're not a kid anymore, Jim," she said, gently, tenderly. "You're a man now, Jim. A man."

Jim was about to say something when the musicians, who'd been playing on a break off for the last hour or so, really got down to business now and blared out with a loud, loud chorus of "Madcap Crawl."

Jim sat back in his chair. "You're a man now, Jim. . . ." It was funny, he thought, how he'd heard those same words a little less than a year ago from another woman very close to him, his Mom. They gone down to Nassau for a week of Easter vacation. They were sitting, Jim remembered, on a terrace of their hotel having breakfast when, for some reason or other they began arguing about something. His Mom had gotten genuinely annoyed about something and she decided to dismiss the argument with the words, "You're too young to be right, Jamie, too young." Jim had resented this. All his life he'd resented older people telling him that he was wrong because he was supposedly too young to know better. "Mom," he'd said that morning on the terrace, "I know I'm right." His mother was about to say that he certainly was not, Jim remembered, when suddenly she looked at him as if she were seeing him for the first time in a long time and reached over and took his hand and said: "Yes . . . it's true . . . the years do pass . . . and you are a man now, Jim. . . . You are a grown-up young man."

The music stopped suddenly.

Hey!" It was the waiter again. "I just took a peep out the door and I saw the newspaper truck pull up to the stand. You want I should go get you the papers?" Jim looked at Joyce. "Want to take a little walk?" he asked her.

Joyce nodded.

Jim started to take out his wallet and explain that they'd pay their check and pick up the papers themselves.

"Put the green stuff away," the waiter said. "Tonight the cokes are on me, special celebrate your preview."

"But . . ." Jim started to say.

"Put it away," the waiter said, shoving the wallet back into Jim's pocket. "Now come on and get outta here . . . get outta here!"

Jim and Joyce were out on the sidewalk a minute later, breathing in the brisk early-morning air. Jim took Joyce's hand and they began to walk towards the newsstand.

"Jim," Joyce said, just before they got to the stand, "I just want you to know the thing. It's hard to say and I know everything's going to be all right. But in case the reviews aren't good, I . . . want you to know that I'm your friend and that I'll always be your friend . . ." She found it hard continuing.

"I know," said Jim, gratefully.

The woman at the newspaper stand was very old and very pleasant. "Would you like a NEWS," she asked, "or a MIRROR or a NEW YORK TIMES, maybe?"

"We'll take one of each," said Joyce. She poked Jim for some change.

"Oh, yeah," Jim said, reaching for a quarter.

They walked a few steps away from the newsstand and stopped under a tall street lamp. "Well," said Joyce, her voice a wee bit shaky, "I think I'll just open one of them now and take a look."

"If you want," Jim said, shrugging.

Suddenly Joyce reads . . .

Joyce opened one of the papers slowly. She was so nervous she stopped turning pages after a moment and found herself staring at the picture of a man who'd been shot a few hours earlier.

"That's not it," said Jim, sneaking a look at the paper and then shifting his eyes back to the passing traffic.

"No," Joyce said, as she began to turn the pages again. "I know . . ."

Then suddenly, she said: "A new star was born last night."

Jim looked a little dizzy. "What was that?" he asked, not daring to read the page she was looking at.

"A new star was born last night," said Joyce, reading. "His name is James MacArthur." She dropped all the papers to the pavement. "Jim," she said. "Jimmy!"

Jim took her into his arms and kissed her, right then and there. A wise guy living by tried to break it up with some monkey horn blowing. But that didn't work. In fact, it took a sudden rush of wind and a cloud of newspapers in their faces to break up this particular clinch.

"Jim," Joyce said, "all the papers . . . all the reviews . . . They're flying all over. Let's go back and buy another batch."

"Why don't we buy them later," Jim said. "Why don't we just walk now."

"All right," Joyce said, taking his hand again. Then, as they began to walk, Joyce looked up, up at an imaginary theater marquee and she began to whisper: James MacArthur . . . James MacArthur . . .

"Aw, come on," Jim said. "None of that stuff."

And he meant it.

END

James MacArthur is currently in RKO's *The Young Stranger*.

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Magic





■ *Opposite page:* Maidenform waves the magic wand and presto, Fris-Kee! The new junior pantie girdle (or girdle) that can instantly transform you into a modern Cinderella! Here is youth, beauty and magic in every line! It controls you and holds you, gently as a cloud! Of all nylon power net this pantie girdle dries as quickly as a summer raindrop. Fris-Kee glorifies your figure—makes you an alluring dream girl! S. M. L. White. Pantie or girdle, \$6.50 each. Shown with Fris-Kee, Maidenform's new Allegro bra that is also a Cinderella wonder-dream come true for feminine daintiness and figure perfection. Sweet enough to delight the most feminine heart, it is fashioned of luxurious acetate satin elastic with embroidered nylon sheer. White. \$3.50. *Right:* Allure in a magician's second! Maidenform's new bra, Private Affair. Until now you never really knew how enchanting you could look. Just like magic! Round, young new beauty is assured under sweaters, soft wools, clinging jerseys! Nylon lace and nylon Leno elastic. Push-up pads of foam rubber to lift and curve. Can be worn three ways. White. \$5.95. *On the basket:* Flaming Tycora sweater by Canterbury. *Above:* Six-way magic! Maidenform's beauty-wise and budget-priced Concerto Six-Way bra. This figure favorite is a bra wardrobe all-in-one that does glamour tricks for all your clothes 'round the clock. Here's a lift that lifts you! White broadcloth with foam rubber underlift within the bra cups—all the better to hold you. White. \$3.95.



All photos by Roger Prigent
Credits for opposite page: Cinderella
Golden Slipper—Delman. Cinderella satin
evening slipper—every girl's dream—by
Delman. The floating peignoir is by Laros.

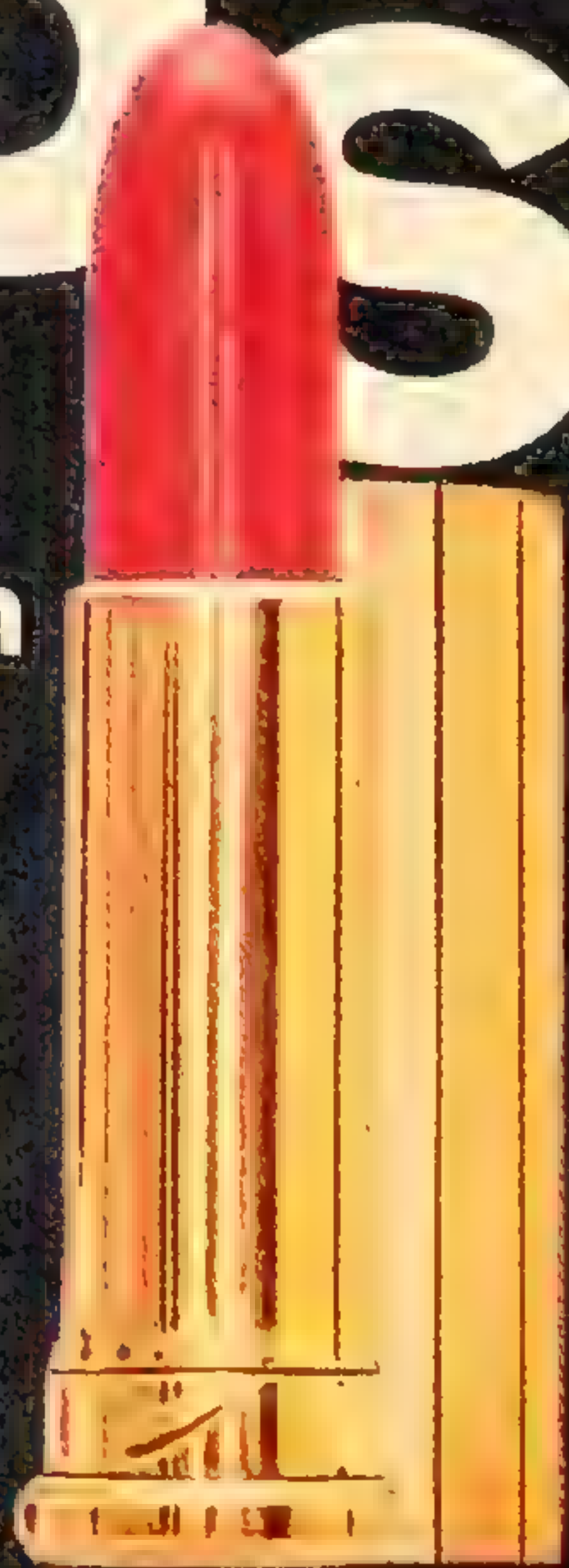


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PLUS TAX

terry moore
gives you expert
advice on
the know how

■ Are you one of the girls that would love to try a home perm but feel that you are confused and just don't know which one of the many to try—feel it would be difficult to give yourself a successful home perm? The answers to your problems are really simple if you heed the advice of Hollywood. The stars are the first to know just what to do for more glamorous hair, just how to do it, just when to do it and just what to use. We asked Terry Moore to discuss her valuable knowledge of home perms and give you advice and tips about them. The real secret (*Continued on page 62*)

home perms

as you like them



Roger Prigent

See Terry in *20th's*, *Bernardine*

home perms—as you like them

(Continued from page 61) of the success of any project is assured if you know your subject. This is particularly true of home perms. The way to really know and understand about home permanents is to read, not only all the articles about them, but most importantly to thoroughly read, and understand the booklet and instruction details that come with every home perm package.

It is just not possible to use a hit-and-miss system when it comes to giving yourself a really professional home perm. Terry is very thorough on any project that she undertakes and she urges every girl to be the same. She feels that any girl can be a success at almost anything and so likewise at giving herself a home perm.

Terry also feels that a home perm is also a very economical way to have glamorous hair. Not only that—but she thinks it is a very great time saver to be able to do your own hair. And, today—time is important to every girl for she must not only take care of herself but she must improve herself constantly for eleven times out of ten she is either a

career girl, student or young housewife.

Since Terry has married handsome and brilliant Gene McGrath she has come to realize the importance of routine and order and full knowledge of any subject even more than ever. Terry flies several times weekly back and forth to California, from California to New York, Panama and Caracas—besides keeping up with her motion picture career, her television appearances and other theatrical enterprises.

When you realize the career, domestic and beauty schedule that Terry adheres to, any other girl should feel ashamed that she is not always beautifully groomed and cared for.

Terry many times finds it necessary to put up curls in a taxi (or on a plane) between engagements so that she will always look her beautiful best. No wonder we asked Terry to give us tips about home perms. Before we list a few important tips from Terry about home perms a word about what kind of a home perm you should give yourself.

All girls who are used to giving themselves home perms know whether their hair requires a rod type perm, a pin curl type or an end curl perm.

The girl who has never given herself

a home perm should use a rod type if she has shoulder length hair, a pin curl for short hair—and, an end curl if ends are very straight and need tight curls.

Now lets get to Terry's tips on home perms.

"Have your hair styled—before you give yourself a home perm. If your hair is already styled still be sure that the ends are trimmed perfectly before you give yourself a home perm. Thin your hair after you have given yourself a home perm. Between perms, give your hair a lot of care—shampoos and brushing. Groom it at least twice a day. Use a hair spray to hold unruly hairs in place. Set your hair with clips or bobbi pins daily if needed for that perfect look. And—a final word again about your home perm. Be sure and read instructions carefully." See Terry next in 20th's Peyton Place.

SUGGESTED HOME PERMANENTS: Pin Curls: *Casual, DuBarry Perfect, Pin-It, New Bobbi, Pin-Quick*; Rod type: *Lilt, All New Toni, New Creamy Perm, Richard Hudnut's New Quick, DuBarry Perfect, Silver Curl (for grey or white hair)*; End curl: *Prom, Lilt Refresher, Tip Toni*; Children's: *Tonette, Lilt Party Curl, Richard Hudnut's Quick*.

\$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get \$10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, \$10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE SOPHIA LOREN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE JAMES MacARTHUR:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE RORY CALHOUN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE DOROTHY MALONE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE LUANA PATTEN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE TONY CURTIS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ

☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none

15. How many bridal showers have you been to in the past year? ☐ none ☐ one ☐ 2-3 ☐ 4-5 ☐ 6 or more

16. How many baby showers have you been to in the past year? ☐ none ☐ one ☐ 2-3 ☐ 4-5 ☐ 6 or more

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE _____ NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

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call your friend rory

(Continued from page 38) to get in touch with Rory. However, we hope Buddy D. will read this story himself and contact his old pal.)

Rory shook his head. "How many years has it been now?" he half-asked himself. "Sixteen, maybe seventeen," he half-answered. He was quiet for a few more minutes after that, Buddy. In those few minutes he was back, past all those years in between, with his first friend, with a tow-headed kid with straight blond hair and a pug nose and a couple of hundred freckles and scraped knees—with you, Buddy.

When he began to talk again, he was still kind of half lost in that childhood world you both shared up there in the town of Santa Cruz. "It's funny how I'd forgotten so many things," he started to say. And then he began to remember. . . .

He told me how he was six or seven when he first met you. It was about mid-summer. You'd just moved to Santa Cruz from a nearby town—Rory's forgotten which one. You were from a pretty poor family, like Rory's—and like most of the poor kids in Santa Cruz you used to have your summer lunches on the beach, courtesy of Mother Nature and the Pacific Ocean coming up with a couple of dozen clams.

Do you remember that particular day when Rory—a tall, gangling kid with curly black hair and sky-blue eyes—came up to you there on the beach that first time and said, "Look, if you're gonna eat dinkys, you've gotta eat them right."

Rory remembers how you looked up at him and said, "I eat dinkys anyway I want to eat them." With that, Buddy, you squeezed open another clam with your penknife, brought it up to your mouth and swallowed it down.

"Look," Rory said, kicking the clam out of your hand, "you've gotta eat them with lemon juice. That's the way the Chinese people around here eat them. That's the best way."

"I don't have any lemons," you said. Rory explained. "There's an orchard up there where they grow lemons," he said. "Come on. We'll go get some. We don't take the ones growing on the trees. We take the ones on the ground, but those ain't rotten yet. Okay?"

"Okay," you said. Fifteen minutes later, you were both back on the beach, four pockets bulging. You waited for Rory to dig up his batch of dinkys from the mud and then you both sat down on the sand for lunch. Rory cut the first lemon and did the squirting, first on his dinky, then on yours.

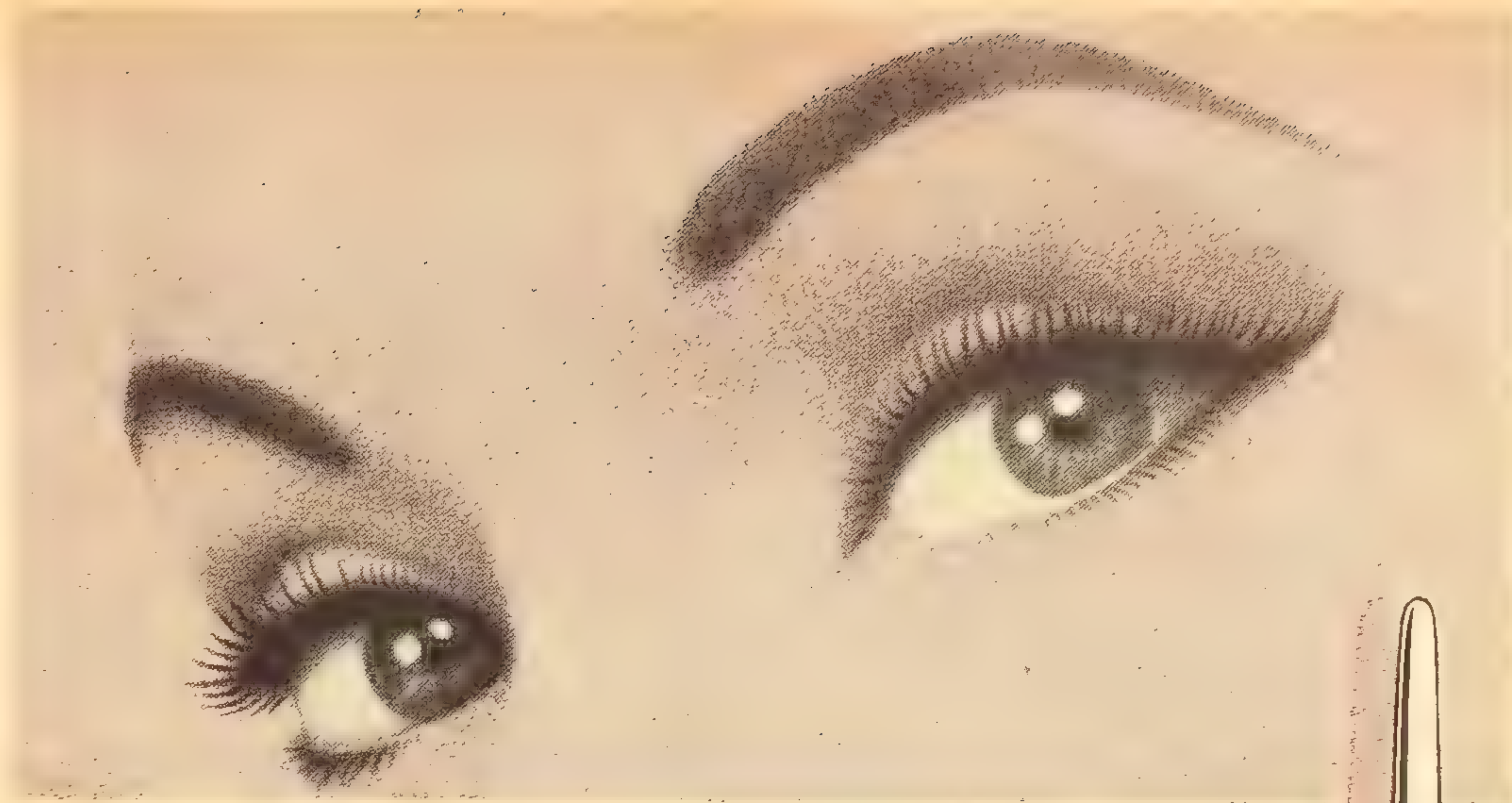
"Pretty good," you said. "Pretty good?" Rory questioned. "Very good," you admitted.

With this, you both exchanged your first smile. Then, while he began to squirt his own dinkys, Rory asked you your name.

You told him yours and he told you his—his was Francis Timothy Durgin back then.

"You wanna be my friend?" Rory asked next.

"Yeah," you said. "And so it began," Rory told me in the restaurant yesterday, remembering. "Buddy and me, the most live-it-up pair of kids you've ever seen. . . . We used to do everything together, everything. We made rafts and played Robinson Crusoe on 'em together. We stole milk bottles together. We pulled girls' braids together. We were even in the same class in school together. School! Now there was a place Buddy and I really liked. We used to spend half our time wondering why they had them in the



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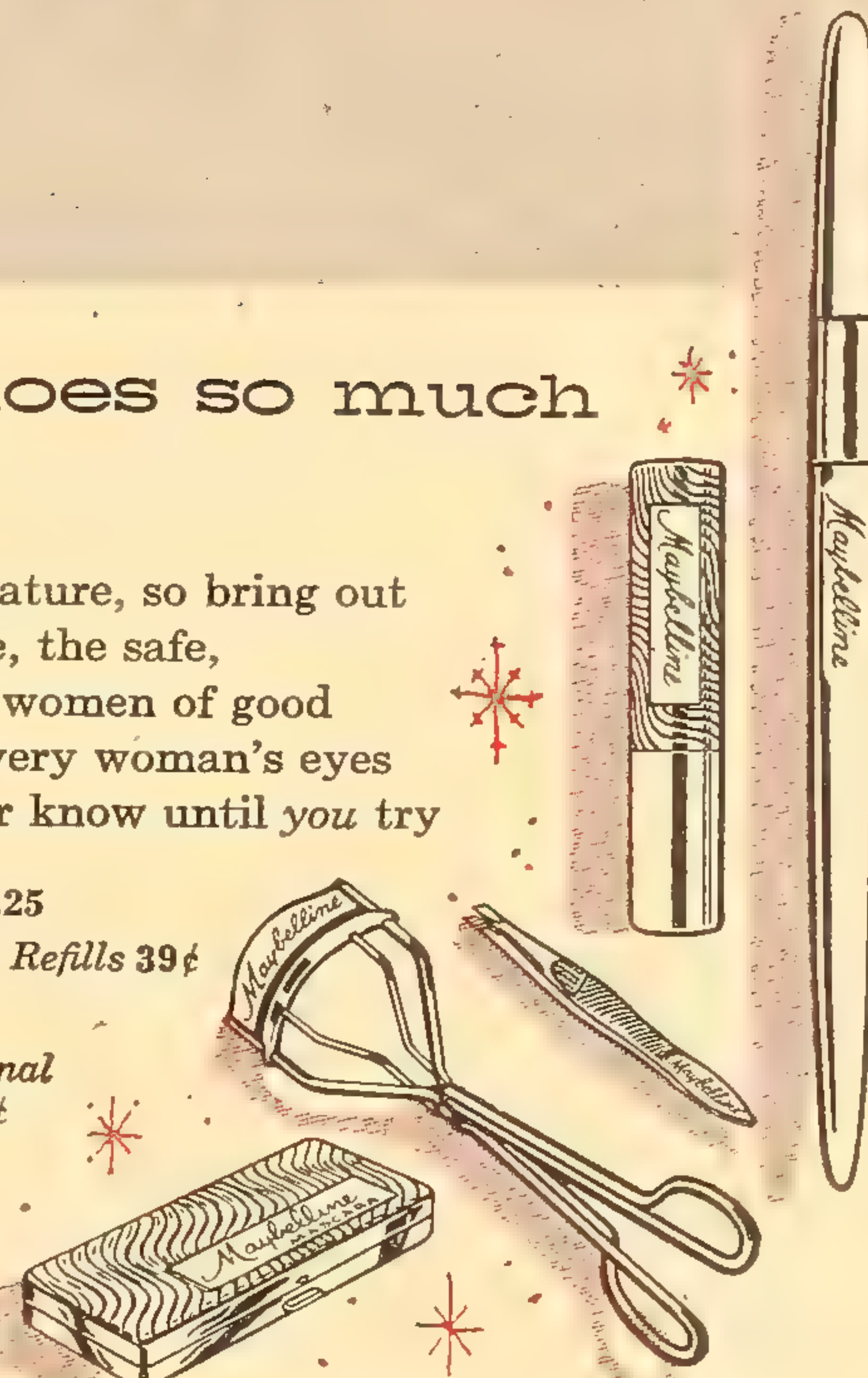
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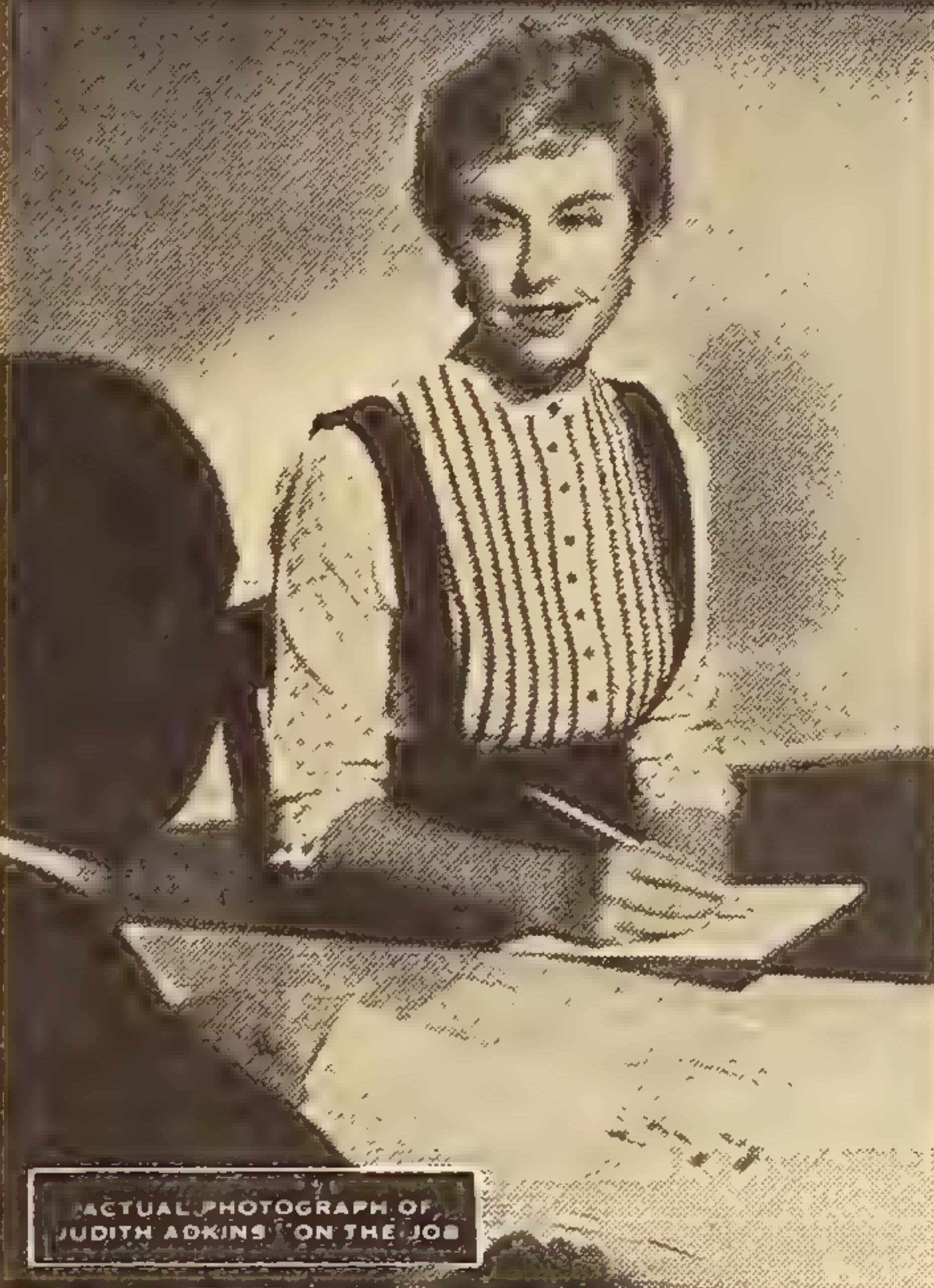
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first place. And we used to spend the rest of the time talking about how we could have been out fishing and digging for dinkys and running around and swimming. And sometimes we did."

There are two days in your lives together, Buddy, that Rory remembers more than any of the others. Both of them stand out because they were days you got sore at each other, real sore.

The first crisis happened when you were both nine. It centered around Rose-Rose. Remember Rose-Rose? She was the pretty blonde Polish girl in your school—all of eight years old, at the time—and it was her birthday and another girl from school was having a party for her. Both you and Rory were invited to the party. Both you and Rory had a crush on Rose-Rose and both of you very gallantly asked her if you could pick her up at her house the day of the party and walk her to her girlfriend's. Rose-Rose probably liked both of you very much because even though you and Rory had asked her separately, she'd said yes to both. When you and Rory found out about this on the morning of the party, you both felt like hurt puppies but growled at each other like proud bulldogs.

"I asked her," Rory said, giving you a poke.

"So did I," you said, poking him back.

For a while there, it looked like there'd have to be a duel at dawn just to get things straightened out. And then—remember, Buddy?—Rose-Rose came down with whooping cough and the party had to be called off and *nobody* was going to get to take any pretty blonde to any birthday party. That afternoon, in case you've forgotten, you and Rory shook hands, swore off girls forever and went down to the beach to roast some potatoes.

The second crisis happened when you were both twelve or thirteen. It centered around the Santa Cruz Junior Yankees and its two leading batsmen. You and Rory played on the team—were the two leading batsmen, in fact. You called yourself Babe, after Ruth. Rory called himself Lou, after Gehrig. One day the kid who called himself Tony, after Lazzeri, began razzing the two of you about who the really better player was. You'd never thought much about it before this. But little Tony taunted on and on to the point where you found yourself saying:

"I am."

Rory didn't like this. So he upped and said: "I am."

Can you ever forget the game that afternoon, the batting duel to decide once and for all? And can you ever forget how both you and Rory went completely hitless that afternoon and how little Tony ended up getting two homers and a double and sticking out his tongue and declaring: "I am!"

The next few years went quickly and, before either you or Rory realized it, you were young men. You got a job out of the state at this time and left town. You promised to write to Rory and he to you. But neither of you did, because things happened.

Rory doesn't know what happened to you. He remembers what happened to him—the trouble he got into with the police and the months in jail; his talks with the kindly priest who helped him to leave the jail a new man. His visit to Hollywood and the chance meeting with Alan Ladd on a lonely horse trail, a meeting that eventually made him into the big movie star he is today.

You probably know the details of those few bad years Rory had before coming to Hollywood. Practically everyone who can read does. But just in case you think your old pal had it easy from the day he got here, that it took a single lucky break to get him riding on the pinnacle he's riding

today, listen to what he's got to say about those first years here in movie town. And see if maybe you didn't have problems like this when you left Santa Cruz for whatever life you decided to cut out for yourself.

"Alan Ladd and his wife thought I'd be good for pictures," Rory will tell you, "and they helped me get my first job. I got a contract at TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX through them. Most guys were off in the service at this time and they were putting anybody and everybody under contract. I started at \$100 a week. *Not bad*, I thought. I'd certainly never seen that kind of money before. Except that what the studio forgot to tell me was that with this money I had to get me a whole batch of new suits and take a whole lot of starlets out so I could be seen. I just plumb couldn't afford this kind of living, so to make some extra

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dough I drove a wrecking truck most nights and on Sundays I got a job at a gas station.

"And if this business of going out with starlets a couple of times a week at the beginning of a career sounds like jim-dandy fun, let me tell you this: It isn't exactly hard work sitting at a restaurant table with a beautiful girl, no. But when all you want to do is talk about fishing and hunting and the things you love, and all they want to talk about is Shakespeare and the Russian method of acting as opposed to the Hollywood method—look out because it can get pretty dull. And it's costing you a small fortune, to boot."

You'll be happy to know, Buddy, that Rory shoved all this would-be high-hat living aside once he got his first big break. And that he's still the kind of guy who chooses his pals carefully, who can tell the square-shooters from the round kind, who knows a good guy when he meets one and who values a good guy the way most people value their very lives.

I asked Rory about some of these friends yesterday and here's what he said:

"Ricardo Montalban. Here's one of my best friends. He's my *compadre*, too—my baby Cindy's godfather. Ricardo's a swell

guy. He's an all-the-time-the-same kind of guy, full of energy, always happy to see you. If you suggest something and he's never done it, he goes after it with all kinds of intensity just to please you. This is a pretty admirable trait in anybody.

"Jim Webb's another friend. I believe he's called James Watson Webb Jr., if you want his full title. I met him when I first came to Hollywood. He's a multi-millionaire who wanted to work and become a director some day and so he got a job at Fox, editing film. I was with Fox for one year at the beginning and a publicity girl was asking me all kinds of questions for the biography they were doing on me. When it came to hobbies, I said I liked hunting and fishing best. She said, 'Oh, you should meet Jim Webb—so does he.' We met and we've been friends ever since. Jim's the kind of guy you don't see in six months and yet you still feel free to call on. When you do, it's like you saw him yesterday.

"Guy Madison's another good pal of mine. He made an impression on me as a loyal-type fellow the first time I met him. That was when I was with Selznick, about twelve or thirteen years ago. Guy was in the Navy then. We started out by going on hunting and fishing trips together. We still do. Guy's the one who got me interested in archery, by the way, and introduced me to Howard Hill, the greatest archer in the world and another pal of mine."

And so Rory talked, Buddy, about his pals and the qualities in them that made them his pals. And then, as he had about an hour earlier—it was about 2:30 now and the restaurant was practically deserted—he stopped talking again and again he looked straight ahead and straight back into the past.

Finally, when he did speak, he said, "I wonder what Buddy would say if he could see my baby right now." He smiled. "I know he'd be crazy about Lita," he said. "Here's a wife who's always looking out for me. She's for me, with me and backing me up all the time. Buddy would like her. Yeah, he'd like her fine."

I asked Rory if he had any idea where you might have gone when you left Santa Cruz.

"No," Rory said, "no idea. But I'd sure like to see him or hear from him again," he added.

A waiter came over to our table now and asked if we wanted another cup of coffee or something. We said *no thanks*, and then decided it was time to go.

I was taking a cab back to my office and so I left Rory outside the restaurant. We shook hands, said *good-by let's get together soon* or whatever we said. Then Rory walked up the sidewalk to the parking area alongside the restaurant where he'd left his car.

I watched him as he walked. He's usually a pretty snappy walker. But yesterday, when we parted, he walked slowly, very slowly, his hands in his pockets, his eyes up in the sky somewhere. And I know that as he walked he was thinking about a little blond kid and about dinkys with lemon juice and about Rose-Rose and a birthday party and about the Santa Cruz Junior Yankees and about how he'd like to hear from the little blond kid again and re-live all of those memories for just a little while.

In case you ever get to read this, Buddy, why don't you give Rory a ring? He'd like that. His number is HOLLYWOOD 5-2027.

Sincerely,
Ed Ritta

Watch for Rory in U.A.'s Ride Out For Revenge, MGM's The Hired Gun and Columbia's Domino Kid.

they're newly-weds

(Continued from page 44) when she saw Tony for the first time. The place, she remembers, was a small rehearsal hall on Manhattan's West Forty-ninth Street. The time, she remembers, was 10:45 a.m. "And Tony," she remembers, "was a dream of a man come true—and a darn good actor, too."

Neither of them remembers exactly when they felt that *this* was it. It could have been about 11:45 that same morning. At any rate, they had lunch together that afternoon at a tiny pastrami-and-pickle place near the rehearsal hall. And they continued to have lunch and dinner together every day for the next few months—in Illinois, where the play opened, and then down in Pennsylvania and up in Connecticut and all along the summer stock route.

It was a wonderful summer—right up until the last few weeks of the tour. That's when Shelley and Tony discovered that this was really it, that they were really in love; that they were not only really in love but that they were hopelessly in love, with the accent on the *hopeless*.

Before that, everything had been strictly for laughs. They used to swim together, play tennis together, hold hands together and tell all sorts of stories about themselves, like two young people who'd just met at a mountain resort and who figured that, while this was all very nice, come September and who'll remember? Shelley would break Tony up with her story about the first big fight with her ex-husband Vittorio Gassman . . .

"And we're in Rome at the time and he's appearing as Hamlet on the stage and it was in Italian and who could understand? So when I went backstage after it was all over I was dead tired and Vittorio asks me 'How did you like it?' and I just happened to yawn and so he slugged me—and I slugged him right back!"

. . . Or when she recalled what made her decide to enter show business . . .

"I forget if I was in seventh grade or eighth. Anyway, this girl says to me one morning, 'You should see the new boy who's captain of the basketball team.' I said, 'I'm not only going to see him, I'm going to get a date with him!' So I head for the gym and while I'm walking, I pass the auditorium where they're having a try-out for *THE MIKADO*. A girl is singing, singing terrible. I knew I could do better. So I walked in and tried for the part. I got it, too. That was the end of my basketball hero."

Tony's portable radio

And Tony—who was born on New York's crowded West 116th Street—would tell her about things he remembered, too. Like about the summers when he was a kid. . .

"Everyone used to have a portable radio to bring to the beach. And your portable had to be better-looking than anybody else's. I remember we used to go swimming at Orchard Beach. That's not exactly a beautiful beach; it's up in the Bronx. We used to leave our neighborhood, a whole gang of us, and walk to the subway up on Lexington Avenue, all of us carrying a towel over one shoulder and our portables on the other. The portables were all blaring away at different stations—ball games, music. They were a mess. But you had to have one."

. . . Or about the jobs he had before he decided to become an actor. . .

"I used to rivet. I used to dig ditches. I used to drive a delivery truck. And then I decided to live dangerously and go to sea for a couple of years. I got a job on a passenger liner. I was a waiter. The only



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waiter on board who could handle eight dishes of hot stuff at once. And that's good!"

Yes, it was a wonderful summer—right up until that night near the end of the tour when Tony took Shelley in his arms and told her he loved her and they kissed and what should have been the most wonderful glow on earth wasn't.

The laughs were over

Tony realized that he was married—to a nice young woman named Beatrice whom he didn't love any longer, but to whom he was nonetheless married. Shelley suddenly realized that she had been married twice before and had a little daughter to think about whose happiness should come before anything else.

The laughs were over; tension took over.

An old friend of Shelley's, who traveled with her on part of the tour, puts it like this:

"It was just awful towards the end. They began to fight every minute they were together.

"Tony would start one fight and then he'd go back the next day and say he was sorry. Then Shelley would start one, and then she'd go back to be forgiven. It was awful. I knew that Tony had had a nervous breakdown about a year earlier and his falling in love with Shelley had thrown him. And Shelley was nervous and jittery and when the explosion hit, it hit her hard."

When the tour ended, Shelley and Tony said good-bye like two people who'd barely known one another.

Reunited by Hatful

For about a month, they stayed miserably apart. Tony asked mutual friends about Shelley—but he never called her, never tried to get in touch with her. Shelley asked friends about Tony and how he

was—and she spent lots of her time telling producers how great he was.

Then late one afternoon Shelley's agent dropped by her New York apartment, where she was living with her mother and her daughter, and asked her if she'd finished reading the stage script he'd sent her. It was called *Hatful Of Rain*.

"I'd like to do it," Shelley said.

"Great," said the agent.

"Who do they have in mind for the male parts?" Shelley asked.

"Ben Gazzara for your husband," said the agent, "and Tony for his brother."

Shelley blinked. "Tony who?" she asked.

"Franciosa," said the agent, surprised, "don't tell me you've forgotten who. . . ."

"I remember," Shelley said, as she walked out of the room. She walked straight to the telephone in her bedroom. She stared at the receiver for a few minutes, then picked it up. She started to dial, then put the receiver down. She went through this routine a few more times. She was about to pick up the receiver again when the phone rang. She stood, staring at it, knowing who it was calling her. The phone rang again. And then it rang again and Shelley picked up the receiver. "Hello?" she said. "Tony? . . . Yes, Tony, isn't it wonderful? . . . Yes, Tony, yes . . . Well, why—I mean, if you want to—why don't you come over and we can have a drink to it. . . ."

Hatful Of Rain opened and Shelley gave a brilliant performance and Tony was signed to a fat Hollywood contract between the first and second acts of the third performance.

A happy year until . . .

And for about a year Shelley and Tony were deliriously happy. Tony was still married, but it was no secret to anyone who knew him and Shelley that he'd asked

his wife for a long-overdue divorce, that Shelley had agreed to marry him when the divorce became final.

When their contracts were up, Tony was notified that he had to fly to the coast—immediately—to make his first picture, *This Could Be The Night*, with Jean Simmons. He asked Shelley to go along.

"Not right now, Tony," Shelley told him. "I've just read a new play, *Girls Of Summer* and I'd like to do it here in New York. Look, you go to Hollywood and make the picture and I'll do the play. They'll give you *Hatful* next, for sure, and it'll be like this all over again, us acting in it together and being together. . . ."

A few months later, Tony was completing the Jean Simmons movie and it was Shelley's opening night in New York.

Backstage, there was the typical bedlam of tight nerves and strained smiles and earnest *good luck* cries all around and Shelley, like a nurse in a battle hospital, went around patting the backs of the shaky and trying to give everyone a boost. That's when she noticed one of the show's publicists standing with a frown on his face.

"Buck up, Fred," Shelley smiled, "the reviews'll be terrific!"

"It's not that," he answered, "it's just that I can't help feeling bad for you. About *Hatful*, I mean."

"What about *Hatful*?" Shelley asked.

"I thought for sure they'd use you in it," the man said.

Edwin Lester, head of the Los Angeles Light Civic Opera Co. was staying at the Warwick Hotel in N. Y. So was Frank Loesser, the songwriter, who was here for the premiere of *Guys And Dolls*. Lester and Loesser had been getting phone calls intended for the other. Lester finally met with Loesser and urged that they do something about the mix-up. "You, a famous songwriter and music publisher," he began, "and I, a producer, shouldn't be wasting our valuable time . . . " "Never mind all that," Loesser interrupted. "Where's my laundry?"

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

"Me?" Shelley asked, like she knew all along someone else was going to play the role, her role.

"Yeah, you!"

"Silly boy," Shelley said, as if she meant to say it funny. But the words came out all wrong, and all mixed up with tears.

One thing that mattered

Girls Of Summer lasted for only fifty-six performances. There was only one thing in life that mattered now, aside from the little girl, and that was a fellow named Tony; Shelley flew to Hollywood.

Tony was at the airport to meet them. He kissed Shelley, kissed little Tordy—Vittoria Gina's nickname—then kissed Shelley again.

"When can we get married?" Shelley whispered to him.

"Beatrice is in Reno now," Tony said, smiling. "It's going slow, I know. But she is giving me the divorce."

"How long is this all going to take?"

"I don't know for sure," Tony said, "but just to make the time go a little faster, why don't you and I get engaged?" Tony reached into his pocket for a ring, a beautiful six-carat marquis diamond. "Like with this," he said, "and with a little party at my place tomorrow night."

Shelley describes the engagement party this way:

"We had it at Tony's hotel, the CHATEAU MARMONT. I decided to make spaghetti

with clams for dinner. We had about twelve people there and I was all nervous to begin with. So instead of letting the frozen clams thaw early enough—don't think I'm a lazy cook; I just didn't have time to get fresh clams—I left them in the icebox. Then, I suddenly realized everybody was so hungry they were chewing on lemon peels from the martinis Tony was making. I figured I'd better get busy. So I got so nervous I plopped the frozen clams into a china bowl and I plopped them so hard the bowl smashed into a million pieces and the clams went spilling in one lump against the wall. I broke into tears. When I finished crying, I made the spaghetti without clam sauce. It was pretty tasteless. But everybody said it was good just the same—the liars.

"And anyway, Tony and I were officially engaged now and that was what really mattered."

"Ruining our lives"

For the next few months, everything went fine again. Tony was busy working in pictures, Shelley was getting excellent television offers—and the word from Reno was that the then-Mrs. Franciosa was getting ready to sign the final divorce papers and make her husband free to re-marry.

She signed those final papers on Friday, April 19, in Nevada. As she was signing them, Tony—hundreds of miles away—was about to make headlines.

Tony and Shelley were leaving the Los Angeles City Hall. They had just made an unsuccessful bid on a house in Beverly Hills and were headed for their car when a photographer raced towards them and asked them to hold it for a picture.

"No pictures till my divorce is final," Tony said, making a bee-line for the car.

The photographer asked them to hold it. "Please," Shelley said, "my hair's a mess and I haven't got any lipstick on."

The photographer cocked his camera.

"Hey," Tony called out. "I said no!"

The photographer got ready to shoot.

"Hey," Tony yelled. And then, suddenly, his face turned blood red and he rushed the photographer, kicked the camera out of his hand and began punching. "I said no pictures," Tony said. "No pictures!"

Shelley tried to pull Tony away from the man, but she couldn't. She screamed. "Stop it, both of you. Stop it!"

A minute later, three court officers rushed over, got a hard hold on Tony.

Shelley ran after them. "Don't take him like that," she begged, crying. "You're ruining our lives. You're ruining our lives!"

Sorry about everything

Shelley sat in the living room of her house that night, alone.

She'd been sitting there for about two hours, still staring and thinking when Tony came in. He told her that he was out on bail; that he'd phoned the newspaper and apologized for hitting the photographer and breaking his camera; that he'd explained he'd been under a great emotional strain what with his divorce coming through that day and with the house they'd chosen to live in going from under their noses. That he was sorry about everything that had happened.

"I'm sorry, honey. I'm sorry."

"I know," Shelley said, softly.

Shelley looked up at him. She couldn't help smiling a little when she noticed how much he looked like a little boy now, a boy who'd done something wrong and who'd mustered his courage and sworn he'd never do it again, never.

"I realize this is very rough on you, Shelley," Tony said.

"Tony..." Shelley said, taking his hand.

"Yes?"

"Tony," Shelley said, "can we get married right away?"

it
whispers...

"come
closer"

april showers

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Tony sat on the couch, beside Shelley, now. He didn't answer her. He just sat there, staring into her eyes for a little while. Then he kissed her. Then, for the first time in many hours, he smiled.

And so they were married, last May, while Tony was on location in Nevada making *Obsession* with Anna Magnani.

An exclusive interview

A few days before they were married, MODERN SCREEN had an exclusive interview with Shelley. We asked her about Tony and herself, their plans for the future. This is what she told us:

"I can't wait. It's just a few days from now, but I can't wait. I love him so much. I love his honesty and his simplicity. Sure, we get angry sometimes. Doesn't everyone? But with Tony, I always know where I stand because he's honest and he tells me.

"We have a plan, Tony and I. We want to try to make enough money in a year or two so we can have security and do the things we want to do. Not a fortune, but enough so that we can keep on studying, and go to Europe for a while and live, just live....

"And we want to keep in touch with the people we like. You know, it's funny. Lots of people say I'm a slob because I don't wear Christian Dior dresses all day, because I like to just throw something on and go out shopping and mingle with people, because this house I live in here is on a street just like any street in Brooklyn or the Bronx and not all fenced away from the rest of the world. To me it's important to be with the kind of people I love and grew up with and am supposed to be enacting when I act. And as for this house, well what's wrong with living on a street where there are other kids so they can come over and play with your daugh-

ter and so that she can run down whenever she feels like it and play with *them*? The house Tony and I were trying to bid for the afternoon of the fight, remember? Well, that was a pretty fancy place up on a hill with a pool and all that stuff. We liked it, yes, but now that I think of it, maybe it's just as well we didn't get to buy it. Maybe by getting to buy it we would have gotten away from it all—from people and everything, I mean—and I don't think either of us would want that...."

So in love

How do they want to live, Tony and Shelley?

"We're going to want to entertain a lot after we're married," Shelley said. "Actually, I love to entertain. There are going to be plenty of nights when we'll call up eight or twelve people and I'll cook and we'll hide the tv and we'll just sit and talk and have fun. Other nights? Well, we'll have a maid, yes—you need one in this business. But I want to do most of the cooking. So we figure that on Sundays we'll shift between dinner at my mother's and Tony's mother's. On Monday through Friday nights we eat home. And on Saturday, that's the night I want to go out to dinner, get all dressed and go with Tordy and Tony to some restaurant and celebrate, even if the only thing we're celebrating is the fact that it's a Saturday night....

"I'm so happy at the way things are working out. Lots of things that look so bad at the time seem to end happily.

"And we're in love. We're so in love...."

END

Tony is currently in 20th's *A Hatful Of Rain* and MGM's *This Could Be the Night*. He'll soon be seen in Paramount's *Obsession* and Warners' *A Face In the Crowd*. 67

my weekend with elvis

(Continued from page 43) before you leave tonight." I thought he was just saying that though, as a line. But the next day he caught up with me on the lot, and followed me around and waited on the set for me, and finally he said, "My folks are in town. I'd like you to meet them."

And that night I did.

I also met his pal, Judith Spreckels, who writes those wonderful stories for MODERN SCREEN. She's swell.

But getting back to right now, Diary, I never thought that day on the set would end up today on a plane! Especially after Elvis left Hollywood. That's when he started begging me to come out to his home for a visit.

Some of my friends tried to talk me out of going. They said that Elvis was fickle and I'd just be another one of all the other girls in his life. But how could I explain how he sounded, calling me long distance night after night and begging me, "Honey, I miss you so much. Please leave Hollywood and come." How could I tell anyone how sincere and lonely Elvis sounded? They think of him as a big-shot, as the great Presley, not as the warm, sweet boy who has told me he cares for me.

But I've got butterflies in my stomach now. Only a few more hours and we'll be together. What will he be like now? Will my friends be right—or I?

Friday Midnight: This had been the biggest day of my life. Elvis has just kissed me good night and my head's still spinning just thinking of the glorious day I spent with Elvis from morning till night!

My plane was late, two hours late, and knowing how Elvis hates to wait anywhere because in a few minutes he's mobbed, I figured. *Guess his cousin Gene or the Colonel will meet me instead.*

But there he was, running toward me, sweeping me up in his arms and holding me tight as he kissed me long and hard!

"Yvonne, honey," he said, and his voice was low and husky, "I can't tell you how glad I am to see you."

A big crowd had begun to gather around us, so we ran to Elvis' shiny pink Cadillac. In the car, he kissed me again and put his arm around me. "I could hardly sleep last night, I was so excited about seeing you again, doll," Elvis told me, and my heart began to hammer. "I was at the airport at six, but when they told me the plane would be late, I went home and had breakfast and came back again. Now that you're here," he added with that sweet grin of his, "I won't let you go."

We drove to his home, a nice but modest one-story house with a black iron fence around it, and it was smaller than I expected. His parents were at the door and his mother put her arm around me and said, "We want you to feel at home here, dear." Such warm people. As we walked into the house I noticed lots of packing cases all over the place. Mrs. Presley apologized, "They're full of Elvis' fan mail. We can hardly keep up with them. The mail is crowding the furniture out! That's why we're going to have to move into a bigger house," she laughed. At that, Elvis winked and said, "Don't tell Yvonne any more about the new house. I want to show it to her myself."

Elvis carried my bag in and showed me to my room. "It's my bedroom, honey," he said, "but I want you to have it so that you'll be comfortable." How considerate he is!

A pleasant room, but so simple. Who would think that this room belonged to one of the biggest singing stars in the country? It's painted a soft green with blond modern furniture and a kingsize bed

with a bookcase headboard. Over the bed is a large painting of Elvis which he told me had been painted by a fan. There's a framed photo of Elvis on the dresser and next to it—I could hardly believe my eyes!—a photograph I had given him of me. In the corner is a record player spilling over with records and all those stuffed animals his fans send him. That's when I gave him the little toy chicken with the little red cap on it—like the little red cap I wore in *The Rainmaker* which Elvis was always kidding me about. I got such a kick out of the way he put it on top of the bedstead—"The place of honor," he had said, with a bow—and kissed me on my nose.

"Now don't fuss up," he said then, "just unpack, put on pedal pushers and we'll get going. I want to show you my town."

I changed, and when I came out to the living room Elvis grabbed me and gave me a big bear hug. "Doesn't my girl look sharp," he said. "Come on, let's go for a spin on my motorcycle."

When we walked out I was startled to find a crowd of girls outside. They looked me over and I began to feel embarrassed. They were calling out, "Elvis—oh, El-vis!" and Elvis smiled and waved. "Don't let it throw you, honey," he whispered. "I've been telling everyone in town that my girl was coming here this weekend and they want to see what you're like. They mean well. You have to get used to this, just like I did."

Jerry Lewis had to pass my booth to get to his booth in Lindy's, and he stopped to tell me that the item I had about him in a recent column was right. This is unusual in itself. The item, to refresh you, was simply that Jerry Lewis appears to be getting taller. "I am getting taller," said Jerry. "I grew an inch-and-a-quarter during the past year. The doctor can't understand it. You're supposed to stop growing when you're twenty-five. I'm getting bigger. I used to wear a size ten shoe; now I wear size eleven and a half. Crazy, eh?"

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

I got on the motorcycle in front of Elvis and he held on to me tight, and off we went.

It was a thrill riding the motorcycle with Elvis. Elvis rode to the heart of the downtown section and parked in front of a barber shop.

Everyone in the barber shop knew Elvis. "I've been giving this boy haircuts since his dad brought him in for his first one," the barber told me proudly.

A couple of cokes later, Elvis was finished and back we went on the motorcycle again. "Now I'll show you the surprise." "What surprise?" I asked. But he wouldn't tell me, just kept grinning. He looked happy as a kid as we rode on and on to the outskirts of Memphis until we hit a section where the homes were large and beautiful with broad rolling lawns. We stopped in front of a magnificent white Colonial home that was surrounded by a flagstone fence.

Elvis took me by the hand and led me inside. "How do you like it?" he asked with a broad smile. "It's my new home—for me and my folks. We're going to move in as soon as it's ready. I bought this mansion and we're having it remodelled. To think," he said slowly, "that we Presleys will live here. We've been poor so long, I can't believe it yet." And I can imagine the thrill he felt—to have known poverty so long and then to be able to buy a \$100,000 home for himself and his parents.

Then Elvis went on, "Only a few years ago I was driving a truck and I had to de-

liver something to one of these society families here. I came to the front door and the maid gave me a dirty look and said, 'Go on to the back. You can't ever come in the front door.'

"And now these people are practically my neighbors," he said with a chuckle.

He was like a little boy showing off a Christmas toy as he took me through the beautiful, enormous place—six bedrooms, a large foyer and workmen all over the place. He talked to one of them and said, "Can't you speed it up? I'd sure like to move in before I have to leave for Hollywood for my next movie."

Then, back home again. We were so tired we didn't bother to change for dinner. We all sat down at a long, narrow table in the dining room. It's a very informal room, with a small piano in a corner. I sat next to Elvis; then there were his mother, father, his cousin Gene and a couple of his buddies. The maid, Alberta, served us meat loaf and mashed potatoes, and there was a lot of kidding around at the table. "Hope you like our dinner, honey," Elvis said. "I'm always in such a hurry, I've gotten so I only eat food that's quick to eat, like meat loaf or sandwiches. Something like steak's too much work!" As far as I was concerned, just sitting next to Elvis, having him reach out and hold my hand between courses and lean over occasionally to give me a quick kiss, was enough. I would have been happy with bread and water.

After dinner, Elvis wasn't feeling too well. He'd developed a skin infection near his shoulder and it was acting up tonight. "Mind if we just stay home tonight, baby?" he asked. "Anyway, you must be tired from your trip."

Elvis sat down and played the piano and sang. We had such fun as he jazzed up "True Love"—and there was just lots of singing and laughing. Elvis and I began to dance and, since I'm a dancer, I wanted to teach him to bop. But he laughed and made for a chair. "None of that fast dancing for me," he said. "I'd rather look at you."

We played some pool, and later we all sat outside on the walk in front of the house. It was growing dark and it was very peaceful sitting with Elvis and his parents, hardly saying a word. Elvis sat with me on one side and his mother on the other, and he held both our hands. It was real cute. "My two best girls," he said tenderly. It took me back a couple of months to our first date in Hollywood, when Elvis had taken me and his folks to the movies to see *Giant*. Then also he had sat between me and his mother, and had held his mother's hand with his right hand and mine with his left hand. I remember I had felt a tingle run through me at the time—just as I did tonight.

A crowd of girls came by the house and waited outside the gate. They'd call out, "Are you there, Elvis?" and Elvis would reply, "Yes."

Later, when the girls had left and his parents had gone to bed, Elvis and I sat outside for a long time. "Are you going to be my little girl?" he whispered. I re-

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plied, "Yes, darling," but deep down, I knew it couldn't be. After our very first date, we had sat like this in his car outside my home in Glendale. That was the night I first met them and we all went to the movies, Elvis and his parents and me. Later he dropped his parents off at the hotel and took me home. We changed our mind about stopping off at a restaurant for a hamburger because of the crowds, and Elvis and I had sat in his car outside my home for hours, talking, talking, talking. And now here we were again, talking about ourselves, our families, our religion, about what we wanted out of life. And I knew then, from what Elvis told me, that he couldn't think of marriage—not for a long, long time. His career demanded all of him—too many people around him told him his fans would resent his marrying. As for me, I had told him that I was just beginning to get the picture breaks I've worked for since I was a child, and that my role as the flirt in the *Rainmaker* was leading to more good parts.

And tonight, sitting with Elvis, I thought—*Any ordinary boy and girl could fall in love and make plans for the future. But not us.* So when we walked into the house and he kissed me good night and said tenderly, "Good night, baby," I knew that I must never let myself think that anything could come of it.

Saturday: Up at 10:30, and after a quick shower, I slipped into pedal pushers and went into the kitchen. His mother was there and she said, "I'll wake Elvis now. He asked me to wake him as soon as you got up. He loves to sleep late when he's not working." When she returned she said, "He'll be along soon. You know," she added wistfully, "I worry about my boy, working too hard, going at too fast a clip, maybe ruining his health."

Just then Elvis bounced into the room, cheerful and handsome in black slacks and a white shirt with stand-up collar. He kissed me heartily and said, "What a wonderful morning—because you're here."

He ate a huge breakfast of sausage patties, bacon, eggs, fried potatoes, hot rolls, coffee and milk. He even ate some of last night's meat loaf warmed over!

We sat around and read the papers to each other, and shot some more pool and maybe because I'm an actress—too—Elvis seemed to want to talk about career. He showed me a script MGM had sent him—*Jailhouse Rock*, in which he plays a convict. "I hope to do a better job than in my first movie. Say," he added quickly, "would you like to see *Love Me Tender*? You said you'd missed it and wanted to see it. I've got a print of it here."

He set up the screen in the living room and we sat on the floor and watched it. While it was on he said a couple of times, "I hope I'm better in my next." How surprising to discover that even a fellow as successful as Elvis has doubts and fears about his career!

During the afternoon, lots of his friends dropped by—many of them to look me over, I think. He put his arm around me whenever anyone came in and introduced me—"This is my girl; came all the way from Hollywood to keep me from getting lonesome. Isn't she a doll?"

Could it be that some of the girls gave me a funny look, like I was cutting in on their territory? Hope not!

After a while Elvis and I took off in Elvis' white Caddy. Again there was the crowd of girls outside the house calling out to him and giving me the once-over.

First we stopped off at the new house again. Then, back in the car, he said with a shy kind of smile, "Now I want to show you my favorite spot. This is where I really lose myself."

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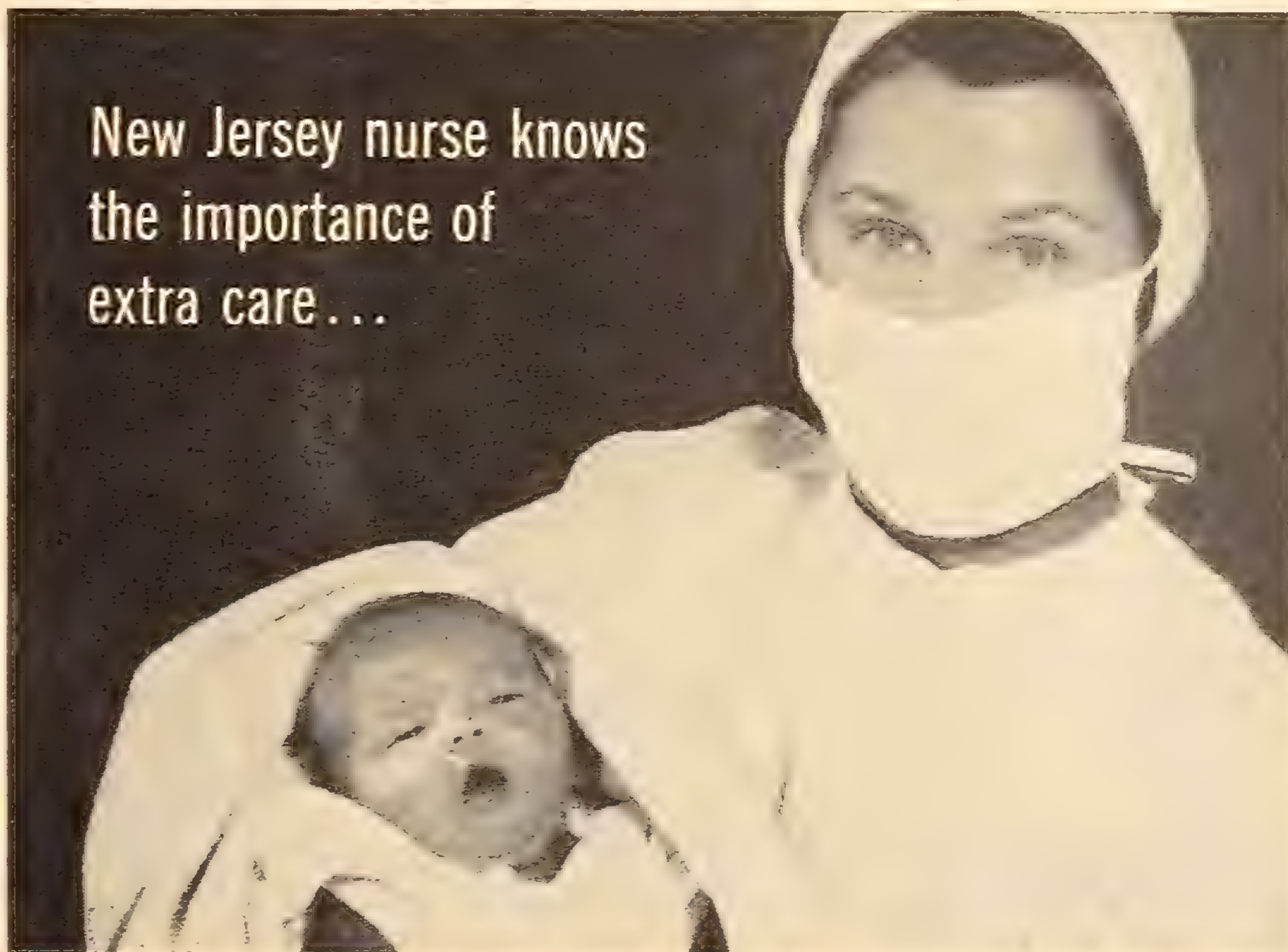
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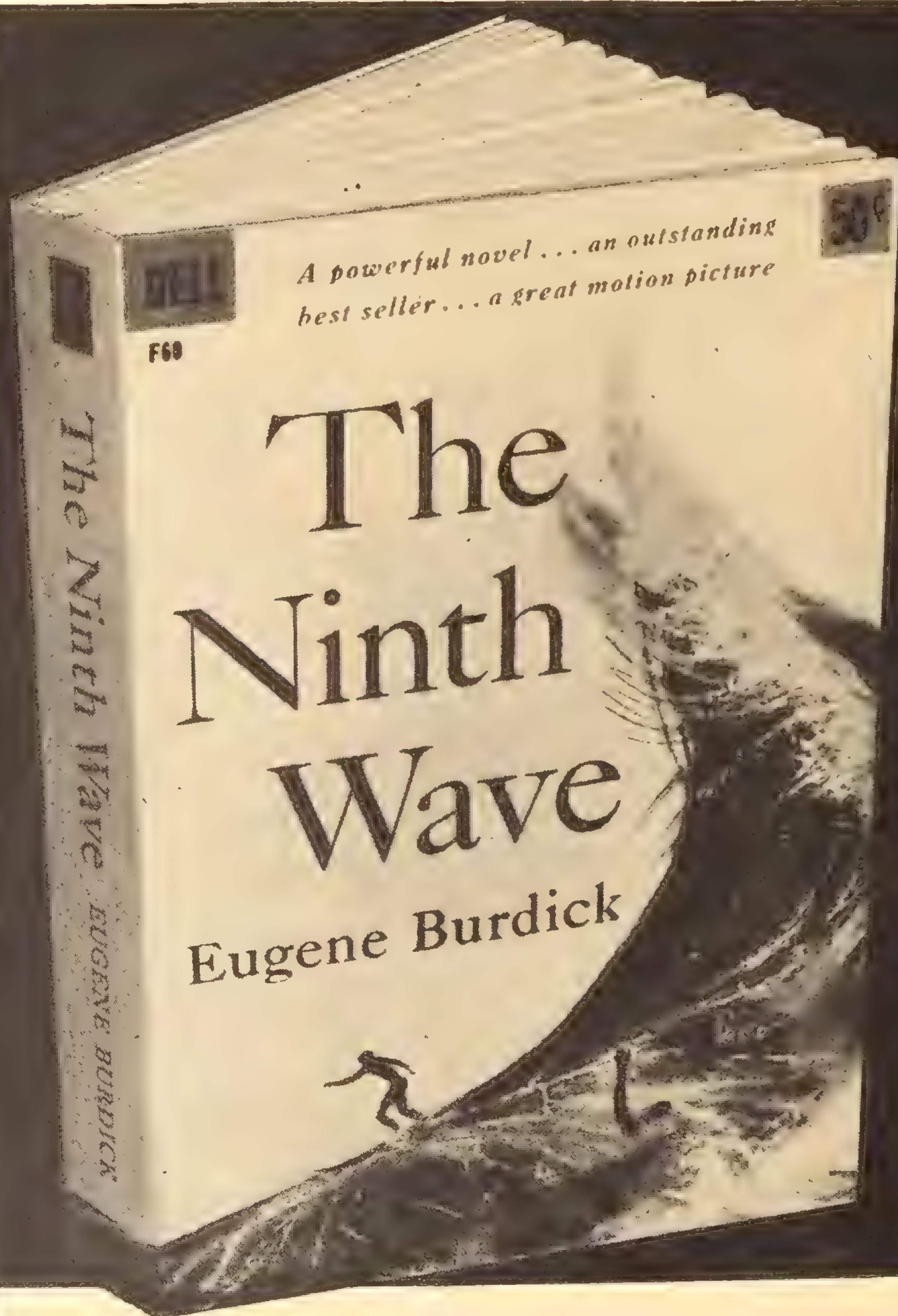
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We drove for a while until we reached a lake that was screened behind green hills and lots of trees brushing against each other. Not a soul was around.

"Gee," I said, "I feel as though we were in another world."

"That's the way I feel about this spot," Elvis said. "I'm so keyed-up all the time, so many people around me, so much noise and goings on—here's where I go to get away from everything and everyone."

When we started back home, he looked happier and more relaxed than I'd seen him in a long time.

Tonight—a big party given by Sam Phillips, who owns a record company in town. Elvis was still in that peaceful mood when we got home. When he saw me all dressed up in my pink and white cotton with a full skirt, he said, "You look real cute, baby, but don't wear heels. You look like a little doll in flats."

So I changed into white flats of course.

We had dinner at home before we left—pork roast and potatoes, but I noticed that Elvis didn't eat much. I could tell he wasn't well—his shoulder was bothering him but he wouldn't admit it. He was picking at his food and then said suddenly, "Can you cook?"

"Yes."

"Wonderful," he said, "I like a girl who can cook. Some day you'll cook for me."

Although Elvis didn't look too chipper, he insisted that we go to the party. "I want everyone to meet my girl," he said.

Everyone at the party crowded around Elvis. I might have been lost in the shuffle, but Elvis never let go of me. Sam Phillips, the host, came over and grabbed Elvis by the hand. Turning to me he said, "He's responsible for this beautiful house I live in today. A few years ago I didn't have much—and then Elvis cut his first record for me. Now, look what I have. This boy sure is loyal."

Even with all the noise and laughter, I could see that Elvis was feeling worse by the minute. He was unusually quiet, and his eyes began to get a sick look. I insisted that we go to the hospital and he finally gave in. The doctor gave him some penicillin pills and told us that would help clear the infection and he'd feel better.

Elvis insisted he felt well enough for us to return to the party. Along towards two or three in the morning we were all sitting around the floor singing, and Elvis began to sing a religious song. It was raining, and in the darkened room—with only the flames in the fireplace flickering—it was a thrilling experience to hear Elvis' mellow voice sing the hymns and spirituals he loves so well. Elvis sang on and on, until day began to break and it was Easter morning.

It took us a while to get back to reality, but when Elvis broke the spell by kissing me and saying, "Happy Easter, honey," we all got up and started moving. I went with some of the girls into the kitchen where we scrambled eggs. I cooked Elvis' eggs for him, because I know that he likes his eggs cooked real well—almost hard as a rock.

It was daylight when we got home, and Elvis kissed me at the door of my room and said, "This is a real happy Easter Sunday for me, baby." And it certainly was for me!

Sunday: Got up late today—after one. It was a leisurely afternoon as we sat around and played records.

Elvis said he was taking me to church services tonight at the Assembly of God. We were almost late, because Elvis wanted to go through his new house again, and for a special purpose. All of his relatives were waiting for us there. I met his aunts, uncles and their children, all dressed up in their Easter Sunday clothes. We

stayed there a long time, as Elvis showed his relatives through every corner.

We stayed so long that we didn't have time for dinner before church. Elvis looked so handsome in a gray suit with dark tie. It was the first time I'd ever seen him dressed up this way, and he looked wonderful.

There was quite a bit of head-turning when we entered the church, and I could see the minister smile paternally as Elvis walked to his seat.

Elvis is a deeply religious boy, but because he's on the road so much he can't attend church regularly. This was his first time back in his own church in a long time, and the Rev. Hamel welcomed him back by including Elvis in his sermon. If I was proud of Elvis before, I was bursting with pride as I heard the Rev. Hamel talk about him in glowing terms and explain to the congregation how gratifying it was that their local boy, who had become such a worldly figure, had never lost his bond with God and his church.

After the services, the kids clustered around Elvis and he signed autographs. When he whispered, "Excuse me, darlin', I'm going to have a chat with the minister in his private room. Wait here, and I'll see you later."

While I waited, the minister's wife and several of the ladies in the congregation talked to me and told me about the Elvis they knew. Like the time they needed an extra boy for the church quartet and Elvis tried out—and was told, "Oh dear,

Do you know what androphobia is? That is a fear of men. Jane Russell once admitted she suffered from androphobia. Hers, however, is just a mild case. She does not suffer in the presence of one man. But when near three or more men she gets nervous. Incidentally, most women born under Pisces (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) suffer from androphobia. Or so say the star-gazers.

*E. V. Durling in
The Journal-American*

"You can't sing well enough to make the quartet."

It was late when we got home and we were famished.

So I made some vegetable soup, peanut butter sandwiches and coffee. We sat down at the kitchen table and suddenly he grabbed my hand and said, "Please don't leave yet, darling. I know you're supposed to go home in the morning. But can't you stay for the rest of the week?"

But I couldn't. I had several studio appointments lined up. I couldn't resist the pleading look in his eyes, so I said I would stay one more day. We called my mother and Elvis spoke to her.

Back in my room I had just begun to take my hair down when Elvis called out from the den: "My shoulder hurts terribly, honey. Can you put a hot pack on it?"

I slipped into a gold Chinese robe and didn't bother to put my hair up again in the usual pony tail. When I walked into the den, Elvis was stretched out on a chair, but as sick as he felt, his eyes opened wide and he exclaimed, "Holy moke, you look wonderful with your hair down like that. Always wear it like that—for me."

The hot packs made him feel better, and when I tiptoed out he had fallen asleep in the chair.

Monday: Elvis hadn't slept too well. When I got up, his mother said, "I just looked in on Elvis, and he's fast asleep. I don't think I'll wake him yet."

Over a cup of coffee, Elvis' mother said slowly, "You know, Yvonne, I have noticed for a long time that Elvis often looks lonely and sad. Even though people fall over themselves and crowd around him, he seems to be alone. I think," she said wistfully, "it may be because he misses his twin brother."

When she noticed my puzzled expression, she went on, "I thought you knew. Elvis was one of twins, but his twin brother died at birth. Maybe it's just a sentimental theory of mine, but I've often felt that without realizing it, Elvis misses the twin brother who died just before he came into the world. I think he was born lonely. Oh well," she said briskly, "I'm just talking like a mother now. I'll call Elvis."

When Elvis came in, the first thing he noticed was my hair. I was wearing it in a pony tail again. He asked me to take it down, as I'd worn it last night. So I smiled and unloosened my hair.

Somehow, there was a sadness about today. We drove to the new house, and this time Elvis wandered through the empty rooms and said, almost to himself, "I have this beautiful home, but I wonder how much time I'll spend in it."

He wanted to go to his retreat once more before I left. We held hands as we walked along the soft, green hills and over the rocks and bushes, plucking at the leaves. It was very still and we felt very much together. Suddenly a group of girls dashed out from behind a clump of bushes and ran toward him, screaming "There's Elvis."

As we drove away, Elvis said slowly, "Well, I'll never be able to be alone there any more."

We didn't say much the rest of the drive home. I packed after dinner, and then we drove to a drive-in place in town where the young crowd gathers for hamburgers and malts, and inside there's a lot of fun and dancing to juke box music. We pulled up to the place, but Elvis parked in the rear—as usual.

Elvis looked in the direction of the little restaurant and saw kids his own age laughing and clowning around. He looked with such longing I felt that he would have given anything to go in and join them.

But we ate in the car.

We drove around town and got to the airport a little after midnight. Elvis had begged me not to fly, because ever since he had a near-accident in a small plane during one of his tours, he'd developed a fear of planes. He doesn't even like to walk inside one that's on the ground.

He kissed me outside the ramp and we made a promise to see each other when he came to Hollywood in a few days. I was sitting in the plane, feeling blue, when suddenly Elvis bounded in. "I'll stay with you till it's take-off time," he said.

We sat close, and silently wished we could hold back the hands of the clock. But soon it was take-off time, and Elvis had to leave. We clung in a long kiss, and then he was gone.

As I'm soaring in the air right now, on my way back to Hollywood, I'm re-living the moments of my whole glorious weekend with Elvis—and thinking too of the warnings of my friends before I left: "He's fickle. You're just one of many."

And yet, come to think of it, Elvis forgot his phobia and got on the plane so that we could be together precious moments longer. And gosh, Diary, the thought of that makes me feel that maybe there was something special about my weekend with Elvis!

END

Elvis will soon be seen in Hal Wallis' Paramount release *Loving You* and MGM's *Jailhouse Rock*. Yvonne Lime can also be seen in *Loving You*.



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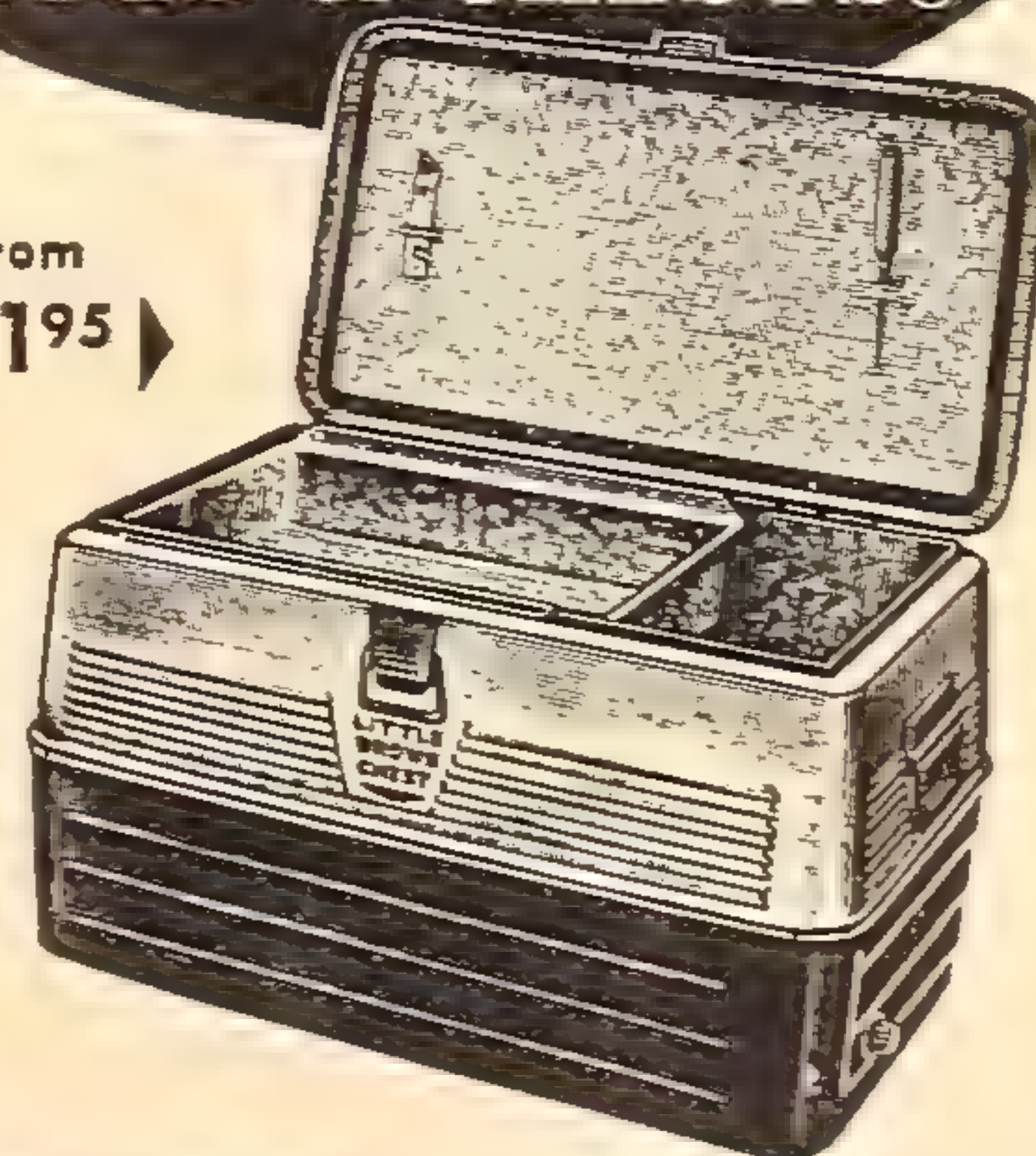
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The return of Ed Wynn...

Why Hollywood won't sign

Kim Stanley in this month's

TV TALK



Even if Howard Morris, Sid Caesar and Carl Reiner have a spell of no-work, they'll do O.K.

Television observers have spent a lot of time lately feeling sorry for **Carl Reiner** and **Howard Morris** because the **Sid Caesar Show** was leaving NBC. Well, no matter what happens to Sid and his two bananas, here's one thing to remember: way back in 1950 or 1951, **Howard Morris** was earning something like \$125 a week playing one of two Frenchmen in **Carol Channing's** big hit musical *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. He left that show—with a great deal of worry about how right his decision was—to go with Sid Caesar. His salary, this last year, has been something like \$2800 a week. And Carl has been making even more. So, even if Sid and his supporting players have a short spell of no-work—the last six or seven years have been great... The panelists on *Entertainment Press Conference* spent a lot of time a few months back trying to find out from **Kim Stanley** why she's never made a movie. The real reason? Kim absolutely refuses to take a screen test, and so far Hollywood refuses to sign her until they know how she's going to look on celluloid... **Walter Abel** is a very domestic man. When his wife is away, he calmly goes to his neighborhood grocer, orders what he wants for dinner, totes it back home and cooks it up for himself. He's on exceptionally chummy terms with his local tradesmen, by the way—stays in the stores and chats and discusses the theater and cracks jokes... To think that only two years ago **Ed Wynn** was an embittered, out-of-work comic whose friends could hardly bear to visit him! They felt so sorry for him that they'd postpone dropping by. Some of them—one young tv producer in particular—tried to think up parts for him, but no one would hire him. And look at him now!... **Paulette Goddard** has the most gorgeous full-length chinchilla coat in the U.S., or probably anywhere else in the whole world... **Kay Kendall**, **Rex Harrison's** fair lady, often wears ultra-sophisticated clothes. But she also knows that there's no more flattering costume to any woman than black velvet with a white collar. And, when she wears her adaptation of Little Lord Fauntleroy's outfit, she looks adorable... The fashion columnists in New York rave over **Rita Gam's** maternity outfits. One was a beige chiffon Empire number that she wore with matching pumps and reams of amber necklaces—an outfit guaranteed to attract attention rather than disguise her condition. But that seems to be the new trend. **Betsy von Furstenberg** was an exception to the new rule when she, expecting her second baby, appeared in a white brocade mandarin coat. Incidentally, even people who have never approved of 72 Betsy's hijinks on and off the stage are grieving

for her these days. Nobody can really dislike a girl that has the problems Betsy has. That is, someone with a little baby, another on the way, and a husband in jail... **Mildred Dunnock** has one of the biggest mothering instincts. She loves to take people under her wing and tell them when to button up against the cold, when to go to bed, what to eat, how to diet. But she will devote very little time to such activities as interviews and publicity picture-taking. She thinks an actress' job is to act, not to sit with reporters or for photographers. Because she believes in acting, she is often willing to accept a part that is a very small one for an artist of her stature. She cares much less for the billing than she does for the doing... If you ever run into a bunch of tv people who sound as though they're speaking some new kind of language, it's a safe bet that they work for the **Steve Allen** show. It seems that Bill Harbach, Steve's handsome young blond producer, makes up words as he goes along in a sentence. It's apparently a very catching kind of talk because the cameramen and the crew on the Allen show have picked up Bill's words until their conversations are dotted with them too. Bop talk is nothing compared to Harbach talk... **Ben Gazzara**, though a sweet and delightful companion much of the time, does have his deep dark moods when it's just as well if no one else is around... **Herb Shriver's** stories are not all Indiana stories, no matter how hard he tries to palm them off as being pure Midwest. Some of them originated in—of all places—Vermont. One of Herb's writers was from Vermont, and a great story-teller of things that had happened "Down East." When he went to work for Herb, he just changed the setting when he wrote the gags: "Down East" became "Home in Indiana"... **Wally Cox's** wife Marilyn must love him. He decided to grow a goatee on their honeymoon—and she was just as delighted with it as he was! The few others who saw it agree with the Coxes—say he looked fine... **Julia Meade** is very helpful to her poor-author friends. Her late father owned a typewriter company, and her aunt runs it today. So when one of Julia's poor struggling playwright pals needs a new machine, Julia can get it for him wholesale—and does... **Shelley Winters** doesn't always endear herself to her co-workers when she indulges in her bad habit of being late for rehearsals... **Maureen Stapleton** remains the over-modest person she always has been. Although she admitted freely on the *Mike Wallace Show* that she once posed in the nude to get over being too modest, she still wears sacklike dresses and non-form-fitting suits.

ain't we got fun

(Continued from page 51) Kelly turned to her mother and smiled. Then she brought up her hand and tugged at my ear.

"That's all right," I said. I poised my pencil. "Now..."

Janet shrugged. "Well," she said, "when we're both working on pictures, as we are now, we usually don't have much time for fun. As a matter of fact, we're usually in bed by about 9:30 and have to be up at 5:30 on the dot."

"And that's no fun," Tony said, "no matter how you look at it."

"When we're not working and spend an evening at home alone, we either go to a movie..." Janet started to say.

"We're still like a couple of kids," Tony interrupted, "a couple of kids on a Saturday afternoon about the movies. We see almost everything and we buy enough candy on the way in to open up a small store—and we eat it all, too."

Janet patted Tony's stomach, as if in agreement. Then she continued: "... or we sit around and listen to records—Sinatra, Chico Hamilton, Belafonte, June Christy. I guess they're our favorites."

Tony pointed to a fat shelf of records across the room. "And show albums," he said, "—we usually end up getting all the show albums as soon as they hit the stores."

Janet thought for a moment. "And then we both like to play scrabble," she said.

"Though we don't play that hardly much as we used to," said Tony.

"Or," said Janet, "we might sit right over here on the couch and park our legs on this coffee table and watch television. I'd say *Sgt. Bilko* is our favorite. Would you, dear?"

Tony nodded. "With Sid Caesar just about tied," he said.

"Of course," Janet said, "if it just happens to be one of those nights when we're not in the mood for television or scrabble or records, I can always count on a concert by Tony himself." She winked. "He's taken up the flute, you know."

A New Year's resolution

Tony looked Janet square in the eye. "So where's your xylophone?" he asked. He turned to me. "On New Year's Eve," he said, "Janet and I made a resolution. The resolution was to think up three projects for us to do in our spare time, then really work on them. One project was to learn to play tennis better than we could. The second was to do things around the house—paint the upstairs porch together, paint the backyard fence together, things like that. The third was to take up a musical instrument a piece. Two of our best friends are Jerry Gershwin, the aged, and his wife. Jerry plays a mean electric guitar. You just love to sit and listen to him play that thing. So on New Year's Eve we're all together and we're making resolutions and Janet here says, 'Wouldn't we all take up instruments and form our own private combo?' Well, that sounded like a fine idea and I decided the flute, Janet on the xylophone and Jerry's wife on the clarinet."

Janet frowned. "Can't you just hear it?" she asked.

"That's just the point," Tony said. "I never did hear it because Janet broke her arm right after New Year's."

"So while I had my arm in a sling," Janet asked, "who's been twiddling on the flute and improving his game of tennis?"

"Uh-huh," Tony said. "And who's been painting the upstairs porch and the backyard fence?"

Janet cleared her throat. "Oh..." she said, very softly. "I was just asking a simple question."

"Janet, Tony," I said, poising the pencil again, "I hear that Tony's parents come visiting about once a week. How do you have fun with them, your parents and in-laws?"

Janet was about to answer when she noticed, suddenly, that I didn't have a pencil anymore. Kelly, who'd grown tired of fiddling with my ear, had just decided that pencils were more fun. She'd plucked it from my hand, given it a quick once-over, then thrown it over my shoulder. Tony jumped up to retrieve it and Janet said: "Excuse me, but Kelly—will you please get off the man's lap?"

Kelly smiled that smile of hers again. When she gave me a gentle poke in the nose and, still smiling, indicated that she wanted to stay a while longer.

"That's okay," I said, taking the pencil from Tony.

Janet shrugged again.

"Now. . . ." I said, continuing.

"Well," Tony said, "my mother's a great cook, you know, and every time she comes to the house she brings over something she's prepared for us."

"Tony," Janet asked, "what's the stuff I like so much but can't pronounce—Polish?"

"It's like a Bronx version of crepe suzette," Tony said.

Janet closed her eyes. "I get hungry just thinking about it."

"Or," Tony went on, "Mom might bring over a big panful of stuffed cabbages. I've been crazy about these ever since I was a kid and she's the only person in the world who makes them—well, makes them just right."

"And Mom always brings over all kinds of sweet stuff," Janet said, "cakes and cookies and buns. . . ."

The escape from Hungary

"And now I've got a wonderful aunt who's pulling the same thing," Tony said. I explained. "You see, my mother is Hungarian and till all the recent trouble started in Hungary a brother of hers was still living there. Luckily, he and his wife got out just before the Reds started bar-barring the border and we managed to get them here to California within a couple of weeks and set them up in a nice apartment and opened a butcher shop for them in Los Angeles. Well, now when they come over to the house, they bring all kinds of Hungarian delicacies made with meat and I don't-know-what. That, plus my mother's delicacies—and it's like a combination Thanksgiving, Christmas and Fourth of July picnic around here."

"Janet, Tony," I asked now, "speaking of fun, how do you have fun with your baby?"

"Ah, now you're talking," Tony said.

"Yes," Janet agreed. I noticed she suddenly looked a little concerned about something. I looked down. Oh yes, Kelly was chewing on my tie. "Kelly dear," Janet said, "don't you think it's time for you to get down off the man's lap now?"

Kelly didn't even bother to turn around and smile this time. The tie was obviously much too tasty.

"That's all right," I said.

Janet sighed.

"Now. . . ." I said. —

Wound up Kelly

"Well," Tony said, "it's ideal when we're not working and can be with the baby all day. But when we are working, we try to get home as early as possible and then play with her up till about seven o'clock." Tony checked his watch. "It's a little later than that tonight," he said.

"We put her to bed at 7:15, usually," Janet said, "but we like her to sit with us real quiet and calm for those fifteen minutes so she can unwind."

"But when she's wound—wow!" Tony said.

"I think her favorite game," said Janet, "is when her daddy holds her high and I'll be standing on the other side of the room and Tony yells, 'Mommy, come and get Kelly!' and I go racing across the room and Tony turns her around and hides her just in time. And of course she gets a big boot out of Tony just running around the room for her and dancing silly and jumping up and down—you know, just making like a daddy."

Tony took Janet's hand. "I like it best when Janet holds her on her knees," he said, "—and Janet, what is it you sing to her?"

"It's just a little kid-thing my mother used to sing to me when I was a baby," she answered. "It goes:

This is the way the ladies ride,

Tra-la tra-la tra-la.

And this is the way the gentlemen ride,

Fa-la fa-la fa-la.

"And then you've got to make your voice all deep and gravelly and like a cross between Tennessee Ernie and a foghorn and you bounce her up and down and you sing:

And this is the way the farmers ride,

Clump-clump clump-clump clump-clump!

"And speaking of my little daughter," Janet said, "wouldn't you like her off your lap now?"

Kelly looked up at me. "Aw," her eyes seemed to be saying. "That's all right," I said. I looked into those eyes for a few more moments, and then I got back to my work. "Janet, Tony," I asked, "how do you have fun with your friends when you entertain them here at home?"

The very informal Janet and Tony

"Well, as you can see," Janet said, "we live very informally and we entertain very informally."

"After any guests arrive," Tony said, "I might sit and play cards with the fellows for a while—poker and canasta, maybe."

"And I might sit and watch television with the girls," Janet said.

"And then Janet cooks," said Tony.

"Well, I try to cook," Janet said, squeezing her husband's hand. "Usually on Saturday nights Tony and I will invite some of our friends over for dinner—the Gershwins, Dean and Jean Martin, Gower and Marge Champion, Blake and Pat Edwards . . . Blake's a director, by the way. For something like this I'll usually prepare New York strippers—a large steak you broil almost like a roast and then slice into individual portions. And I'll have a couple of vegetables and a couple of kinds of potatoes—or rice and one kind of potato. And a green salad and a mold salad—for whoever prefers which. And then plain old dessert and coffee . . . We don't have a dining room set yet—we're still shopping around for the exact set we want—so we all eat in here, off our laps."

"And even when we get the set," Tony said, "we're not planning to have many formal sit-down dinners. They're lots of work. . . ."

" . . . And," Janet agreed, "you don't have half the good time."

I nodded. "Janet, Tony," I said now, "do you manage to have any fun while you're working on pictures?"

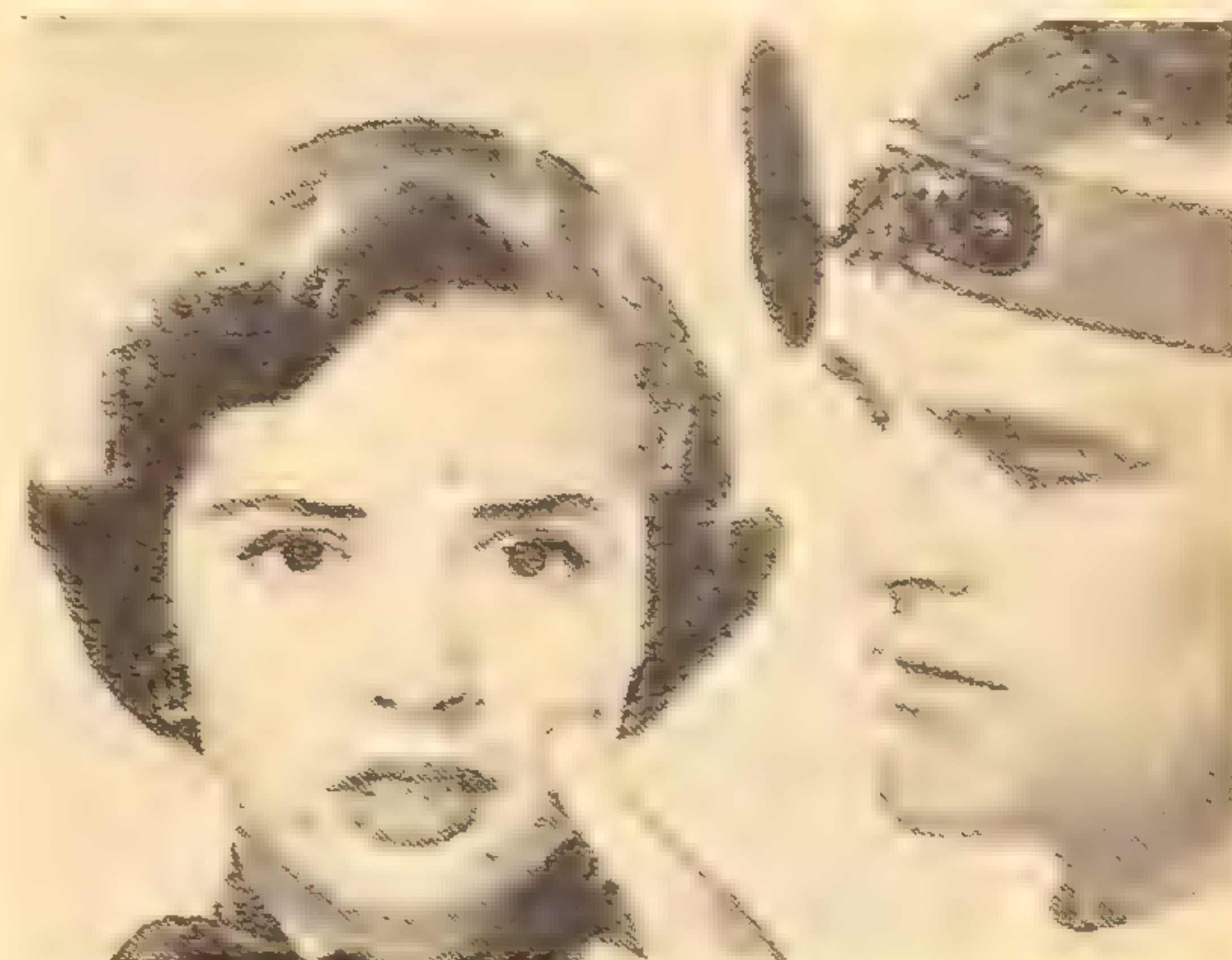
Working hard on the gags

"Oh, lots," Janet said. "Of course, it's kibitzing mostly. And like with any group working together, you have your own jokes, the kind nobody off the set or not connected with the picture would understand. But there are times when everybody knocks themselves out for a good all-around laugh. The crowd I'm working

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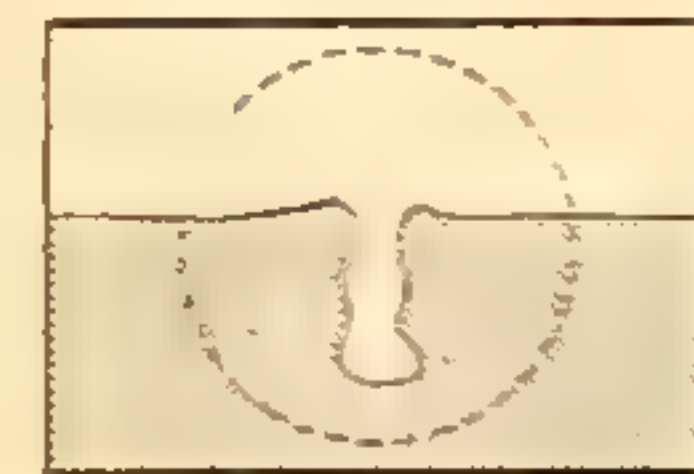


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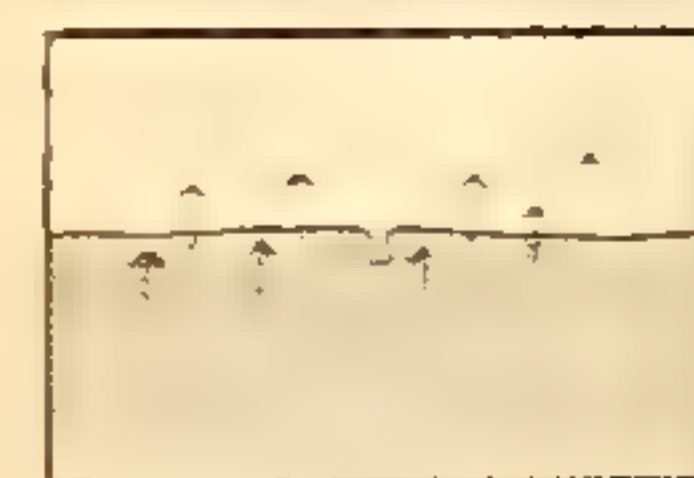
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with now on *Badge* is an awful lot of fun. But I think the funniest single thing that ever happened to me on a set happened a few years back when I was making *Two Tickets To Broadway*. All day one day—I think it was a Friday, towards the end of the picture—I had to shoot a scene where I had to start crying, walk towards a closet and open a door. Well, the director wanted this scene done just right and so we did it over and over again—goodness knows how many times—and I ended up crying for about twelve hours straight. At about eight o'clock that night I was exhausted. Actually, the director had finally got what he wanted by then—but he and the boys in the crew didn't tell me. They decided to play a little joke instead. So the director calls for one more take and I walk to where I'm supposed to stand and, drip-drip, I start bawling again all over the place and I walk across the room and open the closet door and, all of a sudden, in the closet I see one of the prop men—wearing bottom BVDs, a bright red brassiere and the longest Goldilocks wig you've ever seen. For a minute, I was stunned. But then I realized what was going on and I broke up laughing along with everyone else on the set and I must have laughed all the way home that night."

"Sometimes," said Tony now, "the fellows and girls on a picture will work harder on a gag than on a scene. A couple of pictures ago, I caught a bad cold and had to miss a few days' work. Well, when I got back to the set that third or fourth morning I was still feeling a little weak around the knees and my first thought was

to finish working and get back home to bed. I kind of said a few *hellos* to people as I arrived and went to my dressing room. When I opened the door and switched on the light I saw that the light was real dim and the walls and ceilings were covered with cobwebs and everything else was covered with dust. Over the mirror was a sign which read: 'WELCOME BACK TO WORK—FINALLY!' It was just a gag. But I knew the kids must have spent a few hours after work the night before to set it up. And sure, penicillin and aspirin and Fletcher's Castoria are good for you when you're sick, but this was the kind of thing that made me feel better right away, lots better."

A trip to Palm Springs

"Tony, Janet," I asked now, "how do the two of you have fun when you're not working on pictures?"

"We love to go on vacations," Janet said. "Europe's a big favorite of ours when we've got the time. We have a real ball there."

"And we like to go to New York," said Tony. "It's a real stimulating place and we see all the plays we can take in and all the good friends we have there."

"When there's not too much time between pictures," Janet added, "we either go up to Palm Springs or Arrowhead and just rest and lie in the sun and swim a little and play tennis a little." She smiled. "Mmmmm, that sounds good, doesn't it?" Then she turned to Tony. "As a matter of fact, Tony," she said, "after I finish this picture I think I'm going to go up to

Palm Springs for about ten days, alone."

Tony frowned. "You're what?"

"Well, Tony," Janet said, "it's been hard work on the picture and don't forget, I'm a woman, and I've been taking care of the baby at the same time and of this big house and. . . ." She looked suddenly sad. "And gosh," she said now, "that would be pretty lonely all alone up there, without you, without Kelly, wouldn't it? . . . What I meant to say, Tony, was—could you and the baby and I go to Palm Springs for a little rest when we're through working? Kelly hasn't even been there yet."

Tony grinned. "You bet we can go," he said.

"And speaking of the baby," Janet said. "Kelly, don't you think that *now* it's high time you slid yourself down from the patient gentleman's lap?"

Kelly had been quiet for quite some time now. I looked down to see what was wrong. I saw. "Shhhhh," I said, "Kelly's asleep."

Janet and Tony jumped up from the couch. They looked at their sleeping beauty for a few moments. And then they gently lifted her from my lap, said *good night*, and then—very quietly—they carried Kelly to her room upstairs and to the big pink-and-white crib there. . . . **END**

Watch for Janet in RKO's *Jet Pilot* U-I's *Badge Of Evil* and U.A.'s *The Vikings*. Tony will also be seen in *The Vikings*, and he's in *Sweet Smell Of Success*. He's currently in U-I's *The Midnight Story*.

I was a run-away teenage bride

(Continued from page 49) "I was a run-away teenage bride," Luana Patten says today.

"Bitter months later," she added, "I knew this was the greatest mistake of my life.

"My elopement was a sudden, impulsive thing. It should never have happened and it began when I yielded to the temptation to go steady with a boy I never loved.

"Like so many sixteen-year-old girls, I thought that going steady was a pleasant, social convenience that I could turn off and on like a faucet. Instead, it led to something I'd never bargained for.

"I knew what I wanted out of life. I had quit pictures when I reached the awkward age. I was living a normal school-girl existence with my parents in Long Beach, right outside of Hollywood. And I had it all figured out: I'd finish high school, get back in the movies, and then fall in love and marry.

"And then Jeff entered my life, and everything changed."

We are calling the boy Jeff, although that is not his real name, because he is not a professional and he is entitled to privacy.

"After school hours I worked as a cashier in a local movie theater to pick up extra pin money, but that was only until I grew up enough to return to picture work.

"A group of fellows from LONG BEACH CITY COLLEGE used to come to the movie house. Jeff was one of them."

On her coffee break she'd see them in the lobby and chat with them. She didn't pay any particular attention to any one of them, until the night that she took her mother to the movies on her night off.

More and more dates

As they were walking in, someone tapped Luana on the arm. She turned around and stared into the dark, handsome face of one of the CITY COLLEGE boys. He was tall and

slim with broad shoulders, and he had a likable grin as he said, "Say, are you going to snub me after I've seen you here for so many weeks?"

Luana laughed and introduced Jeff to her mother. After the movie, she and Jeff made a date for Saturday night. And then more and more dates.

"Going steady was the craze at our school," Luana explained. "I had never gone steady—I was only sixteen; I wanted to return to acting; I didn't want to be tied down. But my girl friends used to say, 'You don't have to marry the boy you go steady with! It doesn't mean a thing, just that you have a steady boy friend you can count on to take you out every weekend and to dances. We all do it!'

"And it did give me a warm feeling to know that I could call on a fellow in emergencies—like the time my car ran out of gas. I got to a phone and called Jeff and he was over in no time at all and helped me out. And not having to get to understand half a dozen different fellows all the time.

"That's the way it became between Jeff and me. Soon other boy friends stopped calling me and at school dances, no one cut in. I met his parents, and he was completely at home with my folks. We slipped easily into the cozy pattern of 'going steady.'"

How to tell him

Then one night, as they were sitting in his car at a drive-in, Jeff kissed her tenderly, and taking her left hand in his slipped a ring on her fourth finger.

It was a small diamond ring—an engagement ring.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"It means," he replied, "that I love you, just as I know you must love me. And that we're going to get married."

Luana was stunned. That was not what she had bargained for. But how to tell him!

Driving home, Luana thought frantically, *Mother will get me out of this. She always knows how I feel, and she can explain to Jeff without hurting his feelings.*

The next morning, showing her mother the ring, Luana began, "I want to tell you something, Mother."

Mrs. Patten let out a cry of joy. "How wonderful! He's such a nice boy. I'm glad he has a serious side to him. So many boys today think that they can take a girl's time and mean nothing by it."

Luana's mouth fell open. "But mother I want to finish school."

"You can, Luana. You're both such youngsters, you can wait a year if you want."

Looking back, Luana says today, "When I saw Jeff that night I wanted to tell him that I wasn't thinking of marriage yet, but there was such a happy look on his face that I didn't have the heart. *Some other day*, I thought. *Plenty of time.*"

"The girls at school absolutely flipped over my ring. 'How lucky you are, Luana,' they said, crowding around me. It was fun to get all this attention and have my friends look at my ring with such open envy. And I guess I figured there was plenty of time—maybe Jeff would get tired of me and the whole problem would just disappear."

But there wasn't any time, because Jeff wanted to get married. Right away. Luana stalled.

A lonely Luana

Tensions mounted. If another boy looked at Luana, Jeff would get jealous. They'd argue about little things; even about the earrings she wore.

One time they broke up. Luana was relieved. But . . . she was Jeff's girl and none of the other boys called her for dates. Saturday night—and all the other nights—were lonelier and lonelier. . . .

Then, one lonely evening, the phone rang and it was so good to hear Jeff's voice!

"No wonder we're at each other's throats, honey," said Jeff. "This is awful on our nerves—being engaged and dragging on like this. If we got married we'd be happy. No more fights. We'll be much better off."

They could run away and get married, Jeff explained, so that no one would know and Luana could finish school. Luana's head was spinning. She wanted to end the quarrels, the indecision, the confusion within herself. The loneliness. They made plans to elope to Yuma the following weekend.

She packed a bag and told her mother she was going to spend the weekend at a girl friend's. They eloped to Yuma.

During the long, dark drive back from Yuma, all she could think of was that she had lied to her parents; and what if her mother had called her friend—and found out she hadn't been there at all! Instead of happiness, it was fear and guilt that hung over her on her wedding day.

Her face was burning as she stepped into her home. She was a liar—and she'd been lying a lie for a year, her senior year at high school.

"Is that you, Luana?" her mother called from the kitchen. "Did you enjoy yourself at your friend's?"

Luana paused for a moment, and replied in a tight voice, "Yes."

Then she shut herself in her room and broke into tears.

The masquerade continues until . . .

Jeff continued to live at his house, she at hers. And the masquerade continued.

"But nothing was the same anymore; school wasn't fun, and I couldn't get rid of feeling guilty about the lies that piled higher and higher.

"After a while, Jeff wanted to tell our parents, take an apartment and live like husband and wife. But I didn't want to live as his wife!—nor as anyone's wife, really.

"We quarreled more and more. One of my girl friends was getting married—in church, as I had once dreamed of doing, and I was to be her bridesmaid. I felt so blue the day of her wedding—and maybe Jeff felt I was blaming him for not having church wedding of my own—but anyway we had a fight and I went to the wedding alone.

"When I got home, still wearing my pale green bouffant bridesmaid's gown, Jeff was there, and one look at the hurt expression on my parents' faces and I knew that Jeff had told them.

"Dad came to me and the way he said, 'Baby, why didn't you tell us?' almost broke my heart. And Mother said in a little voice, 'Luana, I wanted to see my daughter at her own wedding.'

"I wanted to die."

Luana and Jeff moved in with his parents, since they lived alone in a fairly large house. They were pleasant and understanding, and Luana got along well with them. And she should have felt happy that everything was settled—but somehow, she just wasn't.

Didn't know each other at all

The day after her graduation, she called her agent and told him she was ready to go to work. He got her a leading role in *Rock, Pretty Baby*.

She was thrilled at the news, and when he told Jeff about it she thought he'd be proud. But strangely enough, he was upset.

"At that moment," she says, "it struck me that we didn't know each other at all, what the other wanted—what would make each other happy. During all the months we went steady, we had never really discussed what we wanted out of marriage. We had rushed in so childishly that we had never talked things over frankly. To us, getting married came after going steady. But marriage was serious! For a lifetime . . .

"We were all mixed up."

We moved to the Valley to be near the studio. And everything began to change. I wasn't a kid anymore; I was an actress. And Jeff couldn't understand my new life. I'd leave at six in the morning and come home late at night, exhausted. It wasn't his fault, really, that he couldn't cope with the demands of my career. It was a completely new experience.

"Jeff would come home from his job, looking forward to an evening of relaxation and fun. I was still tied up in knots from the day's shooting. He wanted friends over. I wanted to shut myself up in the bedroom and study my lines for the next day.

"He wanted to watch me work on the set. I don't like to have anyone around, anyone close; it freezes me.

"I'd come home to a lot of questions that seemed like the third degree.

A full-time wife

"Things were getting worse and worse."

Then one evening, unexpectedly, several friends came all the way from Long Beach to visit Luana and Jeff. She had a difficult scene for the next morning and all she wanted was to be left alone to work on the script. And she was so tired she hardly said a word to their guests, even before she left them to shut herself in her room.

When they had gone, Jeff was furious. "—Insulting our friends like that!"

She was hurt, too, that he didn't understand. "I have to be up at 5:30. I had to study my scene—I have to look fresh in the morning . . ."

There were lots of angry words that night.

Finally Jeff blurted, "This can't go on. Which do you want? A marriage or a career!"

She looked at his tortured face, and she replied dully, "My career. I'll take my career."

A door banged, and she was left alone.

"I had a strange feeling of relief," Luana remembers, "as if—for the first time in a year—I didn't have a burden weighing me down. It wasn't Jeff's fault. He knew what he wanted out of life too—marriage and a full-time wife.

"Maybe I was to blame, for drifting into an elopement I never wanted. When I started to go steady with Jeff I didn't know what I was getting into. I thought I could escape what going steady means—the emotional involvement and everything else there is to going steady. But I couldn't."

Separate lives

She and Jeff took up their separate lives again. Luana stayed on alone in the little apartment in the Valley—her hit in *Rock, Pretty Baby* started her career climbing and after her performance in Walt Disney's *Johnny Tremain* she was in demand as a fresh, teenage actress.

Annulment proceedings were begun.

But Luana is not soured on marriage—"Far from it," she says. "Some day, when I meet the man I love, and I have given myself a chance to know my own heart—then I hope to marry and have a family.

"I want to be honest with myself, and with him.

"Never again," she says slowly, her gray eyes thoughtful, "will I allow myself to be caught up and carried away in the whirlpool of going steady—unless I really feel it.

"That much at least I learned from the wreckage of my teenage elopement . . ."

END

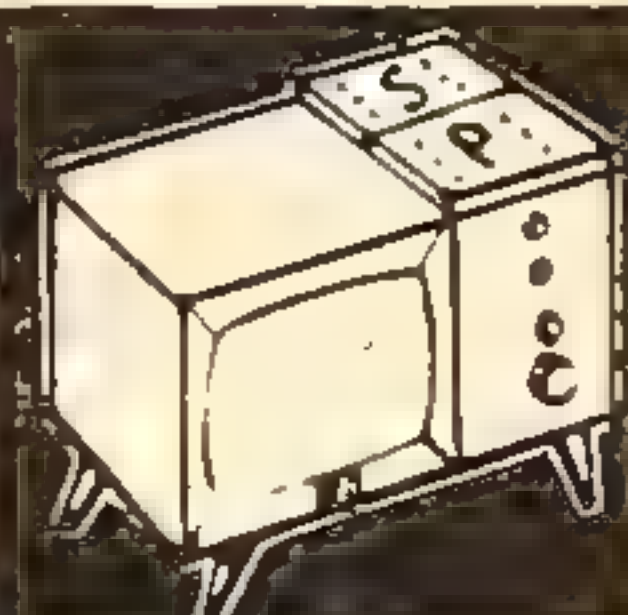
Luana Patten is currently in Walt Disney's *Johnny Tremain* and U-I's *Joe Dakota*.



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- August 2—**Myrna Loy**
Gary Merrill
- August 3—**Marilyn Maxwell**
Gordon Scott
- August 5—**John Saxon**
David Brian
- August 6—**Lucille Ball**
Robert Mitchum
- August 8—**Esther Williams**
Rory Calhoun
- August 10—**Eddie Fisher**
Rhonda Fleming
Martha Hyer
- August 11—**Arlene Dahl**
- August 12—**John Derek**
Kurt Kasznar
- August 15—**Lori Nelson**
- August 16—**Ann Blyth**
Fess Parker
- August 17—**Maureen O'Hara**
- August 18—**Shelley Winters**
- August 19—**Debra Paget**
- August 23—**Vera Miles**
Gene Kelly
- August 25—**Mel Ferrer**
Van Johnson
- August 26—**George Montgomery**
- August 29—**Ingrid Bergman**
Barry Sullivan
- August 30—**Donald O'Connor**
Raymond Massey
- August 31—**Richard Basehart**
Fredric March



Robert Taylor
August 5



Ethel Barrymore
August 15



Shirley Booth
August 30



Fred MacMurray
August 30

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

roberto jilts ingrid

(Continued from page 47) simply that Rossellini had fallen, fallen hard, for a twenty-seven-year-old Indian beauty named Sonali Das Gupta; that, while Sonali had left her husband and was living in the same hotel with Rossellini, Rossellini was calling the rumors "non-sense" and "untrue"; that Ingrid admitted she hadn't heard from her husband in weeks, but she too was branding the reports as "terribly false."

We thought back to the rumors we'd heard, long before the newspapers had got wind of what was going on. Rumors can sometimes be vicious things, but these had come from very reliable sources. We put them all together now to see how they stacked up with the recent headlines. Sadly, they stacked up very neatly.

The first one came from a director who'd visited the Rossellinis with his wife while vacationing in Europe last summer. "It's hard for me to say just how unhappy they looked with one another," he told us. "We had lunch together, the four of us, and all during the lunch Ingrid talked only to us and Rossellini talked only to us. They never talked, really talked, to each other. Rossellini is a great charmer and my wife was enchanted by him. But I don't think Ingrid was as enchanted as she was the day she ran off with him. Matter of fact, I had the feeling she was rather disenchanted. This was about the time she had decided to do *Anastasia* and then go into the Paris stage company of *Tea And Sympathy*. I think she decided on this return to work because she and her husband needed the money. When she first met Rossellini he was a top dog. He'd directed one success after another. And some of his stuff was really good, too. Remember how Ingrid wrote to him after seeing *Open City* in Hollywood? She told him she hoped he wouldn't think it presumptuous of her to write to him since they'd never met, but she admired his work so much and would like to meet him someday and be in one of his movies.

But Roberto was no genius

And then he met Ingrid and she bore his child and they got married. And while the rest of the world threw stones at her, she felt warm and secure in the knowledge that she had given up everything for a man who loved her like no other woman had ever been loved before, for a man who was a genius—or so she thought.

"Well," the director went on, "soon after they were married, it was clear that Rossellini was no genius. His next three pictures were box-office flops, bad ones. It was clear, too, that he and Ingrid were beginning to worry about where the money was going to come from. For a while, they figured, they could live on the money they had saved. And for a while they did, too—and in nice style, with a villa near the sea and plenty of sports cars for Rossellini and plenty of maids and nursemaids for Ingrid and the children. But liras don't grow on trees, and after a couple of years of turning down all offers and saying 'I will work only in films my husband directs'—Ingrid began to realize that nobody was begging for her husband to direct any pictures. Rossellini himself realized this and Rossellini was slowly beginning to suggest that maybe she should answer that letter from Mr. Zanuck out in Hollywood, that maybe she should reconsider what she had told those theater men up in Paris.

"When I saw her, Ingrid struck me as a woman going back to work just to keep life going."

The second rumor came from a freelance writer in Rome, a few months later.

His wire read: "Do you want story on Rossellini and his flirtation with German starlet? She is here making movie. RR is here supposedly on business. Gossip is movie crowd along Via Veneto all talking about them having dinner together last few nights, about RR sending her flowers, taking her dancing, seeing lots, lots of her. Gossip is movie crowd here likes Ingrid tremendously; didn't like RR when he was on top and doesn't like him now that he's down on luck. They'll talk, talk plenty. Do you want?"

The third rumor came from Paris where Ingrid was shooting parts of *Anastasia* at this same time. It was one of those inside stories making the rounds among the members of the cast and crew. It concerned Ingrid at a party, one of the few she attended while making the picture. I told how Ingrid, after a hard day on the set and an unusually light lunch and dinner, had become dizzy after drinking a glass of champagne at the party; how she'd gone and found herself a chair in a corner and begun to weep, about her three children by Rossellini—Robertino, seven, and the twin girls, Ingrid and Isabella, four—whispering to herself that she would never give them up, never, never. The people then figured Ingrid was having trouble with Rossellini and was worried that if they ever split up—Italian divorce laws being what they are—Rossellini, native Catholic, might get all rights to the children over Ingrid, a Protestant foreigner. After all, he'd retained basic custody.

Tyrone Power tells of the way his father managed to rid himself of the drinking habit. A doctor had offered the solution: "Whenever you feel like taking a drink, have some food instead" . . . One night the senior Power heard shots in the room next door. It was a double-suicide. Power glanced at the two bodies, rushed downstairs to report it—then told the bellboy: "Quick, boy, double order of ham and eggs."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

over his first son by a former marriage hadn't he? What was to prevent the court from taking their three children away from Ingrid if worse ever came to worse? "It was a crushing blow to me when I realized that Pia"—her daughter by her first marriage—"was really no longer mine," Ingrid said a few years ago. What would the blow be like if the boy Robertino and the twins were to be no longer hers?

A specific pretty young thing

The fourth rumor came from New York just a few months ago. Ingrid had flown in for a weekend from Paris to receive a newspaper critics' award for her work on *Anastasia*. She got a tremendous welcome and it made her look radiant!

Then, a few hours before she flew back to Paris, she had supper with some of her friends at the COLONY and something happened that caused the radiance to fade.

"It was like pulling the plug out of the Christmas tree," someone who was there said. "Ingrid was talking about how wonderful the weekend had been, how she would never forget it, when somebody said it was a shame that her husband couldn't have come along with her. One had mentioned her husband before this and now Ingrid's smile faded a little. But still she smiled and said, 'Oh, Roberto is in India now, directing a picture of India,' somebody at the table teased. 'I've been there and let me tell you there have more beautiful women per square yard than Beverly Hills and John Robert Powers' office put together.' This is what

he smile completely disappeared from Ingrid's face. She didn't say anything much after that. I noticed that she barely ate after that. I couldn't help wondering if he was suddenly thinking about Rossellini's famous roving eye and where it might be roving at that very moment, or if she had some kind of clue that maybe it had already ceased its roving and began to concentrate on some specific pretty young thing in a sari and with a diamond on her forehead and all that."

We know now that at that particular moment Rossellini was seeing a lot of the beauty named Sonali. He had checked in at the TAJ MAHAL HOTEL in Bombay one day and had met Sonali at a cocktail party the producers of the movie had thrown the next day. Sonali—who had been assigned to help Rossellini with matters concerning local customs and to help make revisions in the script—joined everyone else in toasting Rossellini and the success of the film. And then, shortly after, she found herself sitting next to the fifty-one-year-old director and telling him all about herself . . . how she had done a little of this type of work before she was married, how she'd met her husband—Hari, thirty-three, "a film director, as are you, Signor"—while working on a movie together, how they had two fine children, both boys, one five years old, the other not yet a year. "I have loved your work, Signor," she said, "and I consider this a great honor and a highlight to work with you now."

Dennis James dropped in at a Howard Johnson's in midtown New York, and the counterman said, "You look like Dennis James." Dennis admitted, "I know; everybody tells me that."

The counterman sighed, "Of course, if you were really Dennis James, you wouldn't be here." Dennis sighed, "You're right."

"Just my luck," the counterman said, "I never see any celebrities here."

Paul Denis

Rossellini, it is reported, answered the compliment with a gentle kiss on the hand. It is further reported that he never quite let the beautiful Sonali's hand go. A couple of months later, Sonali left her husband and moved to the TAJ MAHAL HOTEL. Her suite happened to be the one adjoining Rossellini's. A hotel maid whispered this information to another maid who told her friend who told her friend. And then, before Rossellini could say more, a Bombay newspaperman heard about it, investigated it and reported it.

An interview with Ingrid

Ingrid, in Paris, read about it in an early morning edition following a performance of *Tea And Sympathy*, according to a friend. "She had just got back to her hotel when she saw the newspaper on the coffee table," says the friend. "All she could see in the headline at first was her name. 'Oh God,' she said, as if she knew what it would all be about. Then she unfolded the newspaper and she began to read. I don't see how she could really have read it all, her eyes were so full of tears. She lay the paper down and wiped away her tears. Then she turned and said, 'If you don't mind, I would like to go and kiss the children and then go to sleep. I am very tired.' That was all she said that night. Nothing more."

The following morning, Ingrid put up a good fight with the dozens of reporters who crowded outside her door asking for comment about the report from India. Her hands tensely clasped, but as gracious in voice and expression as ever, Ingrid

stood by Rossellini. "I've heard about these rumors before," she said, "and I do not believe one word of them."

Meanwhile, a world away, in Bombay, Rossellini—his hands very relaxed, sitting back on a couch with a Scotch and water, as a matter of fact—told reporters, "My wife and I have much understanding."

"Exactly what do you mean by that?" he was asked.

"Just what I said," Rossellini smiled.

"Mr. Rossellini," he was asked, "do you not realize that the women of the world would consider you a Dracula if you caused your wife any further heart-break?"

"Tell the women of the world," he said, "that they have nothing to worry about. I know my wife. She is a strong woman, stronger than I in many ways. She is very independent."

"What do you mean by that?" he was asked.

Again, Rossellini smiled. "Just what I said." He seemed to mellow for a moment. "Believe me," he went on, "I know what I have done to Ingrid's life, how she has suffered." He nodded. Then he brought up his finger. "But remember," he said, "she did what she wanted to. I did not kidnap her. And we have had a good life together."

"Mr. Rossellini," a woman reporter asked, "how do you explain your success with women?"

Rossellini shrugged. "I do not know the secret of my influence over women," he said, "but I will say that women are very human. . . ."

"Would you consider Sonali Das Gupta as very human?" he was asked.

"I will not answer that," Rossellini said. But he didn't mind continuing with his observations on the female sex and Rossellini. "Women," he said, "are easily touched by a humble, simple, honest man, and I do pride myself about my work and myself."

"And your women?" he was asked.

He bowed slightly. "And my women," he agreed.

"The crowds are always waiting"

That afternoon, there was much unexpected excitement at the TAJ MAHAL HOTEL. A little while earlier, Sonali—who begged off anything but the shortest kind of interview because, she said, she was ill—told reporters that "you will have to ask all questions of Signor Rossellini. I cannot answer anything." About an hour later, she ran weeping into Rossellini's suite. "Roberto," she cried out, "they are after me. My husband's family. Over the phone they have said I am bringing them disgrace and that they will bring me justice."

Rossellini got on the phone and called the police. Within half an hour, six giant policemen were stationed outside Sonali's door and at the door leading to her terrace. Rossellini gave strict orders that no one must enter the frightened girl's room.

"No one?" he was asked.

"I may enter it from time to time," Rossellini said, and then he was off. Off, too, was the second press conference of the day which had been scheduled for early that evening.

"Go away everybody," Rossellini shouted that night when someone knocked on his door. "Go away and leave me alone."

And in Paris there was a knock on the door of Ingrid's dressing room that night. "The curtain is going up in a few minutes," a boy called out. Ingrid nodded. "Oui," she said. She did not move. Five minutes later, the manager himself came and knocked. "Madame Bergman," he called, "the crowds. They are waiting."

"The crowds," Ingrid said, "they are always waiting."

Then she got up to face them—again. **END**

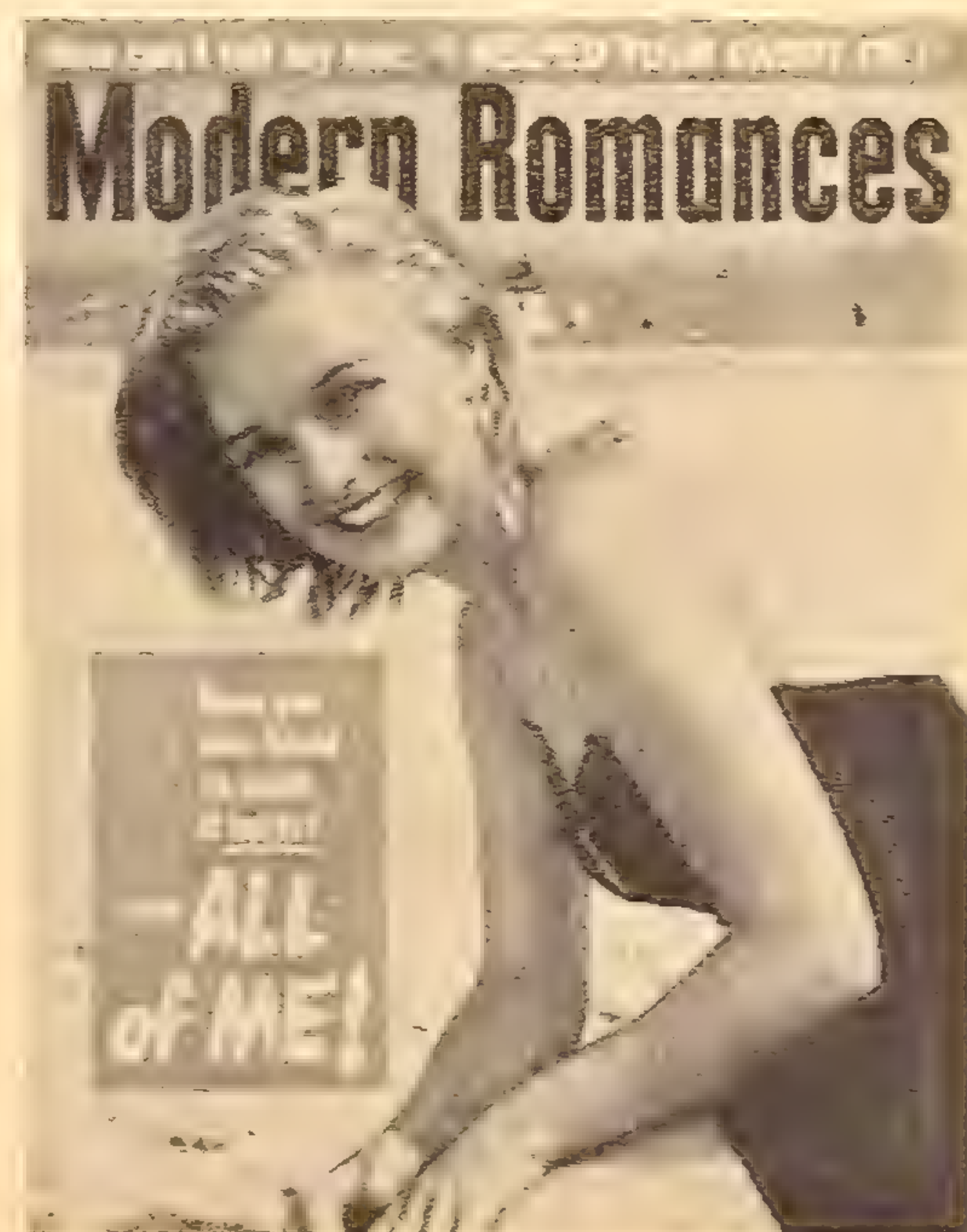
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good-by my love

(Continued from page 52) sparkling, "I knew this would come, that you would talk like this one day. Why do you talk like this now?"

Linda wouldn't tell him about the premonition she'd had. "Because—" she started to say, hesitating.

"Because," Fon interrupted, "you are a woman and you are afraid of speed. But I am not afraid of death . . . I know that I will probably die a very old man," he smiled, "sick in bed with the gout or some such thing."

"Even if I asked you, if I begged you," Linda asked, "you would not give it up?"

"Not for the greatest love in the world," Fon said. He embraced Linda. "For three years I have entered this race. Twice I have lost. This time I want to win. I can't control this feeling. I feel like an addict who *must* do something or else there is nothing . . . Do you understand?"

Linda nodded a very weak nod. "If that's the way it must be . . ." she said.

"This is the way it must be," said Fon. "Now you rest for a little while. And I, I must finish writing this letter I started to a very dear friend in Paris."

Linda lay back on the chaise and Fon went to his desk. He looked over at Linda. Her eyes were closed. "Rest, *querida*," Fon said, still smiling. Then the smile disappeared from his face and he sat down, picked up his pen and began to write again.

And I have a feeling, he wrote, that *maybe on Sunday I will die.*

"All the things we're fond of"

. . . Saturday was wonderful. Linda and Fon had breakfast together and then Fon said, "Today I want to do all the things we are fondest of." They spent the morning in the beautiful park of the VILLA BORGHESE, just walking together, like two lovers, hand in hand, and watching the rich children of Rome being wheeled by their nursemaids and the children playing and fighting and yelling and singing, and then they went to a little place they'd discovered a few months earlier, on a narrow and creaky side-street named LOMBARDI, and they had a small pizza each and a tiny glass of ordinary wine. After lunch Fon hailed a cab and told the driver they wanted to go to the *Via Condotti*.

"Why there?" Linda asked. Condotti was the most fashionable shopping street in all Italy.

"I must buy you something," said Fon. "A gift."

"May the eleventh," Linda said, teasing. She shook her head. "No, it's not my birthday."

"If it were your birthday today," said Fon, "I would buy you all of Rome." He squeezed her hand. "What would you like, Linda? Earrings, maybe? Those earrings you were admiring the other day?"

Linda felt the palm of her hand begin to perspire. *I don't want any gift, she thought to herself. What is wrong that on this day, of all days, you must buy me a gift?* But instead she said: "We are going to Monte Carlo next week, yes?"

"Yes," Fon said, softly.

"Well," Linda said, suddenly very gay, "I do need an evening bag to go with my new red dress. Can you buy me an evening bag?"

A note to Fon

Fon said *yes*, if that was all she wanted.

That evening they had a long, leisurely dinner at ULPPIA, their favorite restaurant, overlooking the moon-baked Coliseum. After the waiter brought their coffee, Linda said she would fly to Milan and meet him at the end of the race the following day.

she said. "I want to be there at the finish line and take you in my arms and know that it is all over, that the terrible race is ended and you are back with me."

"I would like that very much," said Fon.

At the hotel, they kissed good night. Then Linda went to her apartment and phoned a friend. "I want Fon to think I'm flying straight to Milan," she said. "But actually I'd like to surprise him midway through the race, somewhere, anywhere, at one of those towns they drive through. If we start very early, we can be there before the racers. Will you give me a ride up, first thing in the morning?"

Quickly, she packed a suitcase and got everything ready for the following morning. Then she went to her desk to write Fon a note, to explain that she'd decided to leave that night, that she'd see him the following evening. On the top right-hand corner of the note-paper she wrote *Saturday*. Then, for some reason, she looked down at her wristwatch. It was five minutes after twelve, five minutes after midnight. She sat there motionless for a minute. Then she crossed out the word and, her hand trembling slightly, she wrote *Sunday*.

The day of the race, the day she feared, had come.

Fon and his co-driver—a young American named Gunner Nelson—were in their shiny red Ferrari at the starting line at 10 o'clock. At 10:15 a shot rang out and the *Mille Miglia* was on.

Fon had the Ferrari up to 125 miles an

Tommy Rettig, 13, who made his film debut with Richard Widmark years ago in *Panic In The Streets*, was working with Widmark again in *The Last Wagon*, on location in Sedona, Ariz. Tommy, who is well-known for his role in the *Lassie* TV series, has always considered Widmark his hero. So one day on the set he paid Widmark this compliment: "Gosh, Mr. Widmark, it would be perfect working with you—if you could only bark."

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

hour within a couple of minutes. He'd been a trifle late starting, but one by one he seemed to be passing most of the other racers.

"We're hitting it," his co-driver shouted over the roar of the motor, after their first half hour.

"Good," said Fon, jubilantly. "Now we must hit it more!"

It was only a few minutes more before they passed the fifth car, then the fourth, then the third.

"We're number three now," Gunner Nelson shouted.

"And then we will pass the other two," said Fon, laughing, "and we are number one."

They had to slow down as they approached the town of Lubrano. Lubrano's main street was a short and sharp curve and nothing more, and all drivers had been warned to slow down to a crawl. Fon eased up on the accelerator. The blur of passing scenery became settled now, and as he slowed down he could see the signs over the doors of the stores on the main street and the faces and flying hands of the hundreds of people who'd come from all over the town and the farms nearby and now lined the street.

Looking ahead to the dead center of the curve, the place where he had to slow down the most, he noticed a girl. She was tall and she was beautiful and she wore a blue-and-white polka dot dress that he knew well. It was Linda.

He brought the Ferrari to a quick stop. "Avanti, avanti," shouted the policeman. "You must not stop here. You are mad. You must not stop here."

Linda rushed past the policeman and straight over to the car. Fon reached for her. They kissed quickly, deeply.

"Good luck, darling," Linda whispered. "I'm driving to the airport now to take a plane to Milan. I'll be there before you. I'll meet you at the finish line. I'll see you tonight."

"Tonight," Fon said.

"Avanti," the exasperated policeman shouted.

"Take care, darling," Linda called.

"Avanti!"

"Tonight, *querida*," Fon called out as he hit the accelerator again and zoomed out of sight.

Looking for Fon's car

Linda was nervous on the plane. She kept looking out the window, down below at the mountains and the patches of farms and olive groves and the little specks of towns and, especially, at the winding roads. She was looking for Fon's car. She couldn't make out a thing. She sighed. Then, finally, she sat back and closed her eyes. The man who was sitting next to her told reporters later that he heard her whisper, "Is this right what we are doing, Dear God? Is this right?" It's possible that Linda—as hard as she always tried not to think about it—was thinking that Fon was married to a girl in New York at this moment and was the father of two fine-looking children . . .

Fon took a quick look at the speedometer. It read 133. He smiled.

"In a few minutes we come to Guidizzolo," his co-driver said. "We've got to slow down."

"All right," Fon said. He looked up from the road for a moment. A plane was flying overhead. It was headed north, just as they were. "Linda," he whispered.

Then, suddenly, his co-driver slapped his leg and said: "There's Guidizzolo ahead."

Fon began to slow down. Within a couple of minutes they were zipping through the town's main street, like all the others, crowded with screaming mobs. Up ahead, way up ahead, Fon noticed a large group of children—perhaps part of a schoolclass. They were all wearing olive brown uniforms and they were all waving little red-white-and-green flags. Like everyone else, they were probably all shouting "Viva . . . viva . . . viva!" at the tops of their lungs.

Fon was about fifty yards from the group when the blow-out came, a soft noise from out of nowhere. Then the car veered to the left, hit a telephone pole and began to spin, flying high in the air, across the road, towards the group of suddenly screaming, frightened children. Towards the others—not knowing what was happening—who were still waving their flags still shouting "Viva!"

The intense faces of the newsmen

It began to drizzle just as Linda's plane landed at the Milan airport. Linda put a kerchief on her head, left the plane and prepared to make a dash for the car she'd ordered, the car that would drive her to the finish line. She noticed about a dozen reporters and photographers headed for her.

"Gentlemen," she said, smiling, "it raining and I have nothing to say except that I am here for a day or two and . . ."

She stopped. She looked at the faces of the newsmen. They were all very serious, very intense.

"Has there just been a war declared?" Linda asked, trying to joke.

None of the men said anything.

Then Linda knew. Still smiling, the smile frozen on her face, she asked, "Has something happened to Fon?"

"The marquis—" one of the reporters started to say.

Linda's eyes began to fill with tears. "I know," she said. "The marquis is dead."

The newsmen looked at each other, nervously.

"Si," one of them said, nodding.

Linda stood there, in the light rain, not moving for a moment. Then she screamed. "I knew it, I knew it," she sobbed. "I knew he would die!"

"All I have left"

Two hours later, Linda was in Guidizzolo, at the scene of the crash, and she stood weeping over the deep skid marks Fon's car had made, weeping over the ten blankets which hid broken little bodies from view, and the priest saying prayers over them; weeping as nurses and doctors worked to save others, as ambulances and hearses arrived from nearby towns at the same time, as broken-hearted mothers were led away, as policemen tried to keep the crowds from coming too close.

"The driver?" Linda asked one policeman. "... he has been taken away?"

"Both the drivers and the car have been taken away already, *Signorina*," the policeman said. "You knew the drivers?"

"Yes," Linda said.

"It was very quick," the policeman said, as if to offer some consolation.

He had just begun to walk away when Linda noticed that he was carrying a driver's helmet. Fon's. She ran after the policeman and grabbed the helmet from him. And saw that it was covered with drying blood. She clutched it to her breast.

"*Signorina*," the policeman said gently. "I must have that back."

"Can't I keep it?" Linda begged, clutching it. "It was Fon's. It was *his*. It's all I have left. Can't I keep it?"

"I am sorry," the policeman said. Gently, he took it from her. "But we must use this in our investigation of the crash. I am sorry."

"Yes," Linda said, dazed. "Yes, I see."

It was a little after midnight when Linda—along with Fon's mother and sister—were allowed to see his coffin. It rested, alongside the coffin of his co-driver, in a dimly-lit chapel of a tiny church in Cavriana, a town not far from the sight of the crash.

Linda was dry-eyed now. She'd been taken to a hotel following the trip to Guidizzolo and had been given a heavy dose of sedatives. She'd slept a little and gradually her tears seemed to have left her. Now she stood there, stiff, staring, as Fon's sister walked over to the coffin, made the sign of the cross, knelt and began to weep; as Fon's mother walked over to the coffin, made the sign of the cross, knelt and began to weep.

A priest came over to where Linda stood. He saw that her face was pale, her lips blue. "Would you like to sit for a little while?" he asked.

Linda stared straight ahead. "We said we would meet tonight," she whispered. "Now we are meeting. I am here. Fon is here. We have kept our appointment. . . ." She looked at the priest. "Father," she said, "everything is gone." Then she collapsed.

"God have mercy, God have love," said the priest as he bent to pick her up and carry her away. "God protect this sorrowing child."

END

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by

Mary Ann Blum, R.N.



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this is your life, dorothy malone

(Continued from page 41) You weren't there yourself. At the time you were in Hollywood. But you knew exactly how it happened—to the smallest detail. That day the Dallas sky was as blue as Bill's eyes, except for a tiny, inconspicuous cloud over Fort Worth way. Bill was playing golf, just set for the swing; lightning struck and he died instantly.

He was eleven years younger than you and more like your son than your brother. He'd arrived as a special family blessing right after both your little sisters had died. You used to cuddle him as a baby and, in your teens, sit with him playing soldiers when your folks went out. People said he looked like you. You liked to take him with you wherever you went—

The show at the PANTAGES went on. Automatically, Dorothy Malone, you laughed at Jerry Lewis' quips and applauded the winners who followed. But your Oscar lay heavily on your lap, reminding you it was Billy who always rooted you on.

"You're going great—Dot."

When the Hollywood offer came and you left college, all your family thought you were foolish. Even Bob, who sat beside you now watching the Awards show. But Bill had always cheered you on. You used to send him your meager press clippings when the first studio going was rough and he'd scrawl back enthusiastically, "Gee, Dot, you're sure going great!"

The crowds sifted out of the PANTAGES when the last trophy was handed out. Still shaky, you went home with your Oscar and your brother Bob. Bob had been with you that awful August day in

1954 when you got the call from Dallas.

You and Bob were swimming in Bob Stack's pool. It was nothing unusual for the operator to trace you there. Calls to and from your family in Dallas took place almost daily and you always left word with the exchange where you'd be. But the minute you lifted the receiver you knew this one was different. Your mother was screaming. You caught the chilling words. "... Bill. . . . dead!"

You had to tell your brother, and that was agony. You flew home that afternoon. You were in the middle of *Young At Heart*. After the funeral, the unreal, unbelievable funeral, you had left in desolation and flown back to Hollywood because you had to. The first scene you made, on your return, was the most festive one in the script—where you announced your engagement.

Watching you play it, Frank Sinatra voiced the opinion of everyone on the set. "There's a girl for you," he said quietly. "A girl with guts."

That picture with Frank Sinatra was your first important milestone on a comeback trail, and the comeback was made even tougher by memories.

But—"There's a pattern in our lives," you're convinced, "and everything truly happens for the best." In the face of the bumps you've received you can confidently add, "It always has for me." Guess that's one of the reasons your nicknames in high school were *Merry Sunshine*—and *Breathless*.

You don't smoke or drink because any stimulant for you is gilding the lily. From October until May of this year you worked every day except weekends, piling up four still-unreleased pictures. In that time you bought a huge Beverly Hills house with seven bathrooms, and decorated it yourself. You wrote plays and

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poetry, played golf, rode horseback, swam, painted, sewed, raised two Afghan hounds, dabbled in politics, and—dating the Hollywood field—sometimes danced rock 'n' roll past midnight. When the career heat cooled, you kited off on charity benefits and resumed your favorite pastime—giving speeches to PTAs, youth organizations, church groups and humane societies.

"I simply adore to make speeches," you smile a little self-consciously. "Isn't that ridiculous?"

Well—not so much. Because usually, Dorothy, you have something to say—*no matter what happens, life can still be wonderful enough to be worth living to the fullest*. At least, that's the principle you have operated on, just naturally, ever since you were born.

A big family . . . for a while

When your parents, Robert and Esther Maloney, were blessed with a baby girl some twenty-eight years ago last January 30, they called you Dorothy, because the name means *Gift of God*. That's what the Maloneys' first child truly was to them.

You belonged to a happy family, and for a while, a big one—your two little sisters, Patsy and Joanne, two and three years younger than you, and a couple of brothers, Bob and Bill, nine and eleven years younger. For you, Dorothy, the role of big sister was tailor-made. Your sisters and brothers were never tag-along pests to you. Each new baby was your baby.

The day you started school in second grade at URSULINE ACADEMY in Dallas, your chestnut hair was clipped and shaggy from a bout with scarlet fever, your legs and arms were like matchsticks from the weight you'd lost. But your big blue-green eyes sparkled over a toothy grin. It must have been that grin that elected you class president, even though you were a new girl there—a popularity tribute you were to collect every year until you graduated.

Think for yourself

"I loved school," you often say. "Lessons weren't work—they were a game." Maybe that's why you were so good in all your studies! You've said, "That's the way it is now with my picture parts—a big fun game. Sometimes I think I shouldn't take the money!"

But even back then, Dorothy, you had a wide streak of *"I can think for myself."*

Take your first birthday party. You invited all your URSULINE classmates and, for a special treat, begged your mother to serve chicken-à-la-king, which everybody adored. But the first girl served looked down at her plate dismally and mumbled, "No—thank you." The awful realization dawned on you, as every other party guest left the chicken untouched: it was Friday! Bravely, sinfully, you ate yours all alone to save your mother's face. Because in your opinion, the Lord would forgive you under the circumstances.

Actually, Dorothy, you were a good Catholic and still are. Your religious faith has stood more than one test. The first occurred when you were ten years old. That year Patsy and Joanne got polio.

You got the news of their deaths at school. "It didn't seem real to me at first," you remember. "I wouldn't believe it. And then it was suddenly clear: they were with God. I felt content."

Off to a flying start

Until you graduated from URSULINE ACADEMY at twelve—class salutatorian and a full year ahead of your age group—your world was almost exclusively feminine. After convent classes you took ballet and

studied piano and voice with more little girls, or alone. Summers, when you weren't modelling in kiddie fashion shows at the downtown NIEMAN-MARCUS department store, your family vacationed on a two-acre country place—away from the world. Mostly, you had to play alone. Your baby brothers were much too little.

The switch from this sheltered and exclusively skirted climate to big, co-ed HIGHLAND PARK HIGH might have terrified any other girl. Maybe you were a little scared, too, looking in the mirror at your drab blue serge convent uniform, black ribbed stockings and tam. No lipstick, of course. Already you were gangling—today you measure 5 feet 7 inches—and braces studded your teeth.

But that bubbling personality got you off to a flying start—

On your first day in school, the boy behind you dropped *I love you* notes so persistently down your blouse that you finally had to slam him over the head with your geography book. During the next four years, besides hitting your studies for a row of A's, you were Girl Scout leader, Hi-Y representative, president of the Latin Club, and a rangy captain of the girl's basketball team. You won cups and blue ribbons for diving, swimming and horseback riding. The Student Council named you parliamentarian and head speaker. In your junior year you were elected to the National Honor Society, one of eight chosen from a class of 400—for leadership, scholarship, service and char-

Joan Crawford listened to a description of Dinah Shore's homecoming to Winchester, Tenn.: "In each place Dinah would be greeted, 'Honey, how'd you like a nice tall glass of ice water?' or 'Dinah, we have a nice pitcher of lemonade waiting for you.' . . . You see, Joan, Dinah doesn't drink." . . . "No wonder Dinah doesn't drink," said Miss Crawford. "Nobody ever offered her one!"

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

acter. You made the debating team and were co-chairman of the Social Service Committee. During your senior year in the Dramatics Club you won first place in Dallas district one-act plays, and, of course, ran off with the lead in the Senior Class play. That year the ROTC elected you queen and, to top it off, the whole student body voted you *School Favorite!* Along the way you found time to model teenage clothes and tutor English—not to mention keeping a date book stuffed with Dallas dreamboats. In short, Dorothy, you did all right!

Starbound

When you graduated, three Eastern colleges—including BRYN MAWR—and two Southern Colleges—SWEETBRIAR and a local girls' college called MISS HOCKADAY'S JUNIOR COLLEGE—offered you scholarships, more or less on the theory that if there was an All-American girl, you were it. You picked MISS HOCKADAY'S. It was in Dallas, and besides, about that time you were pretty bothered about a boy named Buddy who went to SOUTHERN METHODIST U.—and SMU's in Dallas, too. After a year at HOCKADAY'S—studded as usual with honors—you switched to SMU.

At SMU you concentrated on science and languages. At that point you thought you'd wind up a teacher, or maybe a nurse—something useful. But, of course, meanwhile you got mixed up in campusology. You modelled for college shows, joined more clubs and committees than a

congresswoman. One was the Drama Club. They put on a play about the same time you were nominated for SMU's Beauty Queen. The play's title couldn't have been more prophetic—*Starbound*. You played a girl who lives at the HOLLYWOOD STUDIO CLUB and wins a movie contract. So that's what you did in no time flat.

An RKO talent scout named Eddie Rubin was really hunting a boy when he came through Dallas. But when he looked at you in *Starbound*, he wanted you. To you it was just another interesting experience, making a film test. Afterwards, you forgot all about it until one Saturday morning weeks later when a special delivery arrived offering you an RKO contract. "Somebody made a mistake" you muttered and went back to sleep. When you got up you went off shopping with your mother, and the unsigned contract kicked around the house for days without an answer. Pretty soon wires and phone calls bombarded you.

Hanging around RKO

For several weeks you didn't know what to say. But Bill said "Go!" and in October of 1946, with your mother, you boarded a train for Hollywood.

"I thought that a movie job was like any other job," you now confess. "I thought you started in a picture with one line, the next picture you had two lines, then three and so on—" But in the three months that you hung around RKO you didn't say *any* lines. All you did was study singing, dancing and diction, step out with some Texas boys in town and pose for a few commercial photographers. "But, no calendars," you laughed.

When your mother finally had to return and rescue her abandoned brood in Dallas, you moved into the HOLLYWOOD STUDIO CLUB, just as that college play foretold. One night, while you were browsing in the library, a woman gasped, "My lord—you're just the girl I'm looking for!" She wanted you to play a Spanish dancing girl in a club show a week later. During that week you nursed the flu, but you made up a fiery dance to match your temperature and risked pneumonia to do it. Solly Baiano, WARNER BROTHERS' talent chief, saw you and he knew something that you didn't—RKO was firing you. He hired you.

A match that didn't work

At WARNERS you dropped the *y* from Maloney but picked up five increasingly better parts—until you drew the lead in a big one, *One Saturday Afternoon*. For you this was the top.

"It was my favorite part in my favorite love story," you tell us. "I never enjoyed making any picture more." You also collected swell reviews. After that, RKO offered you a job, MGM two more, and U-I another. That's when you quit Hollywood and went back home to Dallas to get married.

No one but you, Dorothy, would choose this time to leave Hollywood. But your heart beckoned and, as usual, it ruled. Back you went to Dallas to be married with no thought of ever returning to your career.

"He was an ideal boy and someone I admire to this day," you confess. But as the wedding date drew nearer, you began to feel for some inexplicable reason you were not for each other. Slowly you realized there was only one course to take. You summoned all your courage and did what you knew in your heart was the right thing. You cancelled the wedding.

Emotionally exhausted from the biggest decision you had ever had to make, you found yourself in Dallas with all your bridges—you figured—burned back in Hollywood.

So you used the fame you'd collected in Hollywood to boost Texas charity, civic and church events. You took a public relations job with an insurance company and toured thirty-six states building goodwill. For that you made less in one month than you used to draw for a week in pictures. That didn't bother you.

The tour that led back to Hollywood—

One tour took you to New York, and you decided to stay for a while. You took a small apartment with two other girls and enrolled in the AMERICAN THEATRE WING, studying diction—"just to keep busy." Pretty soon you were landing such top TV shows as *Omnibus*, the *Goodyear Playhouse*, and the *Kraft Hour*. In one slow stretch, you whirled off on a goodwill tour of South America for BRANIFF AIRLINES, making speeches. Then PARAMOUNT lured you back to Hollywood with a job in a Martin-Lewis picture. This time it was for keeps.

"I didn't mind starting all over," you said. "You get a good look at yourself that way." The look was sharpened when Bill died. You knew what Billy always wanted you to be—the best. After that tragically interrupted part in *Young At Heart*, you went back to WARNERS, your old studio, and won the lead in *Battle Cry* over twenty other top actresses. It was the best thing you'd done yet. They've all been good since then, right up to *Written On The Wind*, your latest picture.

A ranch—for Bill

Between pictures, when you're not flying somewhere—you've already been to England for a Royal Command Performance and all over Europe, both Americas and Mexico—you're racing your white '55 Chevvy around the West looking at ranches, because—well—Bill always wanted a ranch, and you long someday to raise horses and dogs yourself. In Beverly Hills you ferret out antiques at auctions

and change the decor of every room in your big house almost every hour on the hour. You design your own clothes, too, and usually look like the smart NIEMAN-MARCUS model you once were. Last winter you were all set to fly off to Hawaii and write a play—but a persuasive producer nipped that getaway. The only thing that holds you back from doing twice what you do is a tendency to drop pounds alarmingly when you rev up too much. You usually lose ten a picture, but quickly gain them back.

One thing you've never regained is the feeling that vanished when your marriage was blighted before it began. In the five years since, you have never again fallen in love—even dating such Hollywood men as Scott Brady, Richard Egan, Sidney Chaplin, Keith Larsen, and producers Roger Corman and Eddie Grainger, to name a few. You've dated swarms of Texas men and New Yorkers, too, who get in touch the minute they come to town. But the special one hasn't come along yet.

Contact Miss Dorothy Malone

That doesn't worry you, either; you know you'll find him.

And typical of you, your idea of marriage is—"I'd like to marry a boy I can help, one who's really ambitious—not just to be rich or famous, but the kind of boy who'd like to try becoming president of the United States for instance—even if he never made it."

So, if anyone's for being president—contact Miss Dorothy Malone. If your dream should ever come true, we can't imagine a first lady who'd light up the White House with more faith, sunshine, activity and good cheer. Not to mention kids: one of them, it's a pretty safe bet, will be a handsome, golden-haired boy named Bill. . .

END

Dorothy can soon be seen in MGM's *Tip On A Dead Jockey* and U-I's *Pylon*.

is debbie a good mother?

(Continued from page 27) her friendly world. Her nurse, Miss Lane, who obviously speaks her language, was getting her lunch ready and telling her at the same time, "It won't be long now."

Debbie was wearing tailored pajamas and bare feet. It was eleven-thirty—in the morning, that is—which is pretty early for Vegas. She switched her chestnut pony tail toward an open door and said, "Come on into the sitting room." It was more interesting where Carrie Frances was but I followed Debbie into the next room.

I said, "Aren't you going to have any coffee?" She answered, "I don't drink coffee. Anyway, I always wait for Eddie to have breakfast. He's working hard and likes to sleep late. You know me, trained to those early calls on the set. Anyway, I like to get up so I can be with the baby."

I added, "Well, you look very far from a movie set, right now." Debbie answered, "Busy life, busy schedule! If I had kept up my own schedule, it would be impossibly busy. The solution is so simple. I just don't leave my husband to make a picture. You miss too much of marriage being apart. I'd rather be a wife than an actress. Maybe a weekend apart once in a while is all right. It's so nice to see each other again."

The two-week separation

Carrie Frances was making herself heard from the next room, giving out with a fuss that threatened to turn into a cry. Debbie said, "Well, what's the matter with

her?" and went to see for herself. She came back with her in her arms, Carrie Frances holding tight to her bottle.

Miss Fisher, midway through her bottle, gave a satisfactory burp. "Gosh," said her mother happily, "aren't babies something?" and picked up our conversation exactly from where we were when she went out of the room. "When Eddie went East for two weeks and a half, it was the first really long separation we'd had. I had planned to go with him, but the baby was only four months plus, and the doctor thought it would be too cold and she shouldn't make the change. I wouldn't leave her, so I changed my plans."

"The press had asked me, so I had told them I was going with Eddie. When I didn't, they jumped to the usual quick conclusion: that we'd had a quarrel. So when I did take off to join Eddie for the last three days, leaving the baby with my mother, I was the one going after him to reconcile. At least, that was the impression in the newspaper stories."

"What actually happened was that Eddie had to break in the show he's doing here, at the TROPICANA. He was at the LATIN QUARTER in Philadelphia and BLINSTRUB's in Boston. I joined him in Boston; we went to New York and caught a few shows, and then we came home. It hurts when people print stories that are their own conclusions, but I've gotten used to it."

A trip abroad

Carrie got the rest of the bottle, after which the nurse carted her away to sleep off that lunch. Debbie looked so contented, so much at home in that hotel suite, I

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couldn't help asking, "Do you really like this gadding about—with a baby, yet?" She smiled that quick, wide smile and said, "Yes I like it—because we're together. And as the family grows, the family will all be together."

Right then, she was planning for their trip to Europe at the end of May. Carrie Frances isn't going along this trip—still too young to chance gallivanting around strange countries. She'll stay home in safe hands—with Debbie's mother.

The trip abroad is because Eddie has a two-weeks engagement at the LONDON PALLADIUM in June. Debbie said, "I haven't really seen Europe, except for some sight-seeing in London, and one day in Paris." That was exactly the same time of year in 1955, when they were engaged, and Debbie and her mother went over while Eddie was at the PALLADIUM. This time, Debbie said, "Eddie will have two weeks vacation after the PALLADIUM, and we'll be able to do all the things we didn't do then."

As for leaving their pride and joy with mother, Debbie said, "Carrie has a lifetime of traveling ahead of her. I have never been one to foresee the future, but it looks like that's the way it'll be."

Debbie's philosophy

Debbie's pet philosophy has always been, "I never worry about anything that hasn't happened yet." I remember asking her what she expected out of marriage, and her answer, prior to the event was, "How do I know about something I haven't tried yet?"

It's a philosophy that seems to have worked pretty well for her. Even her views on no separations seem to have been solved pretty neatly. Eddie will be doing his new tv show, alternating weekly with George Gobel, from Hollywood. "Of course," said Debbie, "Eddie will have to be in New York at various times out of the year for records and other business." But there will be no night club engagements during the show season. The Fishers can plan on being home folks part of the time, anyway.

So far, Debbie Reynolds hasn't frantically tried to fit a career and a husband together, if it meant they had to be apart. She turned down a picture she would have liked to do at UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL, because it meant she couldn't go to Europe with Eddie. "Maybe," she said, "they'll hold it, and I can do it later."

How does she feel about making adjustments like that, a different way of living, different schedules? Down-to-earth Debbie just hands you a level look out of those big eyes and says, "Every girl does this when she gets married."

Meet half way

But Debbie isn't one to cope. She said, "I don't like to lean on a plan." There are no rules in the Fisher menage for making the marriage work. No little fetishes like never go to to sleep on a quarrel, or never leave home without a parting kiss, no matter what.

Ask her about the quarrels and misunderstandings that are a part of marriage, and she says, "I won't discuss that. We don't discuss it. One person cannot change another, so there's no use trying. I am the kind, if I had a disagreement, I would try to forget it. I can't quarrel; I just wouldn't do it. Eddie doesn't get angry; he just gets very quiet. Fussing never solved anything."

"But letting ill feeling fester inside you is still worse. I find the best thing, if you do get angry over something, if you think something is unfair, if it is important enough, the situation will still be there later. Simmer down, get a perspective on it, then you can discuss it. That way is

not likely to lead to quarreling. Talk it out, and at all times, try to be understanding. If you go along with the other person as much as possible, you're almost sure to meet each other half way. We don't have any problems; we never let anything get that big."

Fanny Fisher's problem

Debbie gave with a reminiscent smile. "I can think of one example of how people can see things together." And she went on to relate the tale of Fanny Fisher, the toy poodle Eddie gave her when they were engaged.

"Then," said Debbie, "later on, Eddie got me the other poodle, Rocky. Let's see, it was when I was pregnant; yes, I was making *Tammy* at U-I." Debbie is apt to trace all events now by the time of her marriage, or before and after Carrie Frances. "Anyway, after Rocky came Fanny just refused to remember she was housebroken! We were desperate, and Eddie said, 'We'll have to give her away.' I said, 'Not yet!'"

"I took Fanny to my dog instructor, where both she and Rocky go to school. After a long talk, she explained that Fanny's trouble was that she felt that because we got Rocky, we loved her less. Being unhousebroken was her way of getting our attention. When I came home and told Eddie he laughed, 'Dogs don't go to psychiatrists!' Nevertheless, he was willing to go along with the show-the-love program. You know—it worked!"

Father and daughter

The door from the adjoining bedroom opened and in walked Eddie, dressed in handsome grey shirt and slacks and looking fresh as the morning—which it wasn't any more. He looked casually and comfortably at home, like any fellow who had just had a good night's sleep and was ready for a good breakfast, but with that slightly shy expression Eddie Fisher never seems to shed. He said "Hello" to me, kissed Debbie, said, "Where's my girl?" and shot into the next room like a rocket. Came sounds of lots of father and daughter talk, strictly personal stuff that concerned just the two of them. The general effect was that they were enjoying it, the two of them having a ball.

"No change," says Debbie

From the nursery Eddie's voice called, "Debbie, how about some of those little pancakes and bacon?" Debbie answered, "All right with me. Who's calling room service?" "Me," said Eddie.

The impression around those who know Eddie Fisher is that marriage has matured and changed him, that the boy has grown up. Eddie of the continuous retinue of people around him, Eddie who would go on buying sprees like there was no tomorrow; that, says the smart money, has all changed.

I broached this "New Eddie" phase to Debbie. Over the father-daughter talk still going on in the nursery, she said vehemently, "Eddie hasn't changed. The difference is that before he was a bachelor; now he's a married man. Look, you're here. Have you seen scads of people milling around like it was Grand Central? Of course, Eddie has to have some people around him. He has to have his piano player—how could he sing without him? And his manager Milton Blackstone."

To Debbie, Eddie hasn't changed—because she didn't marry him to change him. And, in knowing what he wants, the boy hasn't! At the height of the worldwide speculation about their engagement, even the Duke of Edinburgh has been interested enough to ask him, in London, "Are you really going to marry that girl?" and Eddie had replied, "I certainly am, sir."

The subject of this controversial conversation came back into the room and perched on the arm of Debbie's chair. I said, "We've been talking about all your 'phases.' Clothes—cars. What is it now?"

A most intelligent phase

Eddie grinned that appealing, half-shy grin. "I think I am going through my most intelligent phase. I am concentrating on being happy—on enjoying myself and getting the most out of life. I am learning to live a little—to take things in stride and not get too wound up. That means settling down in California—and maybe raising seven kids."

This wasn't any news to Debbie. It's what they've both wanted from the beginning. No stress, no strain. To Debbie, that's the way it should be.

The phone rang. Mr. Fisher was wanted at rehearsal. He got up off the arm of the chair, said, "Got to go," kissed his wife again and took off—through the nursery.

I raised an eyebrow at Debbie Fisher, which is what she likes to call herself. "No more extravagances at all—like unexpected, expensive gifts?"

Debbie said, "Naturally, Eddie has a lot of clothes, so do I. We need them and make use of them. Extravagance is a lot of clothes hanging in a closet that you don't need. We give each other gifts the usual times—birthdays, Christmas, holidays. Of course, there are some exceptions—but since when don't you give someone you love a gift just because you feel like it?"

"Oh, yes. Carrie sent Eddie flowers opening night here. He liked that. When he had the accident, she sent flowers again."

Old-fashioned type marriage

Eddie picked the name Carrie for his daughter because it had a nice, old-fashioned flavor. The second name comes from Debbie's own, having been christened Mary Frances. *This modern young pair likes an old fashioned type marriage, too—in believing that being married means being together.*

Plans for that include a home, to be built this year. Debbie says, "Eddie and I always liked country English, but we don't like too large a home." That's where the problem started. In one year and three months it went this way: First, they rented a one story, but rambling English in Pacific Palisades. They thought it was a wonderful country manor type home, but found it was too much. Then Debbie became pregnant while she was working in *Tammy* and the drive to the studio got to be too far. So they rented a two-story, still English but more urban, in Beverly Hills. Fire destroyed the master bedroom, and in Debbie's words, "It was quite a mess." They moved to the Beverly Hills Hotel while regrouping, and then they bought a house. They've been in it three months, and it's up for sale.

"It's just too large, too spread out," said Debbie. "We'll live in it until it's sold—but we know what we want now, and we'll have to build to get it. Something nice and compact, combining country English in a small house. Something," added Debbie, "that I could take care of myself, if I had to."

Of course, Debbie is the girl who wanted to be a gym teacher—so she's always known the value of team work. The way she sees it, that applies to playing the marriage game, too. The other half of the team likes it, he likes it. Which proves a nice point: It could happen in Hollywood.

ENT

Debbie's currently in U-I's *Tammy and The Bachelor* and will soon be seen in MGM's *The Reluctant Debutante*.

love you too much

Continued from page 36) other very well, he finally got up the nerve to ask him why he had turned her down when she first called him.

He tried to explain it in a way that wouldn't hurt her, because his turning her down really didn't have anything to do with her, Natalie Wood as a person. He wanted her to realize that.

"Darling," he said, taking her hand in his. "in my field," he said, "it isn't a good idea to get a reputation as a light-hearted playboy running around dating the stars and starlets. The companies we deal with," he smiled, trying to make it sound really very silly, "—well, they're stuffy. But that's how it is. My company could lose a great deal—if our clients start thinking I'm a playboy rather than a solid businessman."

The smile left her face. Her eyes began to tear. "Oh," she said, "I see."

"No you don't!" he said, putting his arm around her. "What you don't see is that I love you and always will and who cares what my business associates think!"

No more films for Natalie

The next morning Natalie called her agent. "Look," she said, "we're not starting to shoot till next month and there's plenty of time for the studio to get somebody else. Okay?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm getting married."

"So congratulations. So why can't you make this picture?"

"I'm getting married, and I can't make this picture. Maybe I won't make any more pictures ever."

"Why not?"

"It's a long story, but I can't, that's all. I just can't."

"Honey," he said in a gentle voice, "you can't just break a contract. They won't let you go..."

"But—it's for seven years. I just signed it a couple of months ago. You mean I've got to... For seven years?"

"Honey, this guy'll blow over. Just like all the rest of them. Then you'll be rarin' to get back to work."

"You don't understand!" she burst out. "This isn't a one-shot dinner date that the columns pick up and build up as the new love of my life. And he isn't a friend, a Nicky Adams. Or one of the kids like Sal—to sit around and talk shop with. I love him! I want to marry him!"

Too busy for him

After she hung up, she sat staring at the phone. The decision to give up her career for the man she loved had been her own idea. He hadn't asked her to give it up. She knew he wouldn't. But she had been cer-

Kim and her father

(Continued from page 35) did you ever mention your father in an interview?"

"Why—" Kim said. She opened her mouth, paused, shut it again. A puzzled look came into her eyes. "Why, I—"

"Never," the man said firmly. "Absolutely never. And your father never came to visit you, did he? Never came along with your mother on one of those trips? Did he?"

"Well, no," Kim said. "But what—"

The man nodded. "Now, Kim, I'm not prying into your business for fun, you know. But the studio pays me a good salary, and I'm supposed to protect their property in return for all that money. You classify as pretty valuable property, and

tain her decision would please him. Now her agent had told her she couldn't quit!

And she knew that it would be unfair to him. That he needed a wife, not a movie star. She phoned, and trying to sound very casual said, "Darling, you wouldn't mind too much if we skipped tonight? I have so many things to do before I start for Vegas in the morning, and I'll only be away a few days—a week at the most."

"Vegas?" he asked, startled.

"Didn't I tell you? I thought I'd go down to Las Vegas for a bit. Nicky says it's heavenly down there this time of year."

"You're going to Nevada with Nick Adams? You're kidding," he exploded.

"Of course I'm not kidding. It'll be fun."

He slammed down the phone, unable to see the tears rolling down Natalie's cheeks...

In the months that followed he heard about Natalie only through the newspapers. He read about her furious dates with someone new each night. He read the story of how she spent a weekend with Elvis and his family. How could he know that Natalie was doing all this for him really—so that he would lose all his love for her. Deep in her heart she said to herself, *he needs a wife, not an actress, and for seven more years at least I must be an actress. So, no matter how much it hurts him, it's better to break it off now. I'll go out with everybody; I'll get my name in the columns all the time. I'll make him hate me...*

Hurt him for a moment

In the months that followed, Natalie tried hard to have fun, to become interested in some of her 'actor boyfriends.' But the more dates she had, the more she missed him. And then one morning her phone rang—and she heard his voice saying, "I want to see you!"

And she heard herself say, "I'll be at the restaurant in half an hour..."

He was there, waiting. For a moment, seeing him there ram-rod straight like he always sat, that silly way one little piece of hair always curled as if it were trying to be a cow-lick and couldn't quite make it—she almost started to run to him. Then she remembered that for seven years she belonged to her studio, to her public.

The man waiting for her deserved a full-time wife. No, she said to herself courageously, *I'd rather hurt him for a moment now than hurt him forever.* She turned and walked out. She looked back at him once—sitting there patiently waiting, so handsome, so wonderful. Then she walked home slowly, her eyes filled with a heavy mist...

END

Watch for Natalie who will soon appear in Warner Bros. No Sleep Till Dawn and Marjorie Morningstar.

I'm going to look out for your best interests, see? Now, you take your father. How do we know what he is? All this time you've been hiding him, and now just when you're going into the biggest picture of your career, you spring him on us. Well—" He looked at Kim. "There was the famous case of another blonde in this town," he said, "who never talked about her mother. Just never mentioned her much, never produced her—nothing. So this blonde becomes a star—a big star. And then what happens? Turns out her mother, whom everyone had figured was dead and buried, has been in and out of looneybins all the time—"

"Stop it!" Kim cried. Of course she knew who he was talking about—Marilyn Monroe. But how cruel to say it like that. How cruel to say it at all. How unfair. "Don't



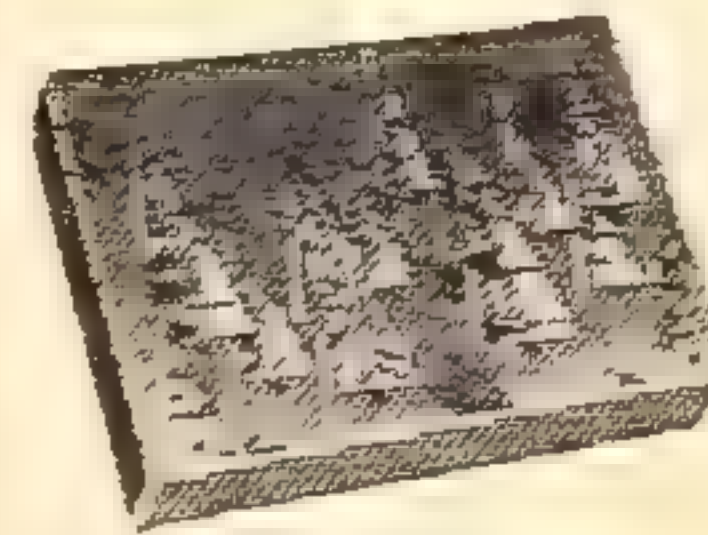
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you ever talk to me like that again," she ordered furiously. "And—and don't talk to me about my father, either. He's perfectly wonderful—and—and even if he were awful, it's none of your business!" She stood up swiftly, tossed a white stole over her shoulders. "I'm leaving now," she said.

Publicity got her to the top—fast

The man stood up behind his desk, towering over Kim. "Now look," he said. "You've come up fast, Miss Novak. You've got looks and you've got talent. But looks and talent didn't do it all for you. You've had publicity—miles of it. That's what got you to the top so fast. And that's what can drop you off the top just as fast. Remember that." His gaze softened. "Look. I know you like being a star. You gave up getting married a couple of years ago, just to give your career a break. A girl can't do much more than that. You've worked like a dog ever since—I know. And now you've got it made—almost. Everything up till now was to make you famous. But the *Jeanne Eagles* picture is more than that. It's Oscar stuff. And it's more box-office than you ever had before." He looked at Kim and saw that she was silent, watching him.

"Therefore—" she said.

"Therefore, don't take any chances. Maybe your father is fine. I'm not saying he isn't. All I'm saying is—what do we know about him? Is he liable to pull a boner?"

"Is he liable to say the wrong thing to the wrong reporter?"

"How are his manners in a night club?"

"How's his English?"

"What does he look like? For that matter, how much do you know about your father? All I'm saying, Sweetie, is this: if there's the smallest chance in the world that your father could queer things for you now—*don't let him come.*"

Kim stood still for another moment, looking at him from the doorway. Finally her lips parted. "Good-by," she said distinctly, coldly. She walked out, her shoulders back, her head high—the picture of defiance.

But outside the office, her steps slowed. What *did* she know about her father?

Her mom—so strong

She went home. She walked up and down in her living room until she thought her head would burst. Then she changed clothes quickly, climbing into slacks and a loose sweat shirt, and went outside to find her bike. And five minutes later she was doing what she always did when she was troubled or unhappy or just needed to be alone and at peace—she was peddling away from the city, out along quiet roads and some grassy slope with a quiet green view—a place to park the bike and stretch out, chew a blade of grass—and think....

It was true. Her mother was mostly—by a big margin!—what she remembered of childhood. She had been such a strong-willed person, her mother—in fact, she still was. Always insisting that Kim get married, raise a family; always turning her life upside-down for inspection and correction on her wonderful, hectic, maddening visits to Hollywood. But her father...

She remembered him as he was in her childhood. Even then, to her upturned face, he seemed a small man in size. Especially small near her big-boned, hearty, laughing mother. And quiet. Her mother's voice echoed all over the house, calling people, giving orders, making things go—and her father—where was he?

Suddenly a voice came back to her, through the years: "Sssh, Marilyn—your father's writing poetry upstairs!"

She hadn't thought of that in years. Of course! It was her father who had first told her what a rhyme was, who had been so delighted when she brought him a poem she wrote in school. Lying in the grass, Kim Novak laughed delightedly. So that

was where she got her passion for scribbling poetry—those poems she never showed anybody. It was a good memory to have found.

Something about her hands

Then she stopped laughing. Another was nudging at her mind. Something not happy—not happy at all. What was it? Something about her hands. Something—oh, yes—

It had been that same day. Her father had pencilled in corrections on the poem while Kim hovered, thrilled and proud, at his elbow, helping him. Then he had handed her the pencil and a clean sheet of paper. "Now," he said, "you write out a clean copy so we can show Mommy."

Joyfully, she reached for the pencil, began to print in careful neat letters. Then suddenly, "Stop!" her father said. "Why are you writing like that?"

Kim looked down. "Like what, Daddy?" "The pencil—you're holding it in your left hand. It belongs in your right. Like this." He transferred it firmly.

Kim blinked. She had *learned* to write left-handed. The teacher had only fussed the first day and then let her write with her left hand. She told her father so.

"No," he said. "No, that isn't good. Try it with your right hand. Come on, now. You can do it."

She clutched the pencil. Daddy wanted her to. Sweat stood out under her blonde bangs. The pencil moved awkwardly. Let-

Richard Greene, British-born actor, left Hollywood in 1953 to fly over to London for a few days: "I just took a couple of shirts . . . I wanted to see the Coronation and return. But I got offers and stayed . . . and got involved in the Robin Hood TV series . . . and now I don't know when I can return. I still have a Hollywood apartment and half my stuff is in Hollywood and half in London. I'm typical. I guess, of most actors today. We're spread over half the world, and we go where the job is."

Paul Denis

ters sprawled across the page. "I can't," she whimpered.

"Of course you can." Her father's voice was worried. "Try again."

She tried. He went from worry to mild annoyance, almost to anger. It wasn't right to write with the left hand. She ought to do it properly. She could if she tried hard enough. She wasn't trying. . . .

The poem was forgotten. The pleasure and pride drained out of her.

Suddenly Kim remembered 'Mickey'

Now Kim sat up, staring across the cloud-studded sky. Was that why she hadn't mentioned her father much—the little nagging feeling of shame that came to her when she thought of him, because she had disappointed him? No matter how hard she tried, she hadn't been able to live up to what he wanted from her. She could hear his voice again: "Try, Mickey. Try."

And suddenly she thought: *Mickey! He always called me Mickey—except when he called me Mac. Because he wanted me to be a boy—he wanted a son so badly. Is that how I disappointed him too?*

Remembering, so many things came back. Her father striding into her room with a crayoned sign in his hands: "Mickey, did you put this in the window?"

She looked at it; it read: BRING SICK PETS HERE. "Yes," she said. "I thought I'd kind of start to practice taking care of sick animals now so I'll be even better after I study how to, you know. . . ."

Her father sighed. "Look, I won't stop

you if you want to do that. It's very—nice of you. But Mickey, there are so many more important things going on in the world. See?"

He spread out a newspaper before her. "Look—look what they're doing in England now. And—and the Middle East. Do you realize what all this means—to us, to our future?"

She stared at him blankly. "No."

"But you should. It's vital. You're going to be a voter some day, aren't you? Now I'll tell you what: you give up this running around the neighborhood every day taking care of every hurt alley cat you find. Then you can do your homework in the afternoon instead of leaving it till after dinner. And you and I will go over the newspapers together in the evenings. OK?"

"But, Daddy," she said, "I—want to—to—you know—take care of animals and things. I mean, my goodness, England can take care of itself without me. I mean—I just don't care about that sort of thing..."

She couldn't be the son he wanted

Now she winced, remembering the hurt in her father's eyes, the silence with which he folded up his paper and left her room. She had been too young then to feel it, but now—suddenly she wanted to make up for it, to be what he had wanted.

"But I couldn't be your son, Daddy," she whispered aloud.

Had she wanted to maybe, as a youngster, without realizing it? Was that what had kept her from realizing her own beauty so long, had kept her in jeans and t-shirts long after the other girls were in sweaters and skirts. Maybe . . . maybe . . .

But after all, she was a success now wasn't she? Maybe she didn't read all the papers every day, but she was Somebody she was Kim Novak the movie star—surely he was proud of her now. She thought back, trying to remember her last visit home to Chicago. When was it—Christmas time?

She had been trimming the Christmas tree when the call came. Her mother had hurried in from the hall: "Kim, it's the studio in Hollywood. Hurry up—long distance. . . ."

She climbed down the ladder and ran to the phone. She thought maybe they had a new part for her. But it wasn't a part—it was a whole new contract—it was too fabulous to believe. Five minutes later she put down the phone and turned a glowing face to her family. "I can't tell you all the details," she said breathlessly, "but what it amounts to is this"—she caught her breath and whirled away, pirouetting joyously across the floor—"they're giving me all the parts they'd have given Rita Hayworth! I'm going to be their biggest star!"

Why couldn't he rejoice?

Her mother went into ecstasies, of course—laughed, cried, grabbed Kim and kissed her, ran to call the relatives—but suddenly Kim had subsided, had come to a halt before her father, who stood silently to one side. "Well?" she demanded. "Well?" And knew that she was really asking: are you proud of me now?

And her father had said crisply, "It's all right, I guess—but it takes a lifetime to make a great actress!"

Remembering, Kim got mad all over again. Was that what he should have said right then? Couldn't he ever forget he once taught school and stop moralizing? Why couldn't he rejoice with her, be happy for her, not take the edge off everything? After all, who was he—just a railroad freight dispatcher, that was all. Who would ever have heard of him if it weren't for her? Who bought his wife a mink stole—not him, but his daughter, that's who. Why she'd even had to help out with her baby-sitting money and her modelling fees when

she was a teenager—and now she was wearing cashmere and furs and silks—and he was still going to work in overalls.

"My Lord," she thought suddenly. "What if he's right—that man who said not to let him come? What if—what if Daddy doesn't like the *Jeanne Eagels* movie—he'd be just the one to say so right out to the director or heaven knows who. What if he thinks my costumes are indecent? What if he bawls me out right in front of everyone? What if it gets in the papers? What if—"

She stood up swiftly, brushed herself off and clambered back down the hill to her bike. She turned it and headed back for Hollywood, her thoughts racing ahead of her. Maybe—maybe it would be better if Daddy didn't come—right now. Maybe she should write—no, call—and suggest that he wait a while—just till *Jeanne Eagels* was all wrapped up. Because it wasn't as if this was just any picture. This was really the start of her career, in a way, her biggest chance to prove she was an actress, not just a blonde with a pretty face and a good figure. After all, she couldn't coast along on that—she had to keep going—it took work and living and years of effort to make a great actress—

The bike wobbled suddenly and came to a halt. Kim put one foot down to brace herself. *That was just what her father had said. Just exactly what he said!*

The best possible daughter

A passerby would have thought the girl on the bike had frozen there, so still she stood, her face grave, thinking as she had never thought before. For Kim was feeling the anger draining out of her, leaving behind a vast, sudden understanding. *Why, he's right*, she was thinking. Of course he was right. Haven't I always been furious when people took second-best from me and then told me I was great? Haven't I always yelled that they should make me work harder—because there's better than second-best in me—if they can just dig it out? Well, that's what Daddy was saying, too. That's what he's always been saying, all my life. Not wanting me to be a son—just wanting me to be the best possible daughter. Sure he wants a lot from me—a lot better than just fame and praise. But he doesn't demand any more than I demand of myself. Than I mean to get!

She stood there in the road, and she began to laugh. Why hadn't she ever seen it before? For all her strength, her mother would have let her coast along and never thought anything of it. But her father—her quiet little father—he was the one in the background, who made her want to go on and on and do things better and better!

All right, Kim thought. Come ahead,

Daddy. I don't care what you do or say, or what anyone thinks of you. If you want to bawl me out for something, go right ahead—you're my father, and you've got the right. If you want to talk back to directors and producers, you can go right ahead—because maybe you know more than they do after all. If anyone wants to look down their noses because you work for a railroad—well, let them look at me that way too, and welcome—because the best thing I ever was or will be is the daughter of a freight dispatcher named Joseph Albert Novak—the guy who always wants to be proud of me—for the right reasons! Come ahead, Daddy—I can't wait.

A deep breath—and then . . .

A week later, Kim Novak stood on the platform at the railroad station, waiting for her father's train. She had no inkling of what was to come. She didn't know that in the weeks ahead, at parties and premiè-ères and dinners, her father would charm her friends, make columnists beam. She didn't know that the pride and happiness in his dark eyes would be shown in a hundred news photographs to be seen and noted by millions of her fans. She didn't know that when he visited her on the set of *Jeanne Eagels*, the director, hurrying by, would stop to say—"Pardon me—but Miss Novak, your father is exactly the type we need for that bit in the fourth scene—do you think he would do it for us? Would he be offended if I asked?" She didn't know that her father would do the scene to the applause of the cast and crew and walk off the set to hear someone whisper, "Now I know where Kim gets her talent—it's pretty obvious!"

No, she knew none of that. All she knew as the train pulled in and her searching eyes found the dignified little man descending the steps was that her father had come to see her in Hollywood. All she knew as she ran into his arms was that she was proud of him and loved him—and would want, all her life, to have his pride and his love in return.

Kim Novak took her father's arm. She walked with him down the long platform to the other end, where a group of Hollywood dignitaries stood, also meeting friends on the train. She stopped before them, and looked around the group—some of the biggest names, the most important men and women in Hollywood stood there. Kim Novak took a deep breath. Her hand tightened firmly on her father's arm. Pride and pleasure were in her voice.

"I'd like you," Kim said, "to meet my father. . ."

END

Kim will soon be seen in Columbia's *Jeanne Eagels* and *Pal Joey*.

tommy

(Continued from page 29) a professional at eight!"

The day Tommy went to the store to pay the last two dollars on his guitar—well, let Tommy tell it—"I walked over to my guitar, hanging there on the wall. It never looked so beautiful. The storekeeper came over and said, 'Well Tommy, today it's all yours.'"

"In a daze I walked into the street with the guitar. It was so big I had to carry the case with two hands. I knew it was a long walk home and I was dying to play just a few notes on that guitar. But I knew I couldn't stop on the street and do it.

"Suddenly, while standing in front of the doorway to Radio Station KWKH I got an idea."

And that's when eight-year-old Tommy

went in and said "My name is Tommy Sands. I play the guitar and sing. And I want to meet Pop Eccles."

He looked cute and he looked earnest, so they introduced him to the singer he'd been practicing with—Tommy at home, the singer's voice coming over the air.

"All I remember," says Tommy, "is playing a song for Pop. Everybody laughed and applauded when I was through. Then they took me into the studio, put me up on the chair and told me to sing. So I sang into my first live microphone.

"But the only thing I wanted to do was find someplace where I could play the guitar before I got home!"

Tommy became a regular feature on the air after that, during the six months a year he spent in Chicago.

A shock to Tommy

Each year Mrs. Sands shuttled between

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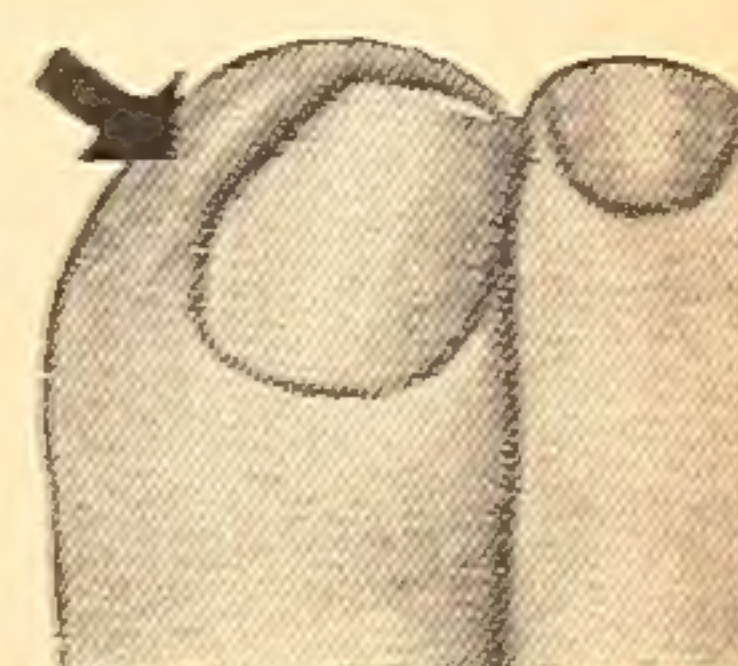
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NUM-ZIT Adult Strength

Another fine Purepac product

Chicago and Shreveport, Louisiana. Mrs. Sands had learned early that young Tommy was so susceptible to colds that led to more serious illnesses associated with winter in the north, that each winter she and her two sons travelled to the home of Auntie Burt and Uncle Charlie in Greenwood, near Shreveport.

For eight years Tommy went to school for one semester in Chicago, then to Shreveport for the winter term.

Inevitably, the long separations resulted in the divorce of Tommy's parents.

"It was a shock to Tommy," Mrs. Sands explains. "He was too young to understand. But I tried to explain that he would never lose his father. And he hasn't. Tommy and his Dad are good friends, often traveling together, and Tommy has learned a great deal from his father's rich musical background—he's a name-band pianist, you know."

Faced with a man's challenge

He was still in grammar school—and he was starring on the *Louisiana Hayride* TV program originating from Shreveport! Later he was a disc jockey on the same station, and at another time he was a platter spinner for a Chicago station.

Tommy started guitar lessons with Shreveport instructor Tilman Frank. Frank was so impressed with Tommy that he arranged an audition for him—in Houston, Texas, for a show over station KPRC called *Hoedown Corner*.

"Tommy and Mr. Frank went to Houston," Mrs. Sands tells you, "and when they came back Tommy was so blue I was sorry he'd ever gone. Tommy didn't feel that he had made an impression on anyone."

"But a few days later he received a wire asking him to come back to Houston—this time at the station's expense! He was scheduled for the next day's program."

"Now I got scared. At seven he was on a radio program; but now, at thirteen, he was about to start a serious career. I wanted Tommy to be happy. That meant that I should let him do what he loved most, play his guitar and sing his songs. But at thirteen, still a baby in my eyes, he was being faced with a man's challenge—the pressures of success . . . or failure."

"I didn't want Tommy to face either one."

"So I asked for twice the salary Tommy deserved, sure that the station would never agree."

There is nothing that makes Tommy laugh harder than remembering his mother's surprise when she learned her exorbitant demand had been met!

An over-enthusiastic actor

Already a successful singer at thirteen, Tommy began another career.

He was in the ninth grade of LANIER JR. HIGH SCHOOL in Houston, and he impulsively auditioned for the role of a budding adolescent in a play called *The Magic Fallacy*, to be presented by Houston's famous ALLEY THEATER. It was a hit, and one of Houston's newspapers mentioned—A YOUNGSTER NAMED TOMMY SANDS WHO OVERACTS AT TIMES, BUT IS FORGIVEN ON THE GROUNDS OF UNBOUNDED ENTHUSIASM.

"For the next four years," Tommy laughs, "I was one of the busiest teenagers in town!" He chalked up a long list of appearances on TV and radio, as an actor, at private parties—and even found time to write a play!

At sixteen, Tommy's dramatic abilities were so impressive that he won a part in a play called *Open House* with movie stars Charles Korvin and Reginald Owen.

Tommy's performance was so good that Owen asked him to sign a run-of-the-play and go on to Baltimore and then New York with it. But in Baltimore the play

It was a great disappointment to Tommy. "I was seeing my name in lights already," he smiles, "and walking down Broadway in all my dreams!" The silver lining to that flop, though, was that it calmed his mother's biggest fear for her son; now she knew her son Tommy could live with failure.

A prayer for the group

In his junior year at LAMAR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL, Tommy had one of the leads in *Our Town*, and this wasn't just for the high school kids and their parents. This was for the highlight of the amateur dramatic year in Texas—the state-wide competition among all the drama organizations from all over the Lone-Star state! Tommy and his fellow KOCHINA DRAMA CLUB actors watched troupe after troupe present plays that were so good even the judges seemed moved! When the time grew near for the KOCHINA CLUB's appearance, they went back stage to prepare. Tommy went into his dressing room and shut the door.

A few minutes later, one of the boys burst into the room to hurry Tommy along—and stopped, staring. Tommy was sitting in his chair, eyes closed, praying. Tommy's fellow actor didn't say anything, just quietly closed the door.

And when *Our Town* got the all-state honors, the boy who had seen Tommy praying told the rest of the kids, "We won because Tommy prayed that we'd win."

"I didn't pray that we'd win," answered Tommy. "I asked Him to help our hearts, to show us how to behave if we lost."

Late in 1955, Tommy was seventeen—

Herb Shriner was telling his wife, Pixie, about a New York night club that is very poorly lighted: "It's very dark . . . I guess the customers must make love in there."

Pixie inquired: "So how come you never brought me there?"

Herb answered: "If they find you in there with your own wife, they throw you out."

Paul Denis

he was just four months away from graduation—and money was tight. He left high school to work as a disc jockey on Station KCIJ in Shreveport. The program was called *Tommy's Corral*, and he played records, did commercials and conducted phone interviews. And it was just about the best he ever did. Not because the program was a sensation, or anything like that.

A call from an old buddy—Elvis

It was the best thing he ever did because his voice was on the air for a particular someone to hear and one afternoon Tommy got a phone call. From an old buddy, Elvis Presley.

Back in his days on *Louisiana Hayride*, Tommy had become friends, close friends, with another young performer, Elvis.

Tommy was on the air when the phone call came in. The conversation ended with the announcement by Elvis to Tommy's listeners that he was on his way to Hollywood to make a movie for 20TH CENTURY-FOX. "And I am telling you right now," Elvis said to Tommy, "that you'll be in that picture!"

Elvis didn't know he wouldn't be able to keep that promise, but the phone call had been an inspiration to young Sands anyway. "A few months later, Mom and I had pinched enough pennies to buy one-way tickets to Hollywood," says Tommy. "That's all we could afford."

"Tommy doesn't talk about the next three months," Mrs. Sands will tell you, "but he must have seen every agent, producer, director, personal manager in all of Los Angeles. Even now I could cry thinking of the miles of discouragement he walked before anything happened."

It was in June of 1956 that he went to watch a telecast of *Hometown Jamboree*.

Another chance for Tommy

"I sat there for over an hour watching Cliffie and Mollie Bee and all the other wonderful performers on *Jamboree*," Tommy remembers, and I thought, *Heck that's the way I like to sing!* I went back stage and found Cliffie and asked him if he'd give me a chance. Cliffie looked at me and said, 'Who are you?' I said, 'My name is Tommy Sands. I play the guitar and I sing.'

"I flipped when he said, 'Okay, son.' He started to walk away, then he turned to me and said, 'You know, son, that's flesh and blood and brains and heart out there in front of that bandstand. People. They'll want to like you. So don't get scared at all those faces.'

"Later I found out Cliffie hadn't been very impressed, but he just can't say no."

After the show Cliffie was impressed. The applause of the audience left no doubt about how well Tommy had gone over.

One night Tennessee Ernie Ford, who is managed by Cliffie, caught Tommy's act. A few days later Tommy appeared on Ernie's show, pulling a mail response that startled even the executives of NBC television.

And then . . . nothing, months of nothing. No more shows, no more breaks, no more anything.

"Mom," Tommy decided one evening, "I'm quitting show business. I'm going to get a high school diploma and then study law. At least we'll know where the rent's coming from, and when!"

Tommy as the Singin' Idol

So, of course about seven that evening the phone rang. Part II was coming up, of that lucky decision to quit High for a disc jockey job. The call was from Cliffie and he was excited, "Listen, Tommy," Cliffie said, "the Kraft Television Theater just called and said that you had been recommended to them for a play called *The Singin' Idol*. They wanted Elvis, but he couldn't do it and sold them a bill of goods on you!"

"I'll never forget that moment," says Tommy. "I don't remember what I said, but it must have been yes!"

In the four days following the telecast of *The Singin' Idol*, more than 10,000 letters came in on Tommy. The comments ran from "sensational" to "he's the first person in ten years of television whom I could believe enough to cry over."

He knows, now, where the rent is coming from—and when. Now he can look back at his days of discouragement, the days when he was thinking of studying law, with a smile. He's making a movie of *The Singin' Idol*, and the offers are rolling in—for TV, for radio, for Broadway shows. What has success done to Tommy Sands as a person? "Nothing," his mother is convinced, "nothing except to make him happy."

"And I guess," she adds, "to teach him not to take success for granted."

What does Tommy think? "Success taught me one thing—if you fail, you are unhappy a while. But then you forget it. If you succeed, you can never forget that you could fail all over again . . ."

"The other day in a restaurant I was having a malt shake and somebody dropped a dime in the juke box to play one of my records. Two girls were sitting in a booth behind me. One of them said to the other 'Who's he, who's that singing?'"

"And do you know, I darn near turned around and said, 'My name is Tommy Sands. I play the guitar and sing.'" **END**

Tommy will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *The Singin' Idol*.

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